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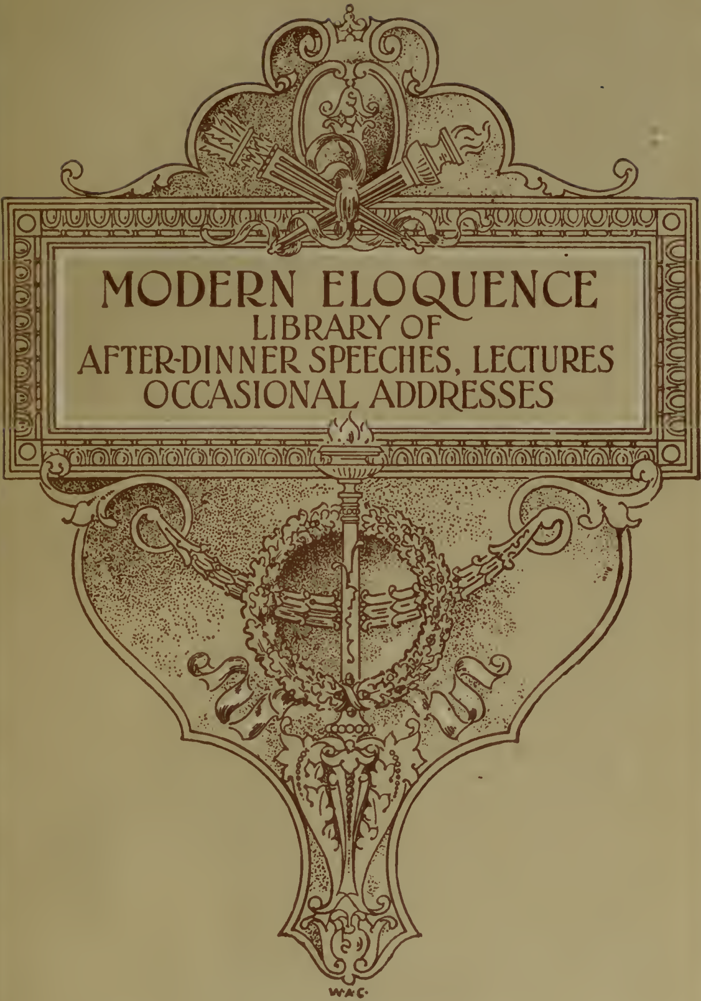

MODERN ELOQUENCE

LIBRARY OF
AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES, LECTURES
OCCASIONAL ADDRESSES

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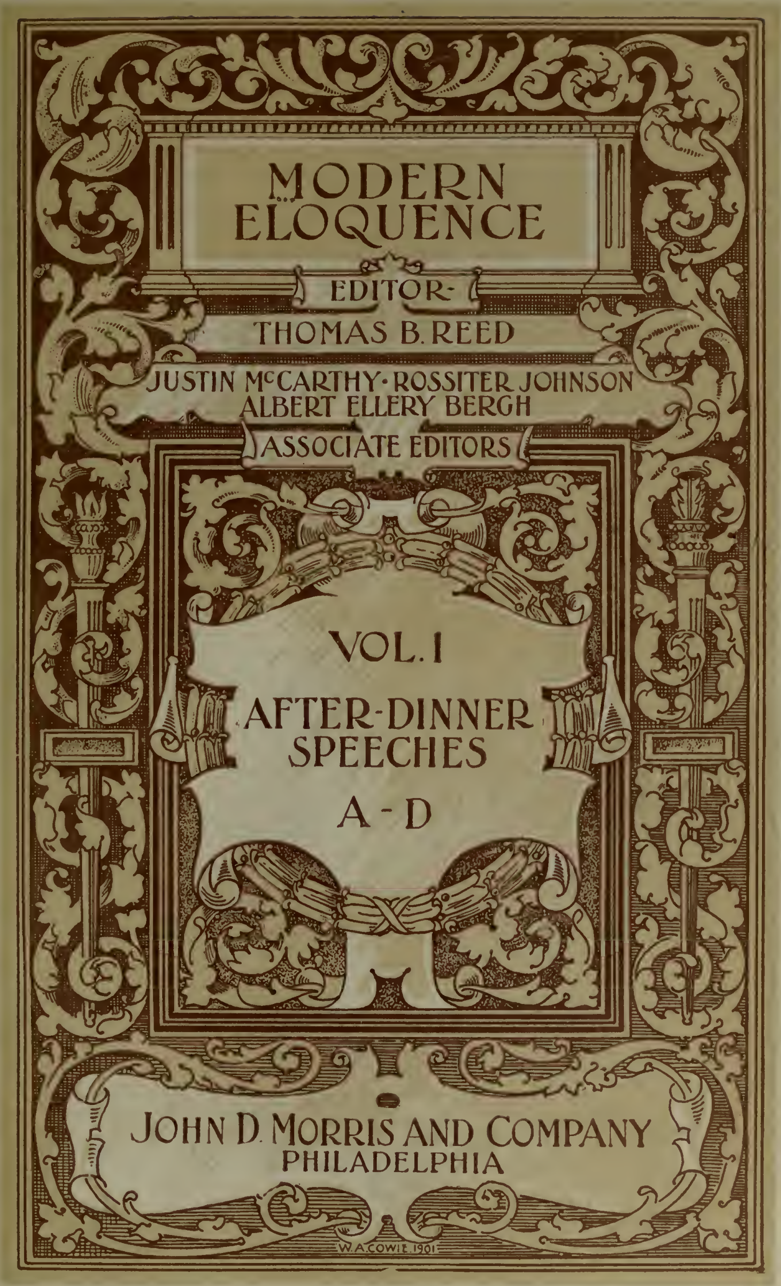

MODERN ELOQUENCE

EDITOR

THOMAS B. REED

JUSTIN McCARTHY · ROSSITER JOHNSON
ALBERT ELLERY BERGH
ASSOCIATE EDITORS

VOL. I

AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES

A - D

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INTRODUCTIONS AND SPECIAL ARTICLES BY

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Note.—A large number of the most distinguished speakers of this country and Great Britain have selected their own best speeches for this Library. These speakers include Whitelaw Reid, William Jennings Bryan, Henry van Dyke, Henry M. Stanley, Newell Dwight Hillis, Joseph Jefferson, Sir Henry Irving, Arthur T. Hadley, John D. Long, David Starr Jordan, and many others of equal note.

INTRODUCTION

THE present work, as its title implies, is devoted exclusively to Modern Eloquence. Its publishers have aimed to supply the reading public with the best After-Dinner Speeches, Lectures, and Occasional Addresses delivered in this country, or abroad, during the past century. In this respect the Library of Modern Eloquence may be said to cover a field peculiarly its own. The orations of Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, Webster and other noted orators may be found in every well-equipped public library, and there have been published, from time to time, oratorical anthologies containing gems of eloquence culled from the speeches of standard orators of all countries and of all ages; but this is the first attempt to preserve unabridged and in lasting form the best occasional oratory of recent times.

"Modern Eloquence" is in fact a cyclopædia of the choicest wit and wisdom embodied in the best speeches of the century. Speeches are given complete, and there is no collection of later oratory that surpasses this work either in scope or scholarship. Indeed, there is no other collection devoted exclusively to occasional oratory.

The Editors have adhered strictly to the plan of excluding all speeches that cannot properly be classed under the head of oratorical literature. For this reason they have discarded Parliamentary speeches, and all other speeches delivered in the heat of debate, as well as addresses that were found to be fragmentary or unsatisfactory. No address has been included that bears evidence of loose construction and confusion of ideas. The speeches selected possess in some degree what Carlyle termed "the white sunlight of potent words." They range from the humorous after-dinner speech to the eloquent oration and classic lecture. In the list of contents will be found masterpieces in every department of modern eloquence—model after-dinner speeches, by such noted postprandial orators as Joseph H. Choate, Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), Chauncey M. Depew, Charles Dickens, and Horace Porter;—model lectures, both humorous and profound, by such celebrities as Matthew Arnold, Henry Ward Beecher, Thomas Carlyle, Ralph Waldo Emerson, William M. Thackeray, and Wendell Phillips;—model occasional addresses, of the most diversified order, by such eminent authors and orators as William Ellery Channing, Rufus Choate, George William Curtis, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry van Dyke, Edward Everett, James Russell Lowell, Thomas Henry Huxley, John Ruskin, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Charles Sumner and Daniel Webster.

The three general departments are arranged in alphabetical order in accordance with the names of the speakers. The first three volumes are devoted exclusively to after-dinner speeches, and the list of speakers ranges from Charles Francis Adams to Wu Ting-Fang. The succeeding three volumes contain classic and popular lectures, the alphabetical list of lectures ranging from Matthew Arnold to Henry Watterson. The seventh, eighth, and ninth volumes cover the field of occasional addresses. This department includes literary, scientific, commencement, and commemorative addresses, in addition to eulogies and speeches which come under the general classification of occasional oratory. In alphabetical sequence the speakers in this section range from Lyman Abbott to Daniel Webster. The final volume is devoted chiefly to stories and famous passages compiled from thousands of after-dinner speeches, lectures, and occasional addresses which, owing to the exigencies of space, could not be given in the preceding volumes. The analytical index forms the latter portion of the final volume.

The compilation of " Modern Eloquence " has not been easy of accomplishment. It has required extensive research and a large corps of editors and editorial assistants. Many of the addresses included in this library have never before been published in any form whatever, and are printed here, for the first time, from the original manuscripts. These manuscripts have been secured by the publishers of the present work by special arrangement with the speakers and lecturers themselves, or with their legal representatives. They are published exclusively in this collection and are fully protected under the provisions of the International Copyright Law. In their efforts to obtain these addresses the Publishers have spared neither pains nor expense. The Editors, assisted by the Committee of Selection and other representatives, have applied personally, or by correspondence, to many prominent speakers for their best speeches or lectures. In cases where a desirable speech or lecture was found to exist in copyrighted form, special permission has been obtained from the publisher or rightful owner to reproduce it in the present work. In most instances, speeches and lectures of living orators have been submitted to them for personal revision. Furthermore, the Editors have inserted numerous notes, explanatory of allusions which might not be entirely obvious to the reader. These notes have been interpolated between brackets in the text itself, or they appear as foot-notes.

The after-dinner speeches are kaleidoscopic in variety of topical eloquence. The majority of them partake of some element of humor. They frequently alternate from passages and sallies in lighter vein to passages and perorations of inspired eloquence. Some idea of the variety of toasts, topics, and themes to which noted personages have responded, may be obtained by glancing over the list of contents. Among the long list of after-dinner speeches the reader will find: " The Realm of Literature," by Matthew Arnold; " Peace with Honor," by Lord Beaconsfield; " Merchants and Ministers," by Henry Ward Beecher; " A Birthday Address," by William Cullen Bryant; " The Pilgrim Mothers," by Joseph H. Choate; " Political Life in England," by Lord Randolph Churchill; " Woman—God Bless Her," and " Unconscious Plagiarism," by Mark Twain; " The English-Speaking Race," by George William Curtis; " Unsolved Problems," by Chauncey M. Depew; " Friends Across the Sea," by Charles Dickens; " The Typical Dutchman," by Henry van Dyke; " The Memory of Burns," by Ralph Waldo Emerson; " The French Alliance," by William M. Evarts; " The Race Problem," by Henry W. Grady; " Mere Man," by Sarah Grand; " The Mission of Culture," by Edward Everett Hale; " Our New Country," by Murat Halstead; " Dorothy Q," by Oliver Wendell Holmes; " The Music of Wagner," by Robert G. Ingersoll;

"The Drama," by Sir Henry Irving; "Literature," by James Russell Lowell; "The Poets' Corner," by John Lothrop Motley; "Woman," by Horace Porter; "The Press—right or wrong," by Whitelaw Reid; "The Hollander as an American," by Theodore Roosevelt; "The Army and Navy," by General William T. Sherman; "Music," by Sir Arthur Sullivan; "Tribute to Holmes," by Charles Dudley Warner; and "The Force of Ideas," by Heman Lincoln Wayland.

It is a remarkable fact that this is the first attempt to compile a collection of after-dinner speeches. Hitherto the only available speeches of this class were those that happened to be included in the collected addresses of noted orators. Now the reader may find diversion or instruction in the perusal of the best efforts of all typical post-prandial orators of recent times. Here will be found a wide range of toasts to which responses have been made by some of the most famous personages of the past century. The theme of their respective speeches does not in every instance conform altogether to the toast or sentiment to which they were requested to respond. The Editors, accordingly, have preferred to take the title from the theme of the address rather than from the toast itself, but the explanatory note preceding each speech invariably cites the actual toast, as given by the toast-master or the chairman of the banquet. Many of the brightest, wittiest, and wisest sayings of our time have been engendered amid the incense of fragrant Havanas and the aroma of *café noir*. There is something particularly inspiring in a group of men who are in the best of spirits, owing to a good dinner and genial company, and who settle back comfortably in their chairs to listen to some scientific, literary, political, or perhaps satirical, discourse from a noted speaker whose words may be flashed around the world. The origin and development of after-dinner speaking is fully explained in the charming essay on that subject written especially for this work by Dr. Lorenzo Sears, Professor of American Literature at Brown University. Dr. Sears is the author of a standard work entitled "The Occasional Address," and is eminently fitted to write on a subject of this character.

After-dinner speaking commends itself especially to

American manners and institutions, and in this line of oratory our country is unsurpassed. The wide range of subject permitted and the flexibility of the occasion are accountable to a large extent for its universal popularity. Prospective speakers for post-prandial occasions will derive much assistance from a perusal of the first three volumes. Although the Committee of Selection have aimed to include the brightest efforts of noted after-dinner speakers, the name and reputation of the speaker have not been allowed to rule exclusively. The question of prime importance related to the speech itself. More than one thousand speeches, delivered on many different occasions, were carefully considered, and the speakers themselves were consulted whenever this was possible.

Many suppose that the best after-dinner speeches are the result of impromptu efforts. This, however, is rarely the case. The great post-prandial orators make the most careful preparation. They endeavor to crowd into the limits of five or ten minutes an eloquent epitome of thought, argument, fact, fancy, and humor. Emerson is said to have put into an after-dinner speech the best philosophy of a long essay. The speeches of Chauncey M. Depew, Horace Porter, and other typical after-dinner speakers abound in terse wit and sparkling humor that are not to be found in their more elaborate addresses. That "brevity is the soul of wit" is most apparent in post-prandial eloquence.

Poets, artists, philosophers, novelists, scientists—men noted for their brilliant wit, rollicking humor, or sound common sense, have given to the world some of their best utterances at society or public dinners. Explanatory and editorial comments relative to the occasion have been placed before each speech. In many cases the introductory speech of the presiding officer is given in full. These presentation remarks are the choicest specimens of introductory eloquence and serve to show how the best presiding officers introduce speakers to audiences.

The Publishers are indebted to the New England Societies of New York, St. Louis, Pennsylvania, Brooklyn, and other cities; to the Lotos Club, of New York; the Sunset Club and Hamilton Club, of Chicago; the Savage Club, of London; the Harvard Alumni Association, of Boston; the

Chambers of Commerce, of New York and other States; the New York State Bar Association; the Clover Club, of Philadelphia; the Holland Society of New York; to the Royal Academy of Arts and the Royal Literary Fund, of London, and to many other clubs and associations, for valuable material and assistance in the compilation of this section of the work. The full list of contents of the first three volumes comprises about 200 speakers and 300 speeches. Many of the after-dinner speakers are represented by several speeches, and from half a dozen to a dozen speeches have been selected to represent those who have won especial fame as orators at public banquets.

Some of the finest achievements in the literature of oratory must be credited to lecturers of this and other countries —to occasional and professional platform orators who have won lasting renown by reason of their brilliant intellects and persuasive eloquence. The lecture, by frequent repetition and improvement, becomes the masterpiece of the speaker. The sifting and perfecting process results in a highly finished oratorical production. No sermon of Henry Ward Beecher was ever so full of intellectual force or profound human interest as his best lecture; no political address by Wendell Phillips ever equalled, in point of interest or charm of style, his delightful lecture on "The Lost Arts." The lectures selected are bright and modern. They are not a series of essays reprinted from some volume of forgotten lore. Most of them are now published for the first time. They have been chosen with due discrimination and with a view to variety of subject and breadth of treatment. Prominence has been given to lectures which abound in wit, humor, and pathos. As in human life, the sublime and the ridiculous are found side by side, and the source of laughter is placed close by the fountain of tears. Every lecture selected presents the condensed wit and wisdom of the speaker—a masterpiece in the literature of platform oratory.

The biographical and critical lectures treat of poets and their verses, musicians and their songs, artists and their paintings, generals and their victories. These and kindred topics of artistic inspiration and human achievement are treated by lecturers who have devoted years of study to their chosen themes. Among those who have excelled in this order of lecture are William M. Thackeray, Thomas Carlyle, John Lord, Ian Maclaren, Wendell Phillips, Matthew Arnold, William Ellery Channing, Marion Crawford, George William Curtis, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Robert G. Ingersoll, Sir Henry Irving, Charles Dudley Warner, and Henry Watterson.

In the list of those who are identified with moral and didactic lectures are Dean Farrar, T. DeWitt Talmage, John B. Gough, Julia Ward Howe, Mary Ashton Livermore, Charles Kingsley, and many others. History, travel, and education have proved fruitful fields for platform orators. Henry M. Stanley, John B. Gordon, Theodore Parker, Edward Everett, and a host of others have distinguished themselves as lecturers on themes of this order.

In the section devoted to occasional addresses the Committee of Selection have aimed to include only those addresses which are characterized by attractiveness of style, clearness and force of thought, and appropriateness of illustration. Among the literary addresses are given the most representative speeches of great authors and critics. Those presented are interpretative and expository, but never descend to the dulness of dogmatism. They pertain to some important phase of literature or to some famous author. They differ from the lectures in having been delivered only on special occasions. Among the speakers represented in this class are Andrew Lang, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Ruskin, Walter Pater, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and scores of others of equal note. Of scientific addresses only those have been selected which are at once clear, comprehensive, and entertaining—elements which are seldom lacking when the speaker is an authority on the particular branch of science of which he treats. Among those who have delivered notable scientific addresses, and are here represented, are Sir John Lubbock, Thomas Henry Huxley, John Tyndall, Charles Robert Darwin, Lord Kelvin, Richard A. Proctor, and Sir Frederick Herschell. Some of the most famous educators and eloquent divines have been identified with commencement addresses. There are also many fine examples of the eulogy. George William Curtis, for instance, discoursed eloquently on Lowell; Edward Everett eulogized Washington; and numerous eloquent eulogies may be found in the addresses of Rufus Choate, William Cullen Bryant, Charles Sumner, Parke Godwin, and their contemporaries.

Many of the occasional addresses treat of miscellaneous subjects which will be found systematically classified in the analytical index. The representative speeches derived from French, German, and Spanish sources were in most instances specially translated for this work. In the English version great care has been exercised in preserving the thought and idiomatic flavor of the original text.

The capital stories, bright sayings, famous passages, and flashes of wit embodied in the final volume greatly increase the value of the library as a cyclopædia of eloquence. Reference to each one of these extracts will be found in the analytical index, entered under its proper subject-head or topical classification. The work thus becomes a topical cyclopædia of oratorical quotations which will be found of great convenience to public speakers and to all persons called to prepare a lecture, respond to a toast, or deliver an occasional address. At a moment's notice one may turn to the brightest anecdote and most pertinent illustration for any subject or occasion.

Wit and humor, however, are not confined to the final volume. Throughout the whole body of the work the element of humor is found in generous measure, but it is especially prevalent in the after-dinner speeches and the lectures. A special effort has been made to find the best stories and sayings of modern humorists. This feature of the library will make it highly interesting for the family circle. Stories that have convulsed great audiences with laughter cannot fail to evoke an echoing ripple around the fireside.

The work is embellished by numerous full-page photogravures and illustrations in color. Portraits of great orators will be found in connection with their speeches. The illustrations also include historic scenes and historic buildings referred to in the text. Many of them are reproductions from famous paintings, and all of them are artistic and appropriate.

Every page throughout the work has been thoroughly indexed in order to enhance its usefulness for purposes of reference. In this index each speech, lecture, and address is presented in alphabetical order, according to its title. Reference to each subject will be found under the general classification to which the subject in question belongs. An entry will be found of every person, place, or event cited on any page of the entire work. Thus the analytical index comprises a general index, an index of speakers, an index of subjects, an index of illustrations, an index of stories, an index of wit and eloquence, and an index of events. The type, paper, and press-work are all in keeping with the standard of excellence required in a work of this character.

The Editors of " Modern Eloquence " have endeavored to preserve for the present and future generations the best spoken thought of the century. Lectures that entertained and electrified large audiences all over the country, responses to toasts that struck the right chord at some momentous banquet, and occasional addresses of " piercing wit and pregnant thought " are worthy of preservation in lasting form.

True eloquence is irresistible. It charms by its images of beauty, it enforces an argument by its vehement simplicity. Orators whose speeches are " full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," only prevail where truth is not understood, for knowledge and simplicity are the foundation of all true eloquence. Eloquence abounds in beautiful and natural images, sublime but simple conceptions, in passionate but plain words. Burning words appeal to the emotions, as well as to the intellect; they stir the soul and touch the heart.

Eloquence, according to the definition of Lyman Beecher, is " logic on fire." Sweet and honeyed sentences, a profusion of platitudinous phrases, a roll of resounding periods, may tickle the ear for the time being, but no speech of this order is worthy of permanent preservation. The language of eloquence is founded on thought, emotion, earnestness, humor, and enthusiasm. Above all, it requires innate talent, for the secret of verbal magic was never acquired in a school of oratory. In its higher forms eloquence requires natural genius, profound knowledge, a lofty imagination, and an unusual command of the power of language.

Men of literary genius have often been gifted with the talent of thoughtful, cultured, and impressive speech, and some of the speeches of this class which have been reproduced in the present collection fairly scintillate with epigrammatic wit and rollicking humor. Scholars and literary men often deliver speeches that prove most readable because they know both from intuition and training that simplicity is the soul of style in spoken as well as in written thought. Simplicity and culture have been largely considered by the Committee of Selection; and take it, for all in all, the Editors and Publishers feel confident that the Library of "Modern Eloquence" will be found a most comprehensive compilation of recent oratory—both in serious and lighter vein—and a work which ought to find a place in every educational institution and in every public or private library throughout the land.

Albert Ellery Bergh

AFTER-DINNER SPEAKING

IT would be interesting to trace the origin and development of a custom which is usually thought modern, were its beginning not lost in remote antiquity. Imagination can picture a tribe of feeding men, not too primitive to talk intelligently as they ate, and yet so numerous that mere table-talk would not keep a single subject of discussion before them for long, nor allow any but a chieftain to monopolize attention. At length it might become desirable to reconcile opposing views and factions, to give direction to roused energies, and a single purpose to divided aims.

The hour had arrived for the men of counsel, who must have preceded the men of war as soon as clan organization succeeded to the personal struggle of every man for himself. It would be safe to say that in early times and in the childhood of races a feast was not an unnecessary factor in getting the assembly together and in securing assent to propositions. This method is efficacious with children still, and adults have been known to be not entirely insensible to its subtle influence.

Now the truth of this natural suggestion of the fancy is established the moment that the beginnings of history and literature reveal the customs of those primeval men whose ways are a matter of authentic record. And it is fair to suppose that in so simple habits as eating and speaking the manner of them had come down unchanged, except in refinement, from rude ages to the more polished of which early literatures are a reflection. In the Homeric poems, for example, which gather up the traditions of the earlier Epos, the feast and the speech are in frequent and close conjunction, and both are often tributary to important occasions and measures. An example or two will illustrate this well-known custom. The Iliad, as a war-epic, cannot be expected to furnish instances of social gathering with attendant feasting and speaking. Yet both are found in two of its most important passages.

Readers will recall the haste, bred of disaster and fear, with which panic-stricken Agamemnon summoned the leaders of the host to meet in general assembly, and made the cowardly proposal to abandon the siege of Troy, charging defeat upon Jove, cruel and faithless. The prolonged silence with which his faint-hearted counsel was reproved being at length broken by Diomede's courageous rebuke a stormy debate appears likely to ensue. It is then that the wisdom of a skilled master of assemblies becomes conspicuous. Venerable Nestor, orator pre-eminent, gracefully turning down his impetuous junior with the remark that, though he had spoken bravely and well, the chief point of the matter had been missed, which he himself will enlarge upon. But not then. Imminent as was the need of good counsel and immediate action the mood of the assembly did not suit him. Therefore he moves to dismiss the fighting men to a plenteous meal. And to the king he says, "Do thou, Agamemnon, taking the lead as supreme in command, assemble the elders to a splendid feast in thy tent, one worthy thy station. Plenty of wine hast thou in store, every appliance is thine, and all will attend on their sovereign. Then let the leaders consult, and of all the counsel they offer choose thou the wisest and best. Good need hath Greece of suggestions, prudent at once and bold, when the fires of the Trojans around us blaze fearfully near, and on this night's decision depends the fate of our army." But first the feast and then the counsel that is to prevail in this crisis. Nor is it until Atreus' son had convened the chiefs to a "strengthening meal," and each one "laying his hand on the plenteous viands before him, hunger and thirst appeased," that they betook themselves to counsel, Nestor introducing his proposal to send an embassy to Achilles, the forlorn hope of the Argives.

It was not a cheerful feast with speeches in the lighter vein; but all the more does this early example of after-dinner discussion show the value of its employment in times of great public concern. Incidentally, also, a dignity is conferred upon the custom itself which is not always considered as belonging to it. A poet who knew something of human nature makes a wise counsellor and skilled orator dispose his hearers to attentive listening by removing the distractions of hunger and thirst, and inspiring the sentiments of good fellowship and unanimity which follow good cheer.

A similar scene occurs when the embassy which Nestor had nominated reaches Achilles. Among the many cautions which he conveyed to the ambassadors, it is not known whether he included the suggestion not to deliver their message until after the refreshment which the hospitable chief was sure to provide. Certain it is, however, that they did not declare their errand, curious as Achilles evidently was as to its purport, until he had ordered wine served and flesh roasted, and the abundant viands were consumed and the meal concluded. An hour or two must have passed in general conversation, avoiding war topics, before the crafty Ulysses, pledging his host, began to speak with a compliment to the princely provision with which they had been received, and made his transition to the main point by adding, "Matter, however, more grave than feasts now claims our attention."

It was a noble display of appeal and rejoinder and of as sober and fateful speech as should ever cross a table. And although the purpose of the embassy failed, every favoring precaution had been taken which according to the opinion and custom of the time would contribute to its successful issue. Of these provisions the banquet and the speech are chief.

The value of these in connection with the present topic is representative. In a book which more than any other was the reflection of a remote past and a model for succeeding literature incidents like the above count for much in estimating the prevalence of a custom. If, moreover, it is found under unfavorable conditions in camps it is not unnatural to look for its prevalence in courts. Accordingly, it is instructive to turn from the epic of War to that of the Wandering, from the Iliad to the Odyssey.

It is to be expected that the character of the speech will change with the fortunes of the principal speaker. Ulysses is no longer the ambassador from a king to an offended general, but a pilgrim wandering far from his home, seeing the cities and manners of many men in times of peace. Entertained at many festive boards he listens to the song of bards, and the speech that follows is of the narrative order. He himself holds princely companies attentive by a recital of his adventures on land and sea. The long relation in the house of Alcinous, extending through four books, is the sequence to a feast in which the raconteur sat on a throne near the king " dividing portions of flesh and drinking mixed wine." So Telemachus, in Menelaus' palace, had already related the state of affairs in Ithaca, but not until the host had commanded him and his companions to " taste food and rejoice, setting before them the fat back of an ox and all kinds of flesh, with bread and many dainties, and near them golden cups." And so on through all the poem ; and it might be added through all the literatures of the ancients the feasting and the speaking go together in the social and often in the business assemblies of men. Enough, however, has been cited from the principal author of remote antiquity and the inspirer and model of later writers to establish the general prevalence of the custom. He had often witnessed it, as he had seen shields and spears, chariots and ships. He portrayed what he had seen with an accuracy which was unquestioned, giving to the banquet-speech the dignity of an antiquity equal to that which belongs to any other form of public address, and the importance which pertains to great crises and interesting episodes in human affairs.

There is little need of tracing the custom through historic centuries. It was rife in primeval times ; it obtains now ; and as the elemental habits of social life have continued without much change in the intervening ages, it may be safely concluded that these two customs of feasting and speaking for a purpose have gone together. It will be of greater consequence to observe some of the conditions and qualities which distinguish the after-dinner speech from other forms of address, and to note some factors which contribute to its efficiency.

Of the two quantities which are to be reckoned with in the practical worth of any speech, namely, the speaker and the audience, the latter is the lesser on festive occasions. At least it is reduced to its lowest critical power, and is raised to the highest point of charity and content. The primitive "desire of meat and drink being taken away," as the old poets have it, attention can be given unreservedly to the feast of reason; that is, if the reasoning be not too hard to follow with diminished mental activity consequent upon relaxation. Also, with the proverbial good nature which succeeds to dining almost any proposition will be assented to that does not cross a listener's political or religious principles at right angles. A certain openness of mind is apt to prevail as the result of genial influences, large companionship, and variety of sentiment expressed. The soul of the guest expands, rises, and diffuses itself like the all-including post-prandial smoke, denied to the ancients, which so softens and narcotizes the atmosphere, making drowsy the sentinel nerves, that men have been known to applaud at midnight statements which they reject with suspicion next noonday. Such indulgent mood also contributes to ready appreciation of what is said, if pitched in the right key. The one faculty which is sure to be wide awake is the sense of humor, and a little wit will go a great way. Altogether the audience is in its most favorable temper, and in striking contrast to conditions which sometimes prevail in political, educational, and religious assemblies. Properly and fairly treated it will be neither excited, bored nor drowsy, but sympathetic, appreciative and inspiring. It will furnish its own share of the entertainment, if the other contributor succeeds in furnishing his.

Of course the weight of responsibility falls upon the speaker, and it is not small, notwithstanding the favoring conditions. These he will be slow to presume upon. The guest who has been notified of what will be expected of him—and no other is contemplated here—will first of all not interpret literally the intimation that he may be called upon "to make a few informal remarks." That is a euphemism—a leaf which covers a trap. Or if the remarks are to be not formal, it will be understood that they are not, on this account to be ill-considered, without form, and void.

Just here the man of experience takes pains to discover in advance how large and what sort of a company is coming together, how many and who the other speakers are to be, and what the purpose of the occasion is, if it has a purpose beyond good cheer, as most festal occasions nowadays have. Such inquiries are preliminary and pre-requisite to any preparation he may wish to make; and few will be so rash as to make no preparation, since it is not a speech merely, but a timely speech, that tells.

Another snare that an unwary guest may easily fall into is the delusion that the inspiration of the place and the hour will put words into his mouth. It is just as likely to take them out of his mouth and ideas out of his head. There are accompaniments of a feast which are not intellectually stimulating. Things which make an audience well-conditioned do not favor the speaker in like manner. Bacon says: "Reading maketh a full man, writing an exact man, conference a ready man;" but a dinner never served the last two ends, admirable as it may be for the first. Nor is the full man at his best for speaking. Let the appeal be to those who find it necessary to toy with course after course, preferring to sacrifice appetite to intellect, choosing to spoil a dinner, rather than a speech. There are doubtless those who have no apprehensions of this kind, nor of the consequences of antagonism between flesh and spirit, but they are as rare as Homeric orators and belong to a heroic age. In these degenerate days the ordinary man will not attempt feats of eating and speaking, especially in the close conjunction which distinguished the mighty in war and eloquence on the Dardan shore.

Neither does the foresighted guest hope for suggestive inspiration from other speakers to put him on the right track or to stir opposing sentiments. Debate has its own place and time, but not at a public dinner, unless the discussion of a disputed question has been made the purpose of assembling, as it seldom is made. Opposing sentiments and their defence are contrary to the spirit of a festive company. Even on one of the most unfortunate occasions of which there is an ancient record it is said, that "the people sat down to eat and drink and rose up to play"—not to argue and dispute. And in more seemly gatherings, the spirit of contention and debate should not prevail nor any speaker hope to strike fire from opinions and sentiments opposed to his own.

Besides there is the risk that all commonplaces will be exhausted before one's turn comes, unless he is the first speaker, who may preëmpt as much of the entire field as he chooses. It is a skilled speaker who can warm over what others have uttered without getting charged with plagiarism or being called a parrot. Dependence on fortuitous aid will be abandoned at the start by those who wish to be assured of a reasonable success. It is an instance of "every man for himself"—and frequently of the rest of the proverb.

By this time it will be suspected that some preparation is deemed necessary for an after-dinner speech, as in the case of other speaking. If the known practice of many of the best speakers is worth anything, it may be inferred that very careful prevision and provision are needful. Prevision to see what is likely to be timely and effective: provision to secure it and order it in effective sequence. Assuming that foresight has been exercised, something may be said of the kind of preparation which will be most serviceable for after-dinner remarks.

This word "remarks" is the term by which most speakers prefer to designate such efforts as they choose to make on these occasions. They do not dignify them by the more formal title of a speech, much less an oration. Accordingly the preparation to be made is not such as would be required for either of these more pretentious performances. All appearance of division into the sections of exordium, argument, and peroration would be as much out of place as an oration itself. At the same time perhaps a greater skill may be required to accomplish the ends for which these divisions are essential in more elaborate addresses. There is a beginning, a middle, and an ending to a paragraph even, and much more to any discourse, long or short. Ordinary conversation has its conventional beginning and ending, which are not like the burden of it between the salutation and the parting of the interlocutors. Remarks when one has the floor cannot violate this natural impulse; and the opening sentences will often present more difficulty than in conversation where the much-worn weather topic always offers common ground of agreement as a starting-point. The amenities of the occasion and the purpose of the coming together generally serve the toastmaster or ruler of the feast and one or two more a good turn, but are not to be depended upon by every one. A man of ready wit may catch a starting word from the chairman's introduction or from the last speaker, if it will fit on to what he is going to say. This certainly gives an unepremeditated air at the start which is most desirable, but to rely upon such a send-off is risky. At the beginning, of all places, one needs to be sure of getting under way without hesitation and entanglement. And although it is not the place for anything profound, it is, all in all, the most trying part of the speech.

The pat anecdote is useful here, especially if it seems to have fallen accidentally into the line of remark. It is a powerful magnet for attracting immediate and universal attention, and a capital pointer to indicate the direction which the speaker is going to take, and may be made the keynote of his discourse. Fortunate is the man who has his quiver full of them and knows which one to draw and when. There is but one drawback to the use of an anecdote as he rises to speak. It may arouse an attention which can be maintained only by a corresponding interest in the matter that follows. To make this, in its way, as interesting as a good story, is possible, but difficult.

For this reason the burden of preparation will fall upon the body of the speech. A speaker who takes the time which has been surrendered from sleeping hours, or which others might occupy, ought to offer something by way of compensation. He will not merely say something, but will have something to say. It may not be anything vastly wise or erudite or mightily instructive or amusing. But it should be sensible, to some point, and in harmony with the occasion. It is not always an easy task to do this and may need more effort than the speaker is willing to put into it. If, however, he should conclude that rambling talk will answer as well, and trust to the inspiration of the hour and the table and the company, they may fail him.

No minute suggestions can be made as to the details of preparation. Assemblies are convened for all sorts of objects—usually with a financial appeal for a good cause in the background or foreground even. To become an effective advocate requires acquaintance with the subject, sympathy with its demands, and devotion to its aims. These qualities give power to any words that are an expression of them—a few suggestions from a man of affairs often availing more than flights of wordy enthusiasm.

Or the feast may be of a reminiscent, commemorative, or congratulatory order. Good taste, generous sentiment, sober and fond recollection may be more needful than knowledge and zeal. Indirect praise without adulation, the best phase of life and character presented, to which all portraiture has a right. For each and every kind of remark the preparation will be according to the kind. Fitness is the single and all-pervading demand. In general, however, it must be said that lightness and good humor will be the prevailing tone on most occasions, as becomes their festal character. More serious ones are not usually introduced by the pleasures of the table, and require a more elaborate preparation. The labor given to lighter remark, it may be added, is often in the direction of abundance rather than of profundity. Abundance for the reason that previous speakers may make sad inroads upon what first occurs to one to say, and that he may need to carry more oil to the feast than he expects to burn. The late speaker may have little of his accumulation of material left untouched by his predecessors. Therefore his stock should be large and various. Moreover, he should allow some margin for forgetfulness and recall Lowell's remark, and Goethe's, and Thackeray's too: "This evening I made the best speech of my life,—but it was in my carriage as I was coming home, saying the things I forgot to say to the company."

There is a third and final section of every speech, long or short, which has its own difficulties. If it is hard to begin prosperously, it is sometimes harder to close gracefully and effectively. In the first place it is important to know when to conclude. The best time may be very soon after the opening sentence. The guest who was called on unexpectedly was as wise as witty when he remarked, that great speakers were no longer available: "Demosthenes is dead, Cicero is dead, and I am not feeling well myself," and sat down! But he was a man who might have entertained the company for hours.

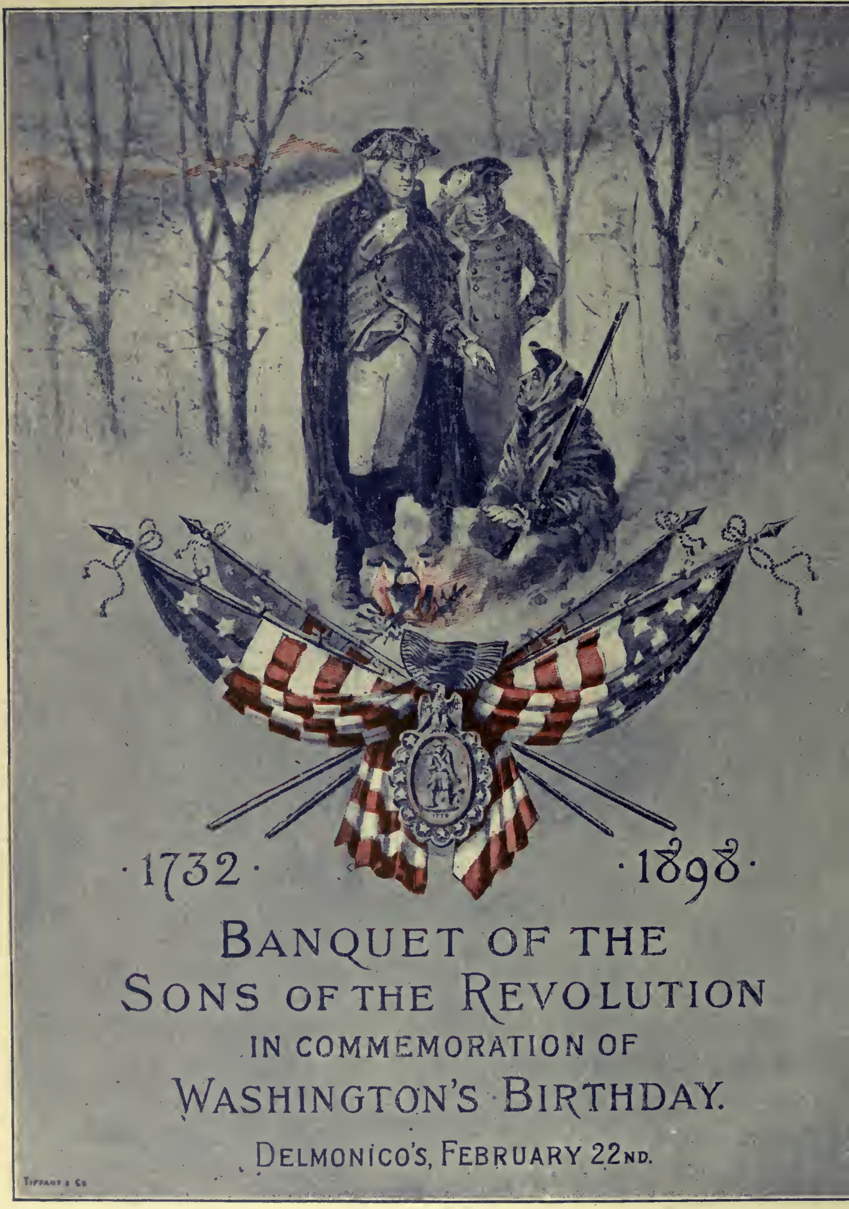
It is fatal, however, for many to suppose that because they are asked to speak a long speech is desired. The hours are apt to be few and the speakers many. But extemporaneous talkers are the worst of time-keepers. The fear of not having enough to fill a few minutes often carries one on to many until all consciousness of time is gone. Or the elation bred by fluency may produce the same result. Then, too, the respectful attention or easy applause of a good-natured company may be delusive. It is not an unknown occurrence that an erudite and long-winded speaker has mistaken the stamping which was intended to silence him for genuine applause, and has continued to labor on for the supposed gratification of his tired hearers after he would himself have gladly closed. Therefore, it is not always safe to trust to the appearance of an audience for the gauge of interest. A watch in the hands of a next neighbor at the table is more trustworthy. Even the rare speaker from a manuscript on the cloth has an advantage with respect to time limit. He knows how long he will be in reading it. It would be well if the rule of the debater's signal could be established by general consent, and the clink of a tumbler notify the speaker when to begin to make an end. Then he could make it in such time as he might allow himself or be allowed.

If he has a purpose to gain or a cause to further, the close of his speech, according to the common rule of address, will be convincing or persuasive. There will be a climax of some sort as the outcome of what has gone before. It may be serious or humorous, but the weight of it, like the weight of a hammer, will be at the far end, if anything is to be enforced and a lasting impression left. This does not imply that the impression of the speech as a whole is not to be considered, nor that all its grace, fitness and power are to be reserved for the closing sentences. These simply gather up the thoughts that have been presented and mass their appropriateness and their force.

This ordering and prearrangement of a speech may seem too careful and formal for so informal remark as an after-dinner speech is supposed to be. To be sure there are all grades and sorts of such discourses, as there are all kinds of occasions and dinners, which themselves are often extremely formal and elaborate. An address which should resemble a sumptuous banquet in its artificiality and length should not be contemplated for a moment. Yet there are occasions whose dignity and importance demand an expenditure of thought and care in furnishing an intellectual feast commensurate with the provision that has been made for the refinements of appetite. It is with these important occasions in mind that the foregoing pages have been written, since lesser and informal gatherings will furnish their own standard of performance. If the greater demand is handsomely met, the lesser is easily provided for.

In the collection of speeches here presented there will be found much to confirm the position taken, that there is room for the exercise of great art and skill in this branch of public address. Its seeming informality requires an art that conceals art. Needful lightness of expression may cover thoughts that are profound. Good humor may render palatable truths that are in themselves distasteful. Shrewd presentation may obtain a hearing for unwelcome facts, and unfailing tact may lead up to propositions that would have been summarily dismissed at the outset. The diligent reader of these speeches will find illustrations of these and similar qualities in addresses of one and another master of an art as rare as it is felicitous. Such perusal cannot fail to be of service to those who sooner or later are likely to be called upon to contribute their word of good humor or good cheer, of wisdom or counsel, of encomium or eulogy, before the most receptive and appreciative of audiences in an after-dinner speech.

Lorenzo Sears.



·1732· ·1898·

BANQUET OF THE
SONS OF THE REVOLUTION
IN COMMEMORATION OF
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

DELMONICO'S, FEBRUARY 22ND.

TIFFANY & CO

ILLUMINATED DINNER CARD

Photo-engraving in colors after a design by Tiffany

The accompanying annual dinner card, reproduced by permission of the Sons of the Revolution, is an excellent example of the artistic qualities which many of these cards possess. The original is about twice the size of the present illustration.

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CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

THE LESSONS OF LIFE

[Speech of Charles Francis Adams, delivered at the Harvard Alumni dinner, in Cambridge, Mass., June 26, 1895.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE ALUMNI:—Some years ago a distinguished literary character, as well as accomplished and lovable man,—since gone over to the silent majority,—stood here, as I now am standing, having a few hours before received Harvard's highest degree. Not himself a child of the University, he had been invited here a stranger,—though in Cambridge he was by no means a stranger in a strange land,—to receive well-deserved recognition for the good life-work he had done, and the high standard of character he had ever maintained. When called upon by the presiding officer of that occasion, as I now am called upon by you, he responded by saying that the day before he had left his New York home to come to Cambridge a simple, ordinary man; he would go back "ennobled."

In America patents of nobility may not be conferred,—the fundamental law itself inhibits; so, when from the Mother Country the name of Sir Henry Irving comes sounding across the Atlantic, we cannot answer in reply with a Sir Joseph Jefferson, but we do not less, perhaps, in honor of great Shakespeare's craft, by inviting him to whom you have this day given the greatest ovation on any bestowed, to come up and join the family circle which surrounds America's oldest Alma Mater. Still, figurative though it was, for George William Curtis to refer to Harvard's honorary degree as an ennoblement was a graceful form of speech; but I, to the manner born, stand here under similar circumstances in a different spirit. Memory insensibly reverts to other days—other scenes.

Forty-two years ago President Eliot and I passed each other on the steps of University Hall—he coming down them with his freshly signed bachelor's degree in his hand, while I ascended them an anxious candidate for admission to the college. His apprenticeship was over; mine was about to begin. For twenty-six eventful years now he has presided over the destinies of the University, and at last we meet here again; I to receive from his hands the diploma which signifies that the days of my travels—my *Wanderjahre*—as well as my apprenticeship, are over, and that the journeyman is at length admitted to the circle of master-workmen. So, while Mr. Curtis declared that he went away from here with a sense of ennoblement, my inclination is to sit down, not metaphorically but in fact, on yonder steps of University Hall, and think for a little—somewhat wearily, perhaps—over the things I have seen and the lessons I have learned since I first ascended those steps when the last half of the century now ending had only just begun—an interval longer than that during which the children of Israel were condemned to tarry in the wilderness!

And, were I so to do, I am fain to confess two feelings would predominate: wonder and admiration—wonder over the age in which I have lived, mingled with admiration for the results which in it have been accomplished and the heroism displayed. And yet this was not altogether what the prophet voices of my apprenticeship had, I remember, led me to expect; for in those days, and to a greater degree than seems to be the case at present, we had here at Cambridge prophet voices which in living words continually exhorted us. Such were Tennyson, Thackeray, Emerson, and, perhaps, most of all Carlyle—Thomas Carlyle with his "Heroes and Hero Worship," his "Latter Day Pamphlets," his worship of the Past and his scorn for the Present, his contempt for what he taught us to term this "rag-gathering age." We sat at the feet of the great literary artist, our 'prentice ears drank in his utterances; to us he was inspired. The literary artist remains. As such we bow down before him now even more than we bowed down before him then; but how different have we found the age in which our lot was cast from that he had taught us to expect! I have been but a journeyman. Only to a small, a very small extent, I know, can I, like the Ulysses of that other of our prophet voices, declare—

"I am a part of all that I have met."

None the less,—

"Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy."

We were told in those, our 'prentice days, of the heroism of the past and the materialism of our present, when "who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's wares or his word," and "only not all men lied;" and yet, when, in 1853, you, Mr. President, the young journeyman, descended, as I, the coming apprentice, ascended those steps, "the cobweb woven across the cannon's mouth" still shook "its threaded tears in the wind." Eight years later the cobweb was swept away; and though, as the names graven on the tablets at the entrance of this hall bear witness, "many were crushed in the clash of jarring claims," yet we too felt the heart of a people beat with one desire, and witnessed the sudden making of splendid names. I detract nothing from the halo of knighthood which surrounds the heads of Sidney and of Bayard; but I was the contemporary and friend of Savage, of Lowell, and of Shaw. I had read of battles and "the imminent deadly breach;" but it was given to me to stand on the field of Gettysburg when the solid earth trembled under the assault of that Confederate Virginian column, then performing a feat of arms than which I verily believe none in all recorded warfare was ever more persistent, more deadly or more heroic.

And our prophet spoke to us of the beauty of silent work, and he held up before us the sturdy patience of the past in sharp contrast with the garrulous self-evidence of that deteriorated present, of which we were to be a part; and yet, scarcely did we stand on the threshold of our time, when a modest English naturalist and observer broke years of silence by quietly uttering the word which relegated to the domain of fable that which, since the days of Moses, had been accepted as the foundation of religious belief. In the time of our apprenticeship we still read of the mystery of Africa in the pages of Herodotus, while the sources of the Nile were as unknown to our world as to the world of the Pharaohs; then one day a patient, long-suffering, solitary explorer emerged from the wilderness, and the secret was revealed. In our own time and before our purblind eyes, scarcely realizing what they saw or knowing enough to wonder, Livingstone eclipsed Columbus, and Darwin rewrote Genesis. The Paladin we had been told was a thing of the past; ours was the era of the commonplace; and, lo! Garibaldi burst like a rocket above the horizon, and the legends of Colchis and the crusader were eclipsed by the newspaper record of current events. The eloquent voice from Cheyne Row still echoed in our ears, lamenting the degeneracy of a time given over to idle talk and the worship of mammon—defiled by charlatans and devoid of workers; and in answer, as it were, Cavour and Lincoln and Bismarck crossed the world's stage before us, and joined the immortals. We saw a dreaming adventurer, in the name of a legend, possess himself of France and of imperial power. A structure of tinsel was reared, and glittered in the midst of an age of actualities. Then all at once came the nineteenth century Nemesis, and, eclipsing the avenging deity of which we had read in our classics, drowned in blood and obliterated with iron the shams and the charlatans who, our teacher had told us, were the essence and characteristic of the age.

And the College,—the Alma Mater!—she who to-day has placed me above the rank of journeyman,—what changes has she witnessed during those years of probation?—rather what changes has she not witnessed! Of those—president, professors, instructors and officers—connected with it then, two only remain; but the young bachelor of arts who, degree in hand, came down the steps that I was then ascending, has for more than half those years presided over the destinies of the University, and, under the impulse of his strong will and receptive mind, we have seen the simple, traditional College of the first half of the century develop into the differentiated University of the latter half. In 1856, when I received from the University my first diploma, the college numbered in the aggregate of all its classes fewer students than are found in the average single class of to-day. And in the meanwhile what have her alumni done for the Alma Mater? In 1853, when my apprenticeship began, the accumulated endowment of the more than two centuries which preceded amounted to less than one million of dollars; the gifts and bequests of the forty-two years covered by my apprenticeship and travels have added to the one million over ten millions. And this, we were taught, was the "rag-gathering age" of a "trivial, jeering, withered, unbelieving" generation—at least, it gave.

Thus, as I stand here to-day in the high places of the University and try to speak of the lessons and the theories of life which my travels have taught me,—as I pause for a brief space by the well-remembered college steps which more than forty classes have since gone up and descended, and, while doing so, look back over the long vista of probation, my impulse is to bear witness to the greatness and splendor, not to the decadence and meanness, of the age of which I have been a part. My eyes, too, have seen great men accomplishing great results,—I have lived and done journeyman work in a time than which none history records have been more steadfast and faithful in labor, more generous in gift or more fruitful in results; none so beneficent, none so philanthropic, none more heroic of purpose, none more romantic in act.

More than thirty years ago, while those cannon of Gettysburg were booming in my ears, sounding the diapason of that desperate onslaught to which I have already referred, there came up in my memory these lines from the "Samson Agonistes":—

"All is best, though we oft doubt,
  What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
  And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
  But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful champion will in place
  Bear witness gloriously."

These lines, I say, I repeated over and over to myself, somewhat mechanically I suppose, in the dust and heat and crash of that July day. I was young then; I am young no longer. But, now as then, those verses from Milton's triumphant choral chant bring to me, clad in seventeenth-century words and thought, the ideas of evolution, continuity, environment and progression, and, above and beyond all, abiding faith in man and in our mother age, which are the lamps the last half of the nineteenth century has lit whereby the steps of the twentieth century shall be guided. [Applause.]

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

TIES OF KINSHIP AND COMMON SPEECH

[Speech of Sir Edwin Arnold at the banquet given by the Lotos Club, New York, October 31, 1891, as a welcome to him on the occasion of his visit to America, after his visit to the East. The hall decorations symbolized his membership in the order of the White Elephant. Frank R. Lawrence, President of the Lotos Club, in introducing the guest of honor, said : " Splendid as are his qualities as a poet, they do not obscure his usefulness as a journalist. We remember and acknowledge his services as a moulder of public opinion in England, and among his many achievements it may not be amiss to recall the fact that it was he, in conjunction with one of our own great American journalists, who arranged the first visit of Stanley to Africa to perfect the discoveries of Livingstone."]

Mr. President and Gentlemen :—In rising to return my sincere thanks for the high honor done to me by this magnificent banquet, by its lavish opulence of welcome, by its goodly company, by the English so far too flattering which has been employed by the president, and by the generous warmth by which you have received my name, I should be wholly unable to sustain the heavy burden of my gratitude, but for a consideration of which I will presently speak. To-night must always be for me indeed a memorable occasion.

Many a time and oft during the lustrums composing my life, I have had personal reason to rejoice at the splendid mistake committed by Christopher Columbus in discovering your now famous and powerful country. When his caravels put forth from our side of the Atlantic, he had no expectation whatever, contrary to the general belief and statement, of discovering a new world. He was at that time thinking of and searching for a very ancient land, the Empire of Xipangu, or Japan, at that era much and mysteriously talked about by Marco Polo and other travellers; but by a splendid blunder he tumbled upon America. I have good reason to greet his name in memory, apart from certain other not unimportant results of his error, owing as I do to him the prodigious debt of a dear American wife, now with God, of children, half-American and half-English, of countless friends, of a large part of my literary reputation, and, to crown all, for this memorable evening, "*Nox cœna que Deum,*" which of itself would be enough to reward me for more than I have done, and to encourage me in a much more arduous task than even that which I have undertaken.

I am, to-night, the proud and happy guest of a Club celebrated all over the world for its brilliant fellowship, its broad enlightenment, and its large and gracious hospitalities. I see around me here those who worthily reflect by their weight, their learning, their social, civil, literary and artistic achievements and accomplishments, the best intellect of this vast and noble land; and I have been pleasantly made aware that other well-known Americans, although absent in person, are present in spirit to-night at this board. Comprehending these things as I do, and by the significance which underlies them, it is a special regret that I do not command any such gift of easy speech as seems indigenous to this country, for, truly, it appears to me that almost every cultured American gentleman and many that are not cultured are born powerful and persuasive orators.

How, lacking this, can I hope to give any adequate utterance to the gratitude of respect, the deep amity, the ardent good will with which my heart is laden? An Arab proverb says: "A camel knows himself when he goes under a mountain," and if I have sometimes flattered myself that much duty and long habitude with the world and its leaders had made me, in some slight degree, master of my native tongue, the tumult of pride and pleasure which fills my breast at this hour makes me understand that I must not trust to-night to my unpractised powers, but must rely almost entirely on your boundless kindness and assured indulgence.

Indeed, gentlemen, I think I should become at once inarticulate, and take refuge in the safe retreat of silence, but for that consideration of which I spoke in the beginning. One can never tell what excellent things a man might have said who holds his tongue, and I remember with what agreement I heard Mr. Lowell at the Savage Club, in London, remark that all of his best speeches were made in a carriage going home at night.

But I have not the conceit to believe that your splendid welcome of this evening is intended solely for me or for my writings. In truth, although I say this in a certain confidence and do not wish the observation to go far beyond this banquet chamber, I have no high opinion of myself. The true artist can never lose sight of the abyss which separates his ideal from that which he has realized; the thing he sought and strove to do, from the actual poem or picture he has accomplished. But I am confidently and joyously aware, that in my comparatively unimportant person you salute to-night, with the large-heartedness characteristic of your land, and of the Lotus Club in particular, the heart of that other and older England which also loves you well, and through me to-night warmly and sincerely greets you.

Moreover, the lowliest ambassador derives a measure of dignity from the commission of a mighty sovereign, and the conviction that supports me this evening is that, in my unworthy self, the men of letters of the cis-atlantic and trans-altantic lands are here joining hands, and that, if I may in humility speak for my literary countrymen, they also are here, and now warmly salute those of your race. Not the less warmly, because America has decreed a signal deed of justice toward English authors in her copyright act. Some years ago I wrote two little verses in a preface of a book, dedicated to my numerous friends in America, which ran like this:—

"Thou new Great Britain, famous, free and bright,
West of the West, sleepeth my ancient East;
Our sunsets make thy noons, day time and night
Meet in sweet morning promise on thy breast.
Fulfil the promise, lady of wide lands,
Where with thine own an English singer ranks;
I who found favor from thy sovereign hands,
Kissed them, and at thy feet lay this for thanks."

[Applause]

Your Legislature has since rendered my statement absolutely true, and has given full citizenship in this country to every English author. Personally I was never a fanatic on the matter. I have always rather had a tenderness for those buccaneers of the ocean of books who, in nefarious bottoms, carried my poetical goods far and wide, without any charge for freight. Laurels, in my opinion, for they can be won, are meant to be worn with thankfulness and modesty, not to be eaten like salad or boiled like cabbage for the pot, and when some of my comrades have said impatiently, about their more thoughtful works, that writers must live, I have perhaps, vexed them by replying that an author, who aspires to fame and an independent gratitude bestowed for the true creative service to mankind, should be content with those lofty and inestimable rewards, and not demand bread and butter also from the high Muses, as if they were German waitresses in a coffee-house. [Laughter.]

Other ways of earning daily bread should be followed. If profit comes, of course it is to men, poets and authors welcome enough, and justice is ever the best of all excellent things, but the one priceless reward for a true poet, or sincere thinker, lives surely in the service his work has done to his generation, and in the precious friendships which even I have found enrich his existence and embellish his path in life. But this excursion on the literary rights, now equitably established, leads me to touch upon the noble community of language which our two countries possess.

I am not what Canning describes as the friend of every country but his own. Rather, in the best and worst sense of the word, I am a darned Britisher who rejoices to think that her Majesty is sovereign, is the best and noblest of all noble ladies, and that "the Queen's morning drum beats around the world;" but it was an American who first uttered that fine phrase,* and your greatness also marches to the glorious reveille. You, too, besides your own ample glories, have a large part by kinship and common speech in the work which England has done and is doing in Asia, by giving peace and development to India; in Africa, by fostering and preserving order; in Egypt, by opening the

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* Sir Edwin Arnold probably quoted Daniel Webster from memory.

Dark Continent; as well as peopling Australia and many a distant colony with her industrious children. Half of all this I consider is America's, as she may also claim a large and substantial part in the spread of the Anglo-Saxon race through this vast new world, under that lovely and honored banner of which I must think our old poet was dreaming, when he sang :—

> "Her lightness and brightness do shine in such spendor,
> That none but the stars are thought fit to attend her."

Beyond all, I say, we share together that glorious language of Shakespeare, which it will be our common duty, and I think our manifest destiny, to establish as a general tongue of the globe. This seems to be inevitable, not without a certain philological regret, since, if I were to choose an old tongue, I think I would prefer, for its music and its majesty, the beautiful Castilian. Nevertheless, the whole world must eventually talk our speech, which is already so prevalent, that to circumnavigate the globe no other is necessary. And even in the by-streets of Japan, the bazars of India and China, and the villages of Malaya, one-half of their shops write up the name and goods in English. Is not this alone well-nigh enough to link us in pride and peace? The English poet Cowper has nobly written :—

> "Time was when it was praise and boast enough,
> In every clime, travel where'er we might,
> That we were born her children; fame enough
> To fill the mission of a common man,
> That Chatham's language was his native tongue."

Let us all try to keep in speech and in writing as close as we can to the pure English that Shakespeare and Milton, and in these later times Longfellow, Emerson and Hawthorne, have fixed. [Applause.] It will not be easy. When I was conversing recently with Lord Tennyson, and expressing similar opinions, he said to me: "It is bad for us that English will always be a spoken speech, since that means that it will always be changing, and so the time will come when you and I will be as hard to read for the common people as Chaucer is to-day." You remember what opinion your brilliant humorist, Artemus Ward, let fall concerning that ancient singer. "Mr. Chaucer," he observed casually, " is an admirable poet, but as a spellist, a very decided failure." [Laughter.]

To the treasure house of that noble tongue the United States has splendidly contributed. It would be far poorer to-day without the tender lines of Longfellow, the serene and philosophic pages of Emerson, the convincing wit and clear criticism of my illustrious departed friend, James Russell Lowell, the Catullus-like perfection of the lyrics of Edgar Allan Poe, and the glorious, large-tempered dithyrambs of Walt Whitman. [Applause.]

These stately and sacred laurel groves grow here in a garden forever extending, ever carrying further forward, for the sake of humanity, the irresistible flag of our Saxon supremacy, leading one to falter in an attempt to eulogize America, and the idea of her potency and her promise. The most elaborate panegyric would seem but a weak impertinence which would remind you, perhaps too vividly, of Sidney Smith, who, when he saw his grandchild pat the back of a large turtle, asked her why she did so. The little maid replied: "Grandpapa, I do it to please the turtle."

" My child," he answered, "you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and chapter." [Laughter.] I myself once heard, in our Zoological gardens in London, another little girl ask her mamma whether it would hurt the elephant if she offered him a chocolate drop. In that guarded and respectful spirit it is that I venture to tell you here to-night how truly in England the peace and prosperity of your republic is desired, and that nothing except good will is felt by the mass of our people toward you, and nothing but the greatest satisfaction in your wealth and progress. [Prolonged applause.]

Between these two majestic sisters of the Saxon blood the hatchet of war is, please God, buried. No cause of quarrel, I think and hope, can ever be otherwise than truly out of proportion to the vaster causes of affection and accord. We have no longer to prove to each other, or to the world, that Englishmen and Americans are high-spirited and fearless; that Englishmen and Americans alike will do justice, and will have justice, and will put up with nothing else from each other and from the nations at large. [Enthusiastic applause.] Our proofs are made on both sides, and indelibly written on the page of history. Not that I wish to speak platitudes about war. It has been necessary to human progress; it has bred and preserved noble virtues; it has been inevitable, and may be again; but it belongs to a low civilization. Other countries have, perhaps, not yet reached that point of intimate contact and rational advance, but for us two, at least, the time seems to have come when violent decisions, and even talk of them, should be as much abolished between us as cannibalism.

I ventured, when in Washington, to propose to President Harrison that we should some day, the sooner the better, choose five men of public worth in the United States, and five in England; give them gold coats if you please, and a handsome salary, and establish them as a standing and supreme tribunal of arbitration, referring to them the little family fallings-out of America and of England, whenever something goes wrong between us about a sealskin in Behring Strait, a lobster pot, an ambassador's letter, a border tariff, or an Irish vote. He showed himself very well disposed toward my suggestion. [Laughter.]

Mr. President, in the sacred hope that you take me to be a better poet than orator, I thank you all from the bottom of my heart for your reception to-night, and personally pray for the tranquillity and prosperity of this free and magnificent republic.

Under the circumstances, one word may perhaps be permitted, before a company so intellectual and representative, as to my purpose in visiting your States. I had the inclination to try this literary experiment, whether a poet might not, with a certain degree of success, himself read the poems which he had composed and best understands, as the promulgator of his own ideas. The boldness of such an enterprise really covers a sincere compliment to America, for that which was possible and even popular in ancient Greece could be nowhere again possible if not in America, which has many great characteristics, and where the audiences are so patient, generous and enlightened. We shall see. Heartily, gratefully, and with a mind from which the memory of this glorious evening will never be effaced, I thank you for the very friendly and favorable omens of this banquet. [Applause.]

MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE REALM OF LITERATURE

[Speech delivered by Matthew Arnold in response to the toast, "The Interests of Literature," at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy, London, May 1, 1875.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen: — Literature, no doubt, is a great and splendid art, allied to that great and splendid art of which we see around us the handiwork. But, sir, you do me an undeserved honor when, as President of the Royal Academy, you desire me to speak in the name of Literature. Whatever I may have once wished or intended, my life is not that of a man of letters, but of an Inspector of Schools [laughter], and it is with embarrassment that I now stand up in the dread presence of my own official chiefs who have lately been turning on their Inspector an eye of suspicion. [Laughter.]

Therefore, sir, I cannot quite with propriety speak here as a literary man and as a brother artist; but, since you have called upon me, let me at least quote to you, and apply for my own benefit and that of others, something from a historian of literature. Fauriel, the French literary historian, tells us of a company of Greeks settled somewhere in southern Italy, who retained for an extraordinary length of time their Greek language and civilization. However, time and circumstances were at last too strong for them; they began to lose, they felt themselves losing, their distinctive Greek character; they grew like all the other people about them. Only, once every year they assembled themselves together at a public festival of their community, and there, in language which the inroads of barbarism were every year more and more debasing, they reminded one another that they were once Greeks. [Cheers and laughter.]

How many of your guests to-night, sir, may remind one another of the same thing! The brilliant statesman at the head of Her Majesty's government [Gladstone], to whom we shall listen with so much admiration, by and by, may even boast that he was born in Arcadia.

To no people, probably, does it so often happen to have to break in great measure with their vocation and with the Muses as to the men of letters for whom you have summoned me to speak. But perhaps there is no one man here, however positive and prosaic, who has not, at some time or other of his life, and in some form or other, felt something of that desire for the truth and beauty of things which makes the Greek and the artist. The year goes around for us amid other preoccupations; then with the spring arrives your hour. You collect us at this festival; you surround us with enchantment, and call upon us to remember, and, in our stammering and imperfect language, to confess that we were once Greeks. If we have not forgotten it, the reminder is delightful; if we have forgotten it, it is salutary. [Cheers.]

In the common and practical life of this country, in its government, politics, commerce, law, medicine—even in its religion—some compliance with men's conventionality, vulgarity, folly, and ignobleness, and a certain dose of clap-trap, passes also for a thing of necessity. But in that world to which we have sometimes aspired, in your world of art, sir, in the Greek world—for so I will call it after the wonderful people who introduced mankind to it—in the Greek world of art and science, clap-trap and compliance with the conventional are simply fatal. Let us be grateful to you for recalling it to us; for reminding us that strength and success are possible to find by taking one's law, not from the form and pressure of the passing day, but from the living forces of our genuine nature. [Cheers.]

Vivitur ingenio; cetera mortis erunt.

SIR ROBERT BALL

KINSHIP OF ART AND SCIENCE

[Speech delivered by Sir Robert Ball at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy, London, May 5, 1894.]

GENTLEMEN :—I rise to respond to the toast of "Science," with which you have been so kind as to associate my name. The particular branch with which I am concerned covers only a small part of the vast extent of Science; but I would venture to mention a circumstance which may justify me perhaps in taking a rather wider view of it. Among the guests at a house where I once was staying was a certain illustrious professor from the Continent. He did not know many of the people in the house. I had occasion to go out to a little gathering of the Royal Zoological Society. During the week I saw that he did not take in, quite, who all the people were, but just at the end of the week he said to me, "Oh, you are the astronomer. I thought you were the wild-beast man." [Laughter.]

The speakers, who have preceded me, have drawn inspiration from the pictures that they find around them on the walls of this beautiful chamber. Unfortunately, the subjects in which astronomers are concerned do not lend themselves to artistic portraiture. Distance may lend enchantment to the view, but then that distance should be of moderate dimensions—it should not exceed a few millions of miles. [Laughter.] But, if I may be permitted to say a few words for another branch of Science, with which I am not immediately connected, I would like to remark on the striking pictures of wild animals which decorate this room—in "Orpheus," and in that noble picture of the lion, "Come on if you Dare!" It appears to me that the paintings of these animals, *feræ naturæ*, possess an importance which we perhaps do not always appreciate, for it must be observed—and it is one of the saddest facts to every lover of nature—that these types of wild animals are disappearing with most frightful rapidity. Many of them are already extinct, others are daily becoming so, and, consequently, within a generation or two at the most, these numerous and beautiful races which adorn the earth will have, in a great measure, disappeared, and all that our descendants will know of them will be represented by the crumbling skeletons in our museums, or the moldy skins which caricature the beautiful creatures that still exist. Think, then, how great will be the value that will attach to these beautiful pictures, in which the skill and feeling of the artist will have depicted, for the admiration of posterity, animals no longer existing. [" Hear! Hear!"] Think how we prize now the few pictures that remain of the dodo, or even those rude etchings which the Cave man inscribed with a flint on a bone, representing the outlines of the mammoth.

This is the point of view from which Science regards the importance of such pictures as those to which I have referred. But there is a portrait on these walls which reminds me of another branch of my subject. We have there a beautiful painting of Professor Dewar, destined for the walls of Peter House College, whose fame will be associated with those splendid researches with which Professor Dewar is connected, and which have added additional renown to the Royal Institution of Great Britain. [" Hear! Hear!"] On behalf, then, of the various departments of Science, I return you my hearty thanks for this toast, which you, sir, have so kindly proposed, and which has been so cordially honored by your illustrious guests. [Cheers.]

GEORGE BANCROFT

TRIBUTE TO WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

[Speech delivered by George Bancroft, President of the Century Association, New York, November 5, 1864, on the occasion of its celebration of the seventieth birthday of William Cullen Bryant, one of its founders and trustees.]

MR. BRYANT:—The Century has set apart this evening to show you honor. All its members, the old and the young, crowd around you like brothers around a brother, like children around a father. Our wives and daughters have come with us, that they, too, may join in the pleasant office of bearing witness to your worth. The artists of our Association, whose labors you have ever been ready to cheer, whose merits you have loved to proclaim, unite to bring an enduring memorial to your excellence in an art near akin to their own. The noble band of your compeers, in your own high calling, from all parts of the country, offer their salutations and praise and good wishes, and a full chorus of respect and affection. Others who could not accept our invitation keep the festival by themselves, and are now in their own homes, going over the years which you have done so much to gladden.

It is primarily your career as a poet that we celebrate. The moment is well chosen. While the mountains and the ocean-side ring with the tramp of cavalry and the din of cannon, and the nation is in its agony, and an earthquake sweeps through the land, we take a respite to escape into the serene region of ideal pursuits which can never fail.

It has been thought praise enough of another to say that he "wrote no line which dying he could wish to blot." Every line that you have written may be remembered by yourself and by others at all times, for your genius has listened only to the whisperings of the beautiful and the pure.

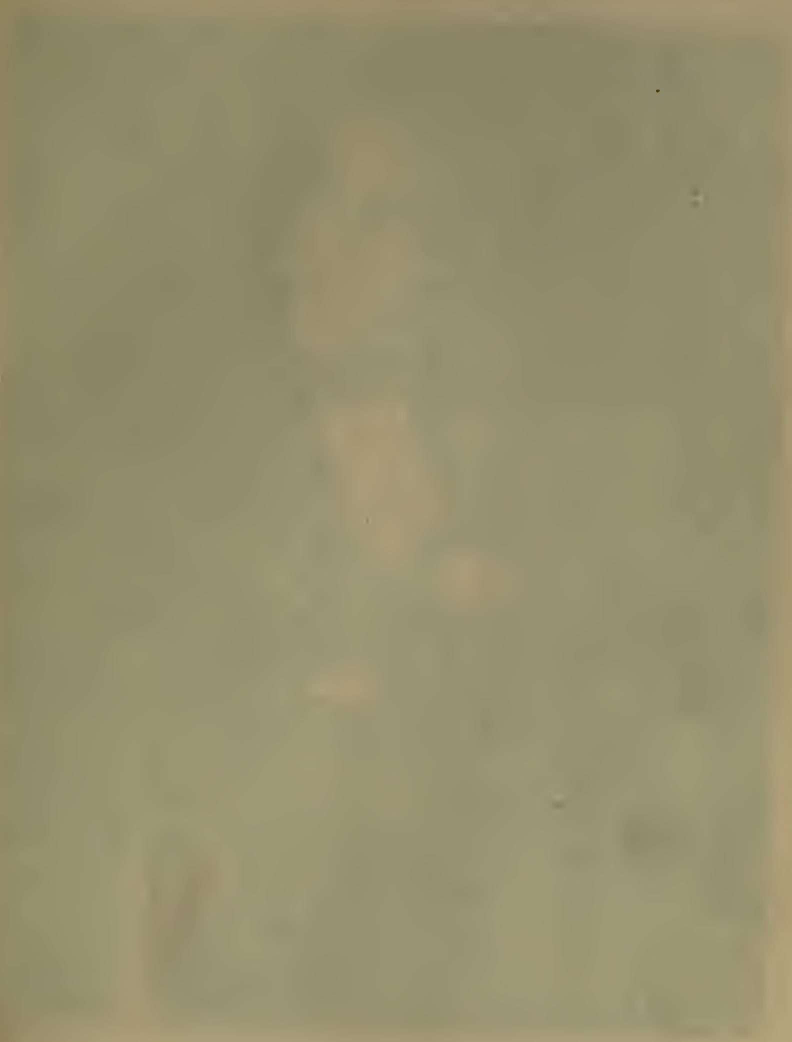
Moreover, a warm nationality runs through all your verse; your imagination took the hue of the youth of our country and has reflected its calm, contemplative moods when the pulses of its early life beat vigorously but smoothly, and no bad passions had distorted its countenance. The clashing whirlwinds of civil war, the sublime energy and perseverance of the people,the martyrdom of myriads of its bravest and best, its new birth through terrible sufferings, will give a more passionate and tragic and varied cast to the literature of the coming generations. A thousand years hence posterity will turn to your pages as those which best mirror the lovely earnestness of the rising Republic, the sweet moments of her years of innocence, when she was all unfamiliar with sorrow, bright with the halo of promise, seizing the great solitudes by the busy hosts of civilization, and guiding the nations of the earth into the pleasant paths of freedom and of peace.

You have derived your inspiration as a poet from your love of Nature, and she has returned your affection, and blessed you as her favored son. At threescore and ten years, your eye is undimmed, your step light and free, as in youth, and the lyre, which ever responded so willingly to your touch, refuses to leave your hand.

Our tribute to you is to the poet; but we should not have paid it, had we not revered you as a man. Your blameless life is a continuous record of patriotism and integrity; and, passing untouched through the fiery conflicts that grow out of the ambition of others, you have, as all agree, preserved a perfect consistency with yourself, and an unswerving and unselfish fidelity to your convictions.

This is high praise, but the period at which we address you removes even the suspicion of flattery, for it is your entrance upon your seventieth year. It is a solemn thing to draw nearer and nearer to eternity. You teach us how to meet old age; with each year you become more and more genial, and cherish larger and still larger sympathies with your fellow-men, and if Time has set on you any mark, you preserve in all its freshness the youth of the soul.

What remains but to wish you a long-continued life, crowned with health and prosperity, with happiness and honor? Live on till you hear your children's children rise up and call you blessed. Live on for the sake of us, your old associates, for whom life would lose much of its luster in losing you as a companion and friend. Live on for your own sake, that you may enjoy the better day of which your eye already catches the dawn. Where faith discerned the Saviour of the world, the unbeliever looked only on a man of sorrows, crowned with thorns, and tottering under the burden of the cross on which He was to die. The social sceptic sees America sitting apart in her affliction, stung by vipers at her bosom, and welcomed to the pit by "earth's ancient kings;" but through all the anguish of her grief, you teach us to behold her in immortal beauty, as she steps onward through trials to brighter glory. Live to enjoy her coming triumph, when the acknowledged power of right shall tear the root of sorrow out of the heart of the country, and make her more than ever the guardian of human liberty and the regenerator of the race. [Applause.]



LORD BEACONSFIELD
(BENJAMIN DISRAELI)

Photogravure after a photograph from life

LORD BEACONSFIELD

(BENJAMIN DISRAELI)

PEACE WITH HONOR

[A magnificent banquet was given in London, July 27, 1878, to the Earl of Beaconsfield, and the Marquis of Salisbury, by a numerous body of the Conservative Peers and Members of the House of Commons to testify their high appreciation and approval of the distinguished services of Her Majesty's Plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Berlin, which closed July 13, 1878. The large hall was decorated with flags, banners, and Conservative mottoes, conspicuous among which was "Peace with Honor." The chairman, the Duke of Buccleuch, in introducing Lord Beaconsfield, said: "We have met here to welcome home, after arduous and difficult duties, two noble lords, though on this occasion I shall refer only to one who holds the position of Prime Minister of this country. [Much cheering.] It is not for me on this occasion to enter upon the career of that noble lord, for it is well known as a matter of history. His career and his political character have been before us for upwards of forty years. He has had one great advantage—I will not say at the end of his career, for that I hope is still far distant. But his career, like that of all statesmen in this country, has been and could not be otherwise than a chequered one, sometimes defeat, oftentimes victory; and now at last I hope he has achieved the greatest victory of his life. [Cheers.] He went out with an apprehension on the part of many, and with the declaration of others, that he was going to produce war; but he has returned crowned with peace. [Loud cheers.] Notwithstanding the difficult and arduous position in which he has been placed, assailed at home as well as abroad, but at the same time well supported at home [cheers], his motives and intentions well understood [cheers], we have not at any time lost confidence in him. . . . He has been able in the great council of nations to speak openly and clearly, with no uncertain sound, producing the happy result which we now celebrate. A generous foe is as welcome as the constant friend. No one can appreciate as I do a noble, open, generous foe. We meet in the field; let us have a fair fight, and he who conquers, wins. [Cheers.] So it has been with my noble friend. He has had many a hard battle to fight, but on this occasion he has fought with success, carrying with him, I believe, the feeling of the whole country. I propose now 'The Health of Lord Beaconsfield,' and welcome home to him; welcome to him as the greatest conqueror, who has vanquished war and brought us back to peace."]

My Lord Duke and Gentlemen :—I am sure you will acquit me of affectation if I say that it is not without emotion that I have received this expression of your goodwill and sympathy. [Cheers.] When I look round this chamber I see the faces of some who entered public life with myself, as my noble friend the noble Duke has reminded me, more than forty years ago ; I see more whose entrance into public life I witnessed when I had myself gained some experience of it ; and lastly I see those who have only recently entered upon public life, and whom it has been my duty and my delight to encourage and counsel [cheers] when they entered that public career so characteristic of this country, and which is one of the main securities of our liberty and welfare. [Cheers.]

My lords and gentlemen, our chairman has referred to my career, like that of all public men in this country, as one of change and vicissitude ; but I have been sustained even in the darkest hours of our party by the conviction that I possessed your confidence. [Cheers.] I will say your indulgent confidence ; for in the long course of my public life that I may have committed many mistakes is too obvious a truth to touch upon ; but that you have been indulgent there is no doubt, for I can, I hope I may say, proudly remember that it has been my lot to lead in either House of Parliament this great party for a longer period than has ever fallen to the lot of any public man in the history of this country. [Cheers.] That I have owed this result to your generous indulgence more than to any personal qualities of my own [cheers and cries of " No ! no ! "] no man is more sensible than myself ; but it is a fact that I may recur to with some degree of proud satisfaction. [Cheers.]

Our noble chairman has referred to the particular occasion which has made me your guest to-day. I attended that high assembly which has recently dispersed, with much reluctance. I yielded to the earnest solicitations of my noble friend near me [the Marquis of Salisbury], my colleague in that great enterprise. [Cheers.] He thought that my presence might be of use to him in the vast difficulties he had to encounter [cheers] ; but I must say now, as I shall ever say, that to his lot fell the laboring oar in that great work [cheers] and that you are, I will not say equally, but more indebted to him than to myself for the satisfactory result which you kindly recognize. [Cheers.]

I share the conviction of our noble chairman that it is one which has been received with satisfaction by the country [loud cheers], but I am perfectly aware that that satisfaction is not complete or unanimous, because I know well that before eight and forty hours have passed the marshaled hosts of opposition will be prepared to challenge what has been done and to question the policy we hope we have established. [Cheers.]

My lords and gentlemen, as I can no longer raise my voice in that House of Parliament where this contest is to take place, as I sit now in a House where our opponents never unsheathe their swords [cheers and laughter], a House where, although the two chief plenipotentiaries of the Queen sit, they are met only by innuendo and by question [cheers], I hope you will permit me, though with extreme brevity, to touch on one or two of the points which in a few hours may much engage the interest and attention of Parliament. [Cheers.]

My lords and gentlemen, it is difficult to describe the exact meaning of the charge which is brought against the plenipotentiaries of the Queen, as it will be introduced to the House of Commons on Monday. Drawn as it is, it appears at first sight to be only a series of congratulatory regrets. [Much cheering.] But, my lords and gentlemen, if you penetrate the meaning of this movement, it would appear that there are two points in which it is hoped that a successful onset may be made on Her Majesty's Government, and on those two points, and those alone, I hope with becoming brevity, at this moment, perhaps, you will allow me to make one or two remarks. [Cheers.]

It is charged against Her Majesty's Government that they have particularly deceived and deserted Greece. Now, my lords and gentlemen, this is a subject which is, I think, capable of simpler treatment than hitherto it has encountered in public discussion. We have given at all times, in public and in private, to the Government of Greece and to all who might influence its decisions but one advice—that on no account should they be induced to interfere in those coming disturbances which two years ago threatened Europe, and which concluded in a devastating war. And we gave that advice on these grounds, which appear to me incontestable. If, as Greece supposed, and as we thought erroneously supposed, the partition of the Ottoman Empire was at hand, Greece, morally, geographically, ethnographically, was sure of receiving a considerable allotment of that partition when it took place.

It would be impossible to make a re-settlement of the East of Europe without largely satisfying the claims of Greece; and great as those claims might be, if that was the case, it was surely unwise in Greece to waste its treasure and its blood. If, on the other hand, as Her Majesty's Government believed, the end of this struggle would not be a partition of the Ottoman Empire, but that the wisdom and experience of all the powers and governments would come to the conclusion that the existence and strengthening of the Ottoman Government was necessary to the peace of Europe, and without it long and sanguinary and intermitting struggles must inevitably take place, it was equally clear to us that, when the settlement occurred, all those rebellious tributary principalities that have lavished their best blood and embarrassed their finances for generations would necessarily be but scurvily treated, and that Greece, even under this alternative, would find that she was wise in following the advice of England and not mixing in fray so fatal. [Cheers.]

Well, my lords and gentlemen, has not the event proved the justice and accuracy of that view? [Cheers.] At this moment, though Greece has not interfered, fortunately for herself, though she has not lavished the blood of her citizens and wasted her treasure, under the Treaty of Berlin she has the opportunity of obtaining a greater increase of territory than will be attained by any of the rebellious principalities that have lavished their blood and wasted their resources in this fierce contest. [Cheers.]

I should like to see that view answered by those who accuse us of misleading Greece. [Cheers.] We gave to her the best advice; fortunately for Greece she followed it, and I will hope that, following it with discretion and moderation, she will not lose the opportunity we have secured for her in the advantages she may yet reap. [Cheers.]

I would make one more remark on this subject, which will soon occupy the attention of many who are here present. It has been said we have misled and deserted Greece, because we were the power which took steps that Greece should be heard before the Congress.

Why did we do that? Because we had ever expressed our opinion that in the elevation of the Greek race—not merely the subjects of the King of Greece—one of the best chances of the improvement of society under the Ottoman rule would be found, and that it was expedient that the rights of the Greek race should be advocated by that portion of it which enjoyed an independent political existence; and all this time, too, let it be recollected that my noble friend was unceasing in his efforts to obtain such a settlement of the claims, or rather, I should say, the desires, of Greece with the Porte, as would conduce greatly to the advantage of that kingdom. [Cheers.]

And not without success. The proposition of Lord Salisbury for the rectification of the frontiers of Greece really includes all that moderate and sensible men could desire; and that was the plan that ultimately was adopted by the Congress, and which Greece might avail herself of if there be prudence and moderation in her councils. [Cheers.] Let me here make one remark which, indeed, is one that applies to other most interesting portions of this great question—it refers to the personal character of the Sultan. From the first, the Sultan of Turkey has expressed his desire to deal with Greece in a spirit of friendliness and conciliation. [Cheers.] He has been perfectly aware that in the union of the Turkish and Greek races the only balance could be obtained and secured against the Pan-Slavic monopoly which was fast invading the whole of his dominions. [Cheers.] Therefore, there was every disposition on his part to meet the proposals of the English Government with favor, and he did meet them with favor. [Cheers.] Remember the position of that Prince. It is almost unprecedented. No Prince, probably, that ever lived has gone through such a series of catastrophes. One of his predecessors commits suicide; his immediate predecessor is subject to a visitation more awful even than suicide. The moment he ascends the throne his ministers are assassinated. A conspiracy breaks out in his own palace, and then he learns that his kingdom is invaded, his armies, however valiant, are defeated, and that the enemy is at his gates; yet, with all these trials, and during all this period, he has never swerved in the expression and I believe the feeling of a desire to deal with Greece in a spirit of friendship. [Cheers.]

Well, what has happened? What was the last expression of friendship on his part? He is apparently a man whose every impulse is good; however great the difficulties he has to encounter, however evil the influences that may sometimes control him, his impulses are good; and where impulses are good, there is always hope. He is not a tyrant—he is not dissolute—he is not a bigot or corrupt. What was his last decision?

When my noble friend, not encouraged I must say, by Greece, but still continuing his efforts, endeavored to bring to some practical result this question of the frontiers, the Sultan said that what he was prepared to do he wished should be looked on as an act of grace on his part, and of his sense of the friendliness of Greece in not attacking him during his troubles; but as the Congress was now to meet, he should like to hear the result of the wisdom of the Congress on the subject. The Congress has now spoken, and though it declared that it did not feel justified in compelling the Sultan to adopt steps it might think advantageous even for his own interests, the Congress expressed an opinion which, I doubt not, the Sultan is prepared to consider in the spirit of conciliation he has so often displayed. And this is the moment when a party, for factious purposes [cheers], and a party unhappily not limited to England, is egging on Greece to violent courses!

I may, perhaps, have touched at too much length on this topic, but the attacks made on Her Majesty's Government are nothing compared with the public mischief that may occur if misconception exists on this point. [Cheers.] There is one other point on which I would make a remark, and that is with regard to the Convention of Constantinople of the fourth of June.

When I study the catalogue of congratulatory regrets with attention, this appears to be the ground on which a great assault is to be made on the Government. It is said that we have increased, and dangerously increased, our responsibilities as a nation by that Convention. In the first place, I deny that we have increased our responsibilities by that Convention. I maintain that by that Convention we have lessened our responsibilities. Suppose now, for example, the settlement of Europe had not included the Convention of Constantinople and the occupation of the isle of Cyprus; suppose it had been limited to the mere Treaty of Berlin; what, under all probable circumstances, might then have occurred? In ten, fifteen, it might be in twenty, years, the power and resources of Russia having revived, some quarrel would again have occurred, Bulgarian or otherwise [cheers], and in all probability the armies of Russia would have been assailing the Ottoman dominions both in Europe and Asia, and enveloping and enclosing the city of Constantinople and its all-powerful position. [Cheers.]

Now, what would be the probable conduct, under these circumstances, of the Government of this country, whoever the ministers might be, whatever party might be in power? I fear there might be hesitation for a time—a want of decision—a want of firmness; but no one doubts that ultimately England would have said: "This will never do; we must prevent the conquest of Asia Minor [cheers]; we must interfere in this matter, and arrest the course of Russia." [Cheers.] No one, I am sure, in this country who impartially considers this question can for a moment doubt what, under any circumstances, would have been the course of this country. [Cheers.]

Well, then, that being the case, I say it is extremely important that this country should take a step beforehand [cheers] which should indicate what the policy of England would be; that you should not have your Ministers meeting in a Council Chamber, hesitating and doubting and considering contingencies, and then acting at last, but acting perhaps too late. [Cheers.] I say, therefore, that the responsibilities of this country have not been increased [cheers]; the responsibilities already existed, though I for one would never shrink from increasing the responsibilities of this country, if they are responsibilities which ought to be undertaken. [Cheers.] The responsibilities of this country are practically diminished by the course we have taken.

My lords and gentlemen, one of the results of my attending the Congress of Berlin has been to prove, what I always suspected to be the absolute fact, that neither the Crimean war, nor this horrible devastating war which has just terminated, would have taken place, if England had spoken with the necessary firmness. [Loud cheers.]

Russia has complaints to make against this country that neither in the case of the Crimean war nor on this occasion—and I do not shrink from my share of the responsibility in this matter—was the voice of England so clear and decided as to exercise a due share in the guidance of European opinion. [Cheers.]

Suppose, gentlemen, that my noble friend and I had come back with the Treaty of Berlin, and had not taken the step which is to be questioned within the next eight-and-forty hours, could we, with any self-respect, have met our countrymen when they asked, what securities have you made for the peace of Europe? How far have you diminished the chance of perpetually recurring war on this question of the East by the Treaty of Berlin? Why, they could say, all we have gained by the Treaty of Berlin is probably the peace of a few years, and at the end of that time the same phenomenon will arise and the Ministers of England must patch up the affair as well as they could.

That was not the idea of public duty entertained by my noble friend and myself. [Cheers.] We thought the time had come when we ought to take steps which would produce some order out of the anarchy and chaos that had so long prevailed. [Cheers.] We asked ourselves, was it absolutely a necessity that the fairest provinces of the world should be the most devastated and most ill-used,and for this reason that there is no security for life or property so long as that country is in perpetual fear of invasion and aggression? [Cheers.]

It was under these circumstances that we recommended the course we have taken; and I believe that the consequences of that policy will tend to and even secure peace and order in a portion of the globe which hitherto has seldom been blessed by these celestial visitants. [Cheers.]

I hold that we have laid the foundation of a state of affairs which may open a new continent to the civilization of Europe [cheers], and that the welfare of the world and the wealth of the world may be increased by availing ourselves of that tranquillity and order which the more intimate connection of England with that country will now produce. [Cheers.]

But I am sorry to say that though we taxed our brains and our thought to establish a policy which might be beneficial to the country, we have not satisfied those who are our critics. [Cheers.]

I was astonished to learn that the Convention of the fourth of June has been described as "an insane convention." It is a strong epithet. I do not myself pretend to be as competent a judge of insanity as my right honorable opponent. [Gladstone.] I will not say to the right honorable gentleman, *naviget Anticyram*, but I would put this issue to an English jury—Which do you believe the most likely to enter into an insane convention—a body of English gentlemen honored by the favor of their Sovereign and the confidence of their fellow-subjects, managing your affairs for five years, I hope with prudence, and not altogether without success [cheers], or a sophisticated rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity [loud cheers and laughter], and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign an opponent and to glorify himself? [Continued cheers and laughter.]

My lords and gentlemen, I leave the decision upon that Convention to the Parliament and people of England. [Loud cheers.] I believe that in that policy are deeply laid the seeds of future welfare, not merely to England, but to Europe and Asia; and confident that the policy we have recommended is one that will be supported by the country, I and those that act with me can endure these attacks. [Loud cheers.]

My lords and gentlemen, let me thank you once more for the manner in which you have welcomed me to-day. [Cheers.] These are the rewards of public life that never pall [cheers]—the sympathy of those who have known you long, who have worked with you long, who have the same opinions upon the policy that should be pursued in this great and ancient Empire. [Cheers.] These are the sentiments which no language can sufficiently appreciate—which are a consolation under all circumstances and the highest reward that a public man can attain. The generous feeling that has prompted you to welcome my colleague and myself on our return to England will inspire and strengthen our efforts to serve our country [cheers], and it is not merely that in this welcome you encourage those who are doing their best for what they conceive to be the public interest, but to tell to Europe also that England is a grateful country and knows how to appreciate the efforts of those of her public servants who are resolved to maintain to their utmost the Empire of Great Britain. [Prolonged applause.]

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS

[Speech of Lord Beaconsfield at the dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, London, May 8, 1872. Leopold II, King of the Belgians, was present as chairman, and his health was proposed by Lord Beaconsfield, who addressed His Majesty as "Sire." The King's father here alluded to was Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, elected King of the Belgians in June, 1831.]

SIRE:—Forty years ago a portion of Europe, and one not the least fair, seemed doomed by an inexorable fate to permanent dependence and periodical devastation. And yet the conditions of that country were favorable to civilization and human happiness: a fertile soil skilfully cultivated, a land covered with beautiful cities and occupied by a race prone alike to liberty and religion, and always excelling in the fine arts. In the midst of a European convulsion, a great statesman resolved to terminate that deplorable destiny, and conceived the idea of establishing the independence of Belgium on the principle of political neutrality. That idea was welcomed at first with sceptical contempt. But we who live in the after generation can bear witness to the triumphant success of that principle, and can now take the opportunity of congratulating that noble policy which consecrated to perpetual peace the battlefield of Europe.

Such a fortunate result was, no doubt, owing in a great degree to the qualities of the race that inhabited the land. They have shown, on more than one occasion, under severe trials, that they have possessed those two qualities which can alone enable a nation to maintain the principle of neutrality alike energy and discretion. But we must not forget that it was their fortunate lot that the first monarch who ascended their throne was the most eminent statesman of the nineteenth century. With consummate prudence, with unerring judgment, with vast and varied experience, he combined those qualities which at the same time win and retain the heart of communities. We can especially, at this moment, remember with pride that he was virtually an English Prince—not merely because he was doubly allied to our Royal race, but because he had been educated—and with his observant mind such an opportunity was invaluable—he had been educated for years in this country, in the practise of constitutional freedom. And when he ascended the throne he proved at once that he was determined to be, not the chief of a party, but the monarch of a nation.

When he left us, Europe was disheartened. The times were troublous and menacing, and all felt how much depended upon the character of his successor. In the presence of that successor it does not become me—it would be in every sense presumptuous—to offer a panegyric. But I may be permitted to speak of a public career in the language of critical appreciation; and I think that all will agree that the King of the Belgians, from the first moment at which he entered into public life, proved that he was sensible of the spirit of the age in which he lived, that he felt that authority to be revered must be enlightened, and that the seat of no sovereign was so secure as that of him who had confidence in his subjects. The King of the Belgians, our sovereign chairman, derived from his royal father another heritage besides the fair province of Flanders; he inherited an affection for the people of England. He has proved that in many instances and on many occasions, but never, in my mind, with more happy boldness than when he crossed the Channel and determined to accept our invitation and become the chairman of the Royal Literary Fund.

With what felicity he has fulfilled his duties this evening, you are all witnesses. I have been connected with your society for many years, as those who preceded me with my name also were long before; and I think I can venture to say that in your annals none of those who have sat in that chair have performed its duties in a manner more admirable.

It is something delightful, though at first sight inconsistent, that the Republic of Letters should, as it were, be presided over to-day by a monarch ; but if there be a charming inconsistency in such a circumstance, let us meet it with one as amiably flagrant and give to our sovereign chairman to-night a right royal welcome. It is with these feelings, gentlemen, that I now propose to you, "The Health of His Majesty the King." [Long continued applause.]

JAMES M. BECK

THE DEMOCRACY OF THE MAYFLOWER

[Speech of the Hon. James M. Beck, of Philadelphia, at the 93d anniversary dinner of the New England Society, in the city of New York, December 22, 1898. Judge Henry E. Howland, President of the Society, was in the chair, and introduced the speaker as follows: "There are Pilgrims in Pennsylvania who have been immortalized by Whittier in his poem of that name. There have been records of difficulties between Connecticut settlers who trespassed upon the rights of the prior occupants, for the early comers were eager after land; but the Pilgrims we like to remember are peaceful followers of William Penn, who gave a lesson to all other colonies of righteous dealings and Christian action with the aboriginal inhabitants, and proved themselves a blessing to the country. I have great pleasure in introducing to you the Hon. James M. Beck, of Philadelphia, who represents that commonwealth, and who will speak to you upon the Democracy of the Mayflower."]

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—I am charged by the President of the New England Society of Pennsylvania to extend its most cordial greetings to its sister Society in New York. I am instructed by our President to "congratulate you upon your long and honored history." He adds, in the message which I bring, and which I shall venture to use as a text: "It is well for neighbors so near to clasp hands frequently. With kindred lineage, principles and aims, we cannot emphasize too strongly the truths for which we stand. While honoring the past our faces are toward the future. We are confident that you and all true descendants of the Pilgrim and the Puritan will wisely and loyally help our country in the new, untried place among the nations, to which it has been so suddenly summoned." I wish, indeed, that those for whom I speak had a worthier spokesman. Indeed, in this presence, representing the culture of the metropolis, and with distinguished guests to address you, whose names are household words throughout the length and breadth of our land, I feel as did a certain colored defendant in a criminal case which was recently tried in the United States District Court of my city. He had been charged with selling liquor without a license, and the Government had proved a strong case against him. When his attorney asked him whether he desired to take the stand and testify in his own behalf, the son of Africa replied: "Boss, I think I had better remain neutral." Similarly, with men like General Shafter and Governor Roosevelt as your speakers, I feel that I should remain neutral.

Indeed, in the presence of these military gentlemen, I feel as did the Burgess of Gettysburg, who, on the first day of that famous battle, sent word to Generals Lee and Meade that it was against the ordinances of the town to fire off firearms within the borough limits. A poor civilian, I serve like notice upon the warriors, lest their rhetorical fireworks overwhelm me to-night. Perhaps, however, I am unnecessarily borrowing trouble—in New York, as Mr. Pierpont Morgan will bear me out, trouble is all one can borrow without collateral—but can I not rely upon your generous forbearance, and that you will treat me with the same princely courtesy as did young Hamlet when he bade Polonius treat well the players who had journeyed to Elsinore to entertain his lordship? "Use them," said Hamlet, "after your own honor and dignity; the less their deserving the more merit is your bounty."

You have been gracious enough to assign to me a noble and inspiring toast. It calls to our mind that little vessel, tossing in the immeasurable waste of waters, so crowded with its cargo of human life that the men slept in the very boats upon the davits, driven by winter blasts that were not so relentless as the spirit of persecution which the Pilgrims left behind, and named the "Mayflower" in unconscious prophecy of the fact that the long winter of political tyranny was about to break, and the springtime of civil and religious liberty to dawn for the human race. How fallible are the judgments that any generation places upon contemporaneous men and events! How little the world took note of this little vessel as it slowly ploughed its way westward across the waters! How little did James the First, as he then sought to strangle the liberties of the English people, or Richelieu, as he then sought to build up a kingly despotism, appreciate that even then a little group of carders, weavers and farmers of England were founding a colony in an unbroken wilderness, from whose vigorous loins would spring a mighty Republic, which should dominate the world when the Stuarts and the Bourbons were alike forgotten! The importance of the central incident of the famous voyage, when those sturdy English yeomen met in the cabin of the "Mayflower" and created of themselves a "civil body politic" has sometimes been exaggerated. The rocking cabin of the "Mayflower" was not the cradle of democracy. There were brave men before Agamemnon, and similarly there were sturdy champions of popular rights long before the famous compact. Indeed, it should not require this gracious season of Christmas time to remind us that the true cradle of democracy was the manger at Bethlehem. When the son of a Nazareth carpenter brought to the world the gospel of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man he ennobled the individual, destroyed the spirit of caste and made democracy in its broadest and noblest sense inevitable.

It should also be remembered that the real vigor of our institutions is due not so much to the rule of the majority as to the restraints which our institutions place upon the power of the majority. Democracy has not destroyed the superstition of the divine right of kings in order to create another, almost as indefensible, of the divine right of majorities. It does not believe that the oil of anointing, which was supposed to consecrate the person and the acts of a king, has fallen upon the multitudinous tongue of the people and invested it with infallibility. In the evolution of American institutions, we have learned to make war against the tyranny of the many as well as that of the few. If the American Republic has enjoyed an unparalleled and almost miraculous growth, it is due not merely to the natural resources, with which God has endowed us as a people, but to the lofty spirit of individualism, which our written constitutions and unwritten laws have sought to conserve. While democracy recognizes that, as to certain measures for the common good, the will of the individual must be subordinated to that of the majority, yet, with this saving reservation, its purpose is to insure the largest freedom to the State, the community and the individual. It is for this reason that democracy is eminently progressive. It grows with the individual. Of necessity, its spirit is of progress. With it expansion is an instinct. It cannot stand still.

It is well to remember this at this important crisis, when our country is confronted with problems greater than any in all its history, with the exception of the civil war. Within twelve months a momentous revolution—or shall I say evolution—has taken place in the spirit and purposes of the American people. Twelve months ago we were a politically isolated Republic. To-day we are a world empire. On the night that the explosion of the "Maine" shook the foundations of the deep in the harbor of Havana, I spoke at a banquet in this city, and, unconscious of that which was then taking place in Havana, and in describing the potential power of the President of the United States, I said: "The President, with a stroke of his pen, could shake the equilibrium of the world." The possibility has become a fact. When George Dewey sailed his little fleet past sleeping forts and over hidden mines and annihilated his opponents, a new epoch in our country and the world was begun, and when the Spanish flag fell from the masthead of the "Reina Cristina" one world empire had ended, another had begun. The President has shaken the political equipoise of nations. In so doing he has followed, and not led, a mysterious and puissant impulse of the people.

Is the Western Hemisphere large enough for the influence and progress of the American people, or must we surrender, commercially and politically, our policy of isolation, and claim an influence which shall be as limitless as the world is round? The Atlantic coast was our cradle; lusty youth found us on the banks of the Mississippi; vigorous maturity has brought us to the Pacific. What of that momentous morrow, the twentieth century? Are we, like Alexander, to stop at the margin of the sea and mourn that it forever bars our further progress, or are we, like the inspired pilot of Genoa, to launch the bark of our national destiny into an unknown sea, in search of new and untried routes to national prosperity?

It is not my purpose to discuss this great and burning question, but I do want to emphasize the thought that because democracy is progressive it cannot be cabined, cribbed and confined within the narrow limits of any traditional policy. Blind adherence to tradition is not the highest patriotism, but is a form of intellectual slavery not worthy of a free and progressive people. An assumption that the teachings of our fathers expressed the finality of political wisdom is contradicted by the uniform experience of mankind. The Almighty never intended that wisdom should die either with one man, one generation, one race, one century, or one epoch. Least of any people should America doubt the "increasing purpose" of the ages, and the widening of thought "with the process of the suns." Our fathers recognized that wise nations, as wise individuals, change their minds when occasion justifies, but fools never. They, too, had their traditional policy of loyalty to the king, hatred of France, pride in the English empire, and disinclination towards any union between themselves. When the revolution broke out nothing was further from their purpose than separation from England. "Building better than they knew," as all master builders of a nation, our fathers were led, not by any conscious leadership, but by an instinctive impulse of the masses, to disregard every tradition which they held dear, to renounce allegiance to the king, separate from the great English empire and make formal alliance with their hated enemy, France, and create a union of which each had been but too jealous. Let us, therefore, not ascribe to our fathers an infallibility which they did not claim for themselves. Democracy acknowledges no living sovereign, much less those who are said to "rule us from their urns." The decadence of Spain, which has cost her the empire of the world and now brought her to the verge of final ruin, is due to her "inordinate tenacity of old opinions, old beliefs, and old habits," which Buckle finds to be her predominant national characteristic.

Great and heroic as are the figures of our epic age, democracy is too progressive to permit the past to fetter the present. The Republic cannot stand still. It must move onward. From civilization it derives inestimable rights; to her it owes immeasurable duties, to shirk which would be cowardice and moral death. No nation can live to itself, even if it would. The economic developments of the nineteenth century have produced a solidarity of humanity which no racial prejudice or international hatred can destroy. Each nation is its brother's keeper, and the greater the power the greater the responsibility. If this be so, no nation owes a greater duty to civilization, to be potential in the councils of the world, than the United States. For it to skulk and shirk behind the selfish policy of isolation and to abdicate a destined world supremacy would be the colossal crime of history. The stern but just law which has governed the nations in all history is that he alone shall have who uses. Of every rotten tree the eternal inquiry of the Great Woodman is heard: "Why cumbereth it the ground?"

I would not be understood, however, as saying that the traditional policy of our country is opposed to colonization. On the contrary, we have been, with the single exception of England, the greatest colonizing power of the world. We are sprung from a race of colonists, the greatest of the world, and their blood flows in our veins. To Massachusetts came the Englishman; to New York, the Dutch; to Delaware, the Swede; to Pennsylvania, the Quaker, the Scotchman, the Welsh and the German; to Virginia, the Cavalier; to Georgia, the Huguenot; to Florida, the Spaniard; to Louisiana, the French,—and thus the bravest and wisest colonists of all history constructed the foundations of the American Republic. Since then our entire history has been one of colonial enterprise. The people have always been in advance of the Government, and have sturdily pushed their settlements westward into the unbroken wilderness, and each year reclaimed vaster areas of untrodden land to the uses of civilization. Before the present Constitution was framed, the Continental Congress had persuaded the States to cede their claims to the land west of the Alleghanies to the central government as a national domain for colonial enterprise, and the Northwest Ordinance of 1787 could still be a model for all colonial government, which we may hereafter acquire. Originally the Alleghanies were regarded as our western boundary, but the people refused to be confined within these narrow limits, and, crossing the mountains, planted their colonies in Tennessee and Kentucky, which subsequently became Territories, and later States.

The magic of a name has sometimes obscured this significant phase of our history. We have called our colonies Territories, but colonies they remain in the truest sense of the word, until elevated to the dignity of sovereign States. At all times their legitimate claims upon our consideration have vitally affected our policy. It was the colonies in Kentucky and Tennessee which led our country to claim the territory to the Mississippi as the true western boundary of our country. It was again the colonies in the valley of the Mississippi which led Jefferson to purchase Louisiana in order to preserve forever for the American people the great pathway of commerce, the Mississippi River. It was the colonies in Florida that led to the purchase of that State; it was the colonies in Texas which, revolting against Mexico and forming an independent State, were later annexed to the American Republic; it was, again, the colonies in Oregon which compelled an unwilling Congress to remember their existence, and which saved that noble country between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific to the Union. No argument against territorial expansion can be so false to our history as that which asserts that we lack experience in colonization. Sprung, as we are, from the teeming womb of England, we could not be other than a colonizing power, if we would.

Let us not be fearful as to our manifest destiny. Our Republic, like young Siegfried in the old Teutonic legend, has fashioned at the flaming forge of war the magic sword of the world's supremacy. The Treaty of Paris ended one empire and commenced another, which in area, numbers, power and influence, will exceed that of Alexander or Cæsar, Charlemagne or Napoleon. To-day the Republic is the true centre of the world, with the Occident on our right and the Orient on our left. Let us have faith that the Ruler of Nations, who has led us thus far, will give us no problem too great for our solution, and no work too great for our achievement. To grasp faintly the future of this country is to bewilder and exhaust the imagination. The past is but the "happy prologue to the swelling act of an imperial theme." To-day, as never before, we face the world as a united country. If wounds there have been, they are healed; if cause for quarrel, it has gone. East and west from the Father of Waters, north and south of Mason and Dixon's line, we are one to-day, my fellow-countrymen; one, in the proud possession of a glorious past; one, in a resolute purpose to meet the duties of the hour, and one, in an abiding faith in the future of our beloved country. For one land, one people, one flag, and one destiny, let us reverently thank the God of our fathers. May the glory of the Republic be as lasting as the day which shines upon her flag, and her beneficent influence upon future generations as ceaseless as the majestic flow of the Mississippi to the sea.

Such has been the marvellous growth of the democracy of the "Mayflower." It has realized, beyond his most far-reaching imagination, the vision of the Puritan poet, Milton, when he said: "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing itself like a strong man after his sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, purging and unscaling her long-abused eyesight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance." [Applause.]

HENRY WARD BEECHER

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

[Speech of Henry Ward Beecher at the sixty-eighth anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1873. The President of the Society, Elliot C. Cowden, presided, and announced that the seventh regular toast, "Religious Freedom," would be responded to by Mr. Beecher, "that most gifted son of New England."]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I have attended many New England dinners [laughter], I have eaten very few. [Laughter.] I think I have never attended one in which there has been such good speaking as to-night, and so much of it [laughter]; and as I bear in memory a sentence from the Book with which I am supposed to be familiar [laughter], that "a full soul loatheth a feast," I do not propose to stuff you at this late period with a long speech [laughter], for I have been myself a sufferer under like circumstances. [Laughter.] It does seem a pity, and would to you if you had ever been speech-makers, to cut out an elaborate speech with weeks of toil in order that it may be extemporized admirably [laughter], and then to find yourself drifted so late into the evening that everybody is tired of speeches. What must a man under such circumstances do? As he abhors novelty, he cannot make a new one, and he goes on to make his old speech, and it falls still-born upon the ears of the listeners. I do not propose, therefore, to give you the benefit of all that eloquence that I have stored up for you to-night. [Laughter.] I merely say that if you had only heard the speech that I was going to deliver, you would pity me for the speech that I am now delivering. [Laughter.] One of the most precious elements of religious liberty is the right of a sensible man *not* to speak [laughter], or even to make a poor speech.

To go back to the New England days and to our fathers who have been—well, I have no doubt of the communion of the saints, and, therefore, I have no doubt that the blessed spirits that have got rid of this world pay good attention in the other land to what is going on here, and are interested in all the compliments they receive [laughter]; and though I suppose heaven to be a very busy place, and the Pilgrim Fathers to be exceedingly busy all the year round, yet, on the twenty-second of December, earthly reckoning, they must have the hardest day of the whole period which we call year. [Laughter.] I can imagine them going around with fragments of these speeches on their heads as extemporized crowns [laughter]; and far be it from me who, I believe, have some ancestors there—I hope it is there [laughter]—far be it from me to impose any additional burden of sympathy upon them. [Laughter.] The old New England divines were good fellows in their day, jovial men—not on public occasions [laughter]—men given to the cup and to the pipe in due measure, and to good stories as well as to good conduct, but always with discretion—always at home after the door was shut, because the example to the flock must be reverend—the flock must be led by sobriety; but really, as I recollect the days in my father's parlor, when I used to be sent for the tobacco and for the rum, when the ministers came around, in old Connecticut, before the temperance days, when the parlor was blue with smoke and uproarious with laughter, I am sure that I have never been in any assembly anywhere, where there was so much good-fellowship, nor anywhere else—except here—where I thought there was so much wit as there used to be in old New England [laughter]; and much of that which has been witty to-night I attribute to the proximity of the generals, statesmen, and lawyers to the clergy. [Laughter.]

In regard to the subject matter of the toast which I was to speak to, I wish to say this: that those who have oppressed men by religion have only done by that instrument what everybody else has been trying to do by every other instrument. [Laughter and applause.] Everybody that has any gumption is a pope, or would be glad to be. That spirit of self, with a consciousness of power, with an intense sense of right and of truth, and a disposition to project it upon others, is of necessity a domineering spirit, and it is that that attempts to make men bend to your sense of what is true and what is right. I do not, therefore, wonder that there is a spirit of despotism. I do not wonder at it any more than I wonder that mankind love to govern and be governed; for there are two sides. It is not the fault of the dry pole that is put into the ground that the morning-glory twines round about it, and won't stand up itself. I would like to be a dry stick myself, and have a convolvulus twining around me with its ineffable beauty. [Applause.] It is not the fault of the minister that the true and comely and excellent ones lean on him and insist upon being led by him, and thought for by him. It is not strange that clergymen think they hear angel voices, even among their own parishioners, under such circumstances. If you take a man out from the common people and tell him he is something wonderful, tell him that he is a man of—his mother?—no, but a man of God, and therefore so far different from his neighbors, that he stands in the electric chain, and gets his inspiration fresh from the apostolic age, as then it was had fresh from heaven; that he is, by reason of having this extra dose of good sense and infallibility, something more than other men—only tell him so long enough, put your hand on his head so as to rub it into him, make him feel it in his heart, bring round about it his conscience, and you have made a despot.

It may be a despot that turns the ecclesiastical machinery of the church, so that everybody has to keep step to the music exactly. It is not his fault; his parishioners make him do it. He may turn that despotism into dogma; it is not his fault. He himself became first the subject, and then the master, and then the despot. If there were not men who wanted to be governed, there would not be so many men who wanted to govern them; and if men in the Church, administering the Church as an institution, administering its ordinances or its doctrines, are imperious, if they are arrogant, you make them so. They did not set out to be so. It is inherent in the fundamental falsity of this idea, that any body of men on earth are commissioned to govern any other body of men by reason, or by their conscience, on the supposition that they are nearer to God than others. [Applause.] It is not the New Testament idea, which says, "Ye are all brethren." There is democracy for you! Brotherhood never harmed anybody, because brotherhood proceeds ever with justice for its instrument, in the spirit of benevolence and love, and works by sympathy, works by the heart more than by the head. Now, the moment that any man stands among his fellowmen and says, "I own God, and I own all God's decrees, and I am empowered to enforce them upon you, and I bring down all that is terrible in the world to lay it upon the imagination and upon the fear and upon the conscience and upon the conduct and the life of men"—the moment that any man has taken possession of that vast and populous invisible realm, that very moment, of necessity, he becomes an enemy to liberty, a leader toward captivity, and men are bound by him to be servants.

So, then, if men are oppressed by the Church, it is only because, through weakness, they invited it; it is because, through indifference, they permitted it. Who are the makers of ecclesiastical despots? Weak men. Power is not easily oppressed! It is weakness that is oppressed. Strong, robust, round, and all-sided men are not often oppressed as citizens, they always escape. It is the poor, the ignorant, those that do not know how to defend themselves, that in civil things or in intellectual realms are oppressed, and in moral realms as well; and the remedy for ecclesiastical oppression is, make the common people stronger and wiser. [Applause.] Give them intelligence, and make them understand that indifference to religion is invitation to despotism [applause]; that those men who have faith in God and have faith that God is Father, believe also in manhood and men. Give to men earnestness, consciousness of their own affairs, self-respect and knowledge, and then insist upon it that they shall use them; give to men this spirit, and there shall be found no priest and no bishop that shall govern them except as the air governs the flowers, except as the sun governs the seasons, for the sun wears no sceptre, but with sweet kisses covers the ground with fragrance and with beauty. One soul has a right to govern another if it loves it; but by authority and machinery and systematic creeds or dogma, no man has a right to govern another, nor can he, if those other men are not weak, effeminate, indifferent, infidel.

So, then, our New England fathers, although failing here and there in some points in the administration of religious liberty, were preëminent for the time in which they lived, and, at the bottom, they were really the workmen that brought in the doctrine of religious freedom, because they undertook to make intelligent men, they educated men, they tried to make them larger, to make them more knowledgeable, to make them able to stand on their own feet without being held up by priests or by any other preacher; and so, working to make larger manhood and larger liberty in manhood, they tended to set men free from spiritual just as much as from civil domination. I regard all men who are working toward the enlargement of their fellowmen as being truly guides toward emancipation from spiritual despotism. He that is gone, Agassiz, was also a priest of God —not in the church which men's hands have built, but in that great circle which Divine Providence marks out, where men find out the footsteps and the handiwork of God, and take that which they find to make men larger and richer and truer and better. He, too, is a priest of God; and that glorious company of men who are saying to the rock and to the sky and to the realms of nature, "What secret hath God told you? Tell it to us," they too are making men free, and are emancipating the human mind. And every artist who works upon his canvas or upon the stone, or rears up stately fabrics, expressing something nobler to men, giving some form to their ideals and aspirations—every such man also is working for the largeness and so for the liberty of men. And every mother who sits by the cradle, singing to her babe the song which the angels sing all the way up to the very throne, she too is God's priestess, and is working for the largeness of men, and so for their liberty. Whoever teaches men to be truthful, to be virtuous, to be enterprising; in short, whoever teaches Manhood, emancipates men; for liberty means not license, but such largeness and balance of manhood that men go right, not because they are told to, but because they love that which is right. [Prolonged applause.]

THE GLORY OF NEW ENGLAND

[Speech of Henry Ward Beecher at the second anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the city of Brooklyn, December 21, 1881. The President of the Society, Hon. Benjamin D. Silliman, presided and said by way of introduction: "Our next toast is in a few words: 'New England.' This is a vast theme—but the very incarnation of New England is with us to-night, and we invoke him to its consideration. It is our privilege to call upon the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher."]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—There is no other contest I enjoy beholding so much as to hear different nations tell which of them has been foremost in the contest for liberty. And when the representatives of the various European nations come together, I like to see—I like to hear—France tell what she has done, Germany what she has done, and Holland what she has done. And it gives me courage at last to tell a little of what New England has done.

The age in which Holland showed her great light, was an age that was pouring oil into more lamps than hers; one in which intellect broke at last and began to lead, seemingly, the nations toward the rising of the sun. And if you look over the world to-day, there is scarcely a nation of Central Europe not stirred by this resurrection trump to the intellect of mankind. What should they do with this intellect? All Europe was thralled. Church fetters, and social fetters, and the various fetters of nobility and caste held them all.

They forged the arrows of light on the anvils of Holland, and France, and Germany, but there was no bow to send the arrows home; and God looked all around to see what should be done with these silver arrows that were being forged, but there was only one land where the oaks grew tough enough to form the bow to send the arrow home, and that was old England. She dominated the empires of the then world, as America does to-day.

I boast then—and there is not another city on this continent where it is more fit that we should boast, and where their honor and ours is combined, where the Dutch and the Yankee are so nearly at one, as this very City of Brooklyn, that has for its city flag the sublimest flag known on the face of the globe—not the United States flag which is barbaric only by the flag of the City of Brooklyn, no double-headed eagle, no twining serpent, simply this motto and symbol, "Right makes might!" [Applause.] And with such a flag as that, we have a right to trace the history of these men and these institutions which sprung from the loins of no man, but from the Heart and Soul of Almighty God.

And when I speak of the Puritans, I know perfectly well that they were not theorists; they were not philosophers; they never sat down to write addresses. They had but just one theory—that every man before God was a man, with a right to himself and to open himself; that was the whole theory. They had no splendid Utopian idea of a republic drawn out, they had no Platonic theory of life, but simply the declaration, "I am a man because Christ is in me, and I have a right to everything that makes manhood." Contrast this with Prudhomme and Fourier and other socialists who eternally sit, and who eternally never lay an egg. [Laughter.] They had simply the innate, intense, and ineradicable sense of the right of a man to himself before God and his fellowmen. And in that spirit they came to New England; not to build air castles and reform political theories. They came here only to be free and to secure to all their posterity freedom here. And out of that simple consideration of the inherent dignity of man as a child of God, out of that grew New England. They sat down there and opened schoolhouses, they sat down in New England and built churches, and made laws that should suit their consciences and the rights of the individual. They had nosuch forecast as we now have back-cast. [Laughter.] They did not anticipate the future any more than we perfectly read the past, but out of that little leaven grew all the institutions of New England. Taking the best things that had served old England, they brought out such as served them—that was a good deal; such as did not, they left behind, and that was a good deal more. You call them "State builders." You never hit it more perfectly in your life. Though that was not their trade, yet, like the universal Yankee, they could turn their hand to almost any trade when the time came. They scarcely, like the Jews, ever separated patriotism from religion.

Now we have had a great many people who have tried to build States. A good many tried it before they came. There were the mound builders. No doubt the mounds were built for political history, but the mound builders are not to be found. There were the Aztecs, the temple builders of Mexico, with an astonishing development of a certain civilization. They have left no history, nothing but a memory. Then the Spanish undertook to colonize, and they have left South America what she is. The French undertook to colonize, and as they were when they landed at Quebec, so they are to-day. They have not sprouted, nor has one branch grown from that day to this. They went West through Indiana and Ohio, and it is perfectly ludicrous to hear how they took saws and cut down trees, taking four days to cut down one good-sized tree. They hacked and hewed all day and fiddled and danced all night. They tried it in Florida and Louisiana. All the nations of Europe, pretty near, tried their hand at it, even the Dutch at New Amsterdam; and they were swallowed up at one mouthful. But no harm came of it, there was no violence done them, for there was no resistance. We took them, married their daughters, and so subdued them.

There is only one nation on this continent, and that is New England. There is not a State nor a Territory whose constitution to-day, laid alongside the New England constitution, varies one-tenth of an inch from its fundamental principles. Their essential laws, their constitutions, are identical. New England has built America. You may like it or not like it, there are the facts. And we are not here to celebrate New England in any sense of making a provincial celebration. Where is New England? Wherever New Englanders live, from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic Ocean; from the Northern lakes to the Mexican Gulf. We are celebrating the whole country. We are the grandfathers of every state in the Union, and this is a national gathering, and therefore a family gathering.

There is a great deal more important question—Are we going to maintain what our fathers received? Are the children worthy of their fathers? I say they are. [Applause.] You and I will leave ourselves all out, and settle this matter impartially [looking at Judge Tracy who was present] as if we were judges upon the bench. I hold that the industry of New England has not gone out, except to all the ends of the earth. The old settlers of New England lived on rock and ground granite, and really committed burglary on nature to get a living out of it. You don't know anything about industry, you don't know even as much about it as I do; for I used to get up at four o'clock in the morning at this season of the year to do the chores and make the fires. I used to break out the roads with the oxen to break a path in the snow, before the horses could tread the path they broke. I used to go two miles to school, and used to sit on Sundays in a church in which they thought that a fire was a sacrilege. I used to live where the old fireplace would hold logs ten feet long, which required two men to roll them in. You were not brought up in that way; I was. I know what it was to work. Did you ever hoe potatoes on a hillside just after the alder bushes had been cut off? [A voice—"Yes, sir!"] I am glad there is one real Yankee here. [Laughter.] I have.

Did you ever have but one single holiday in all the summer's vacation, and that the 4th of July? I have. Were you ever shut up in your door-yard and not allowed to go down town to see the training? I was. One of the great sorrows of my life, that never can be lifted from me, was to hear the bass drum down in the village, and have a father who was so solicitous for the morals of his son, that he would not allow him to go out of the yard to see the soldiers train! [Laughter.] We have two sons of New England here that know more about soldiering, but then they have descended a good way.

The industry of New England has not ceased. All the most fertile enterprises on this continent, and almost all that exist in every part of the globe have in them either the capital or management of New England men, and the commercial and manufacturing interest of this continent reflect honor on the posterity of the Puritans and the Pilgrims.

When it was sought to inaugurate a dynasty and an aristocracy, and make slavery essentially the master of this country, it was the spirit of New England that resisted that despotism and that tyranny. And so was it recognized, that it was actually in the council of Southern men to dis-solve the Union and re-compose it, leaving New England out. A greater honor never was conferred upon New England than that. When the war broke out—I shall leave my friend on the left to speak of that—when our very best men in every walk in life answered their country's call, the first soldier that went through here was a son of New England.

There was one remarkable incident that happened in Baltimore, that I recall: When the Massachusetts Sixth was there and being mobbed, and stood for a long time perfectly patient till their officers commanded them to fire, a long Yankee—who had stood watching this crowd and saw that the poor ruffians round about were merely the tools of the respectable scoundrels standing away across the square on boxes and barrels—stepped out from the ranks and drew his bead and sent a bullet through one scoundrel's heart, and knocked him like a pigeon off a branch. In Baltimore I heard the other side of that story, when a clergyman of that city told me, "We lost a good deal out of our church that day." "Ah?" said I, "How was that?" "Well, one of the class leaders of our church was down there looking on. He stood on a box on the other side of the square; he was not amongst the crowd at all, but a stray bullet came across the end of the square and shot him!" [Laughter.] He was one of those broadclothed scoundrels, with a gold headed cane, surrounding those poor fellows, and ought to have been shot.

Afterward there came up the question of Repudiation, and the spirit of New England rose against it and put that down as a fatal heresy all over the country.

And when the question of the redemption of the currency came up, the New England conscience and spirit showed itself again, and that question has been fortunately settled for honesty and for good morals. When the New England spirit is rife in any community, it respects the law, it respects government, it respects parties. But there is that same plucky personal independence, and when the managers of parties forget that they are the servants of the people, and decree that the people shall do as they want to have them do, instead of their doing what the people want to have them do, the old New England pluck rises up against it, and they "bust the machine," and elect to the magistracy of every city where this takes place, the man who expresses the will of the people. I think we may say therefore that the spirit of liberty, essential in Religion and in Philosophy, the spirit of civil government, the spirit of enterprise, inhere in the posterity of New England; that we have come into a larger place, and that we are carrying on the great work inaugurated by our fathers, on a continent and not in a province. I think we may say that the glory of New England is not alone in the institutions that they founded and gave to the continent, but her glory is also in that posterity which has descended from them, and which is thoroughbred, and that carried with it the heart, the conscience, the will and the power of the fathers of New England. [Prolonged applause.]

TRIBUTE TO HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

[Address of Henry Ward Beecher * at the festival given by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company at Newtonville, Mass., June 14, 1882, the birthday anniversary of Harriet Beecher Stowe. This festival was one of a series given by the same firm to several of the distinguished authors whose works they published. Mr. and Mrs. William Claflin tendered their spacious and beautiful country home and grounds for this occasion, and the festival took the form of a garden party. It was attended by about two hundred guests, among whom were persons eminent in letters, art, science, statesmanship, and philanthropy. As the guests arrived they were presented to Mrs. Stowe by Mr. H. O. Houghton, and after two hours had been spent in social converse, the company gathered in a tent on the lawn where Mr. Houghton, after an introductory address, presented Mr. Beecher.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I don't know whether it is in good taste for any other member of my father's family to join in the laudation of Mrs. Stowe, but if it is, I am a very proper one to do it. I know that for a long time after the publication of " Uncle Tom's Cabin " there were a great many very wise people who said they knew that she never wrote it herself, but that I did it. The matter at last became so scandalous that I determined to put an end to it,

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* This speech was originally published in the Atlantic Monthly, and is used by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, Mass.

and therefore I wrote " Norwood." That killed the thing dead.

I will admit that I had something to do with " Uncle Tom's Cabin." I recollect that Mrs. Stowe asked me one day whether I took " The National Era." I said No; but I would, if necessary. What was going to happen? She said that Dr. Bailey had sent her some money to write a story for that paper, as far as that money would go; that it would run through three or four numbers, for when she first planned Uncle Tom she thought it would probably extend through three or four issues of the paper. When, in the progress of the publication, people became very much excited, and it was resolved to publish the story in a volume, she was still writing it, and John P. Jewett, who was to be the publisher, said that the book must be limited to one octavo volume. Such was the low estate of anti-slavery literature that it was not believed an anti-slavery book of more than one volume would find readers. I thought so and wrote a most persuasive letter to her to kill off Uncle Tom quickly, and to give the world the book in one volume, if she expected it to be read. What became of that letter I don't know, and perhaps she cannot recollect; but, with a peculiarity which belongs to no other member of my father's family, she had her own way about it.

Now, I think we might have a good experience meeting here this afternoon, if every one would tell under what circumstances he read the book, and how he acted. I can still remember plainly the circumstances under which I finished it. I had got well into the second volume. It was Thursday. Sunday was looming up before me, and at the rate at which I was going there would not be time to finish it before Sunday, and I could never preach till I had finished it. So I set myself to it and determined to finish it at once. I had got a considerable way into the second volume, and I recommended my wife to go to bed. I didn't want anybody down there. I soon began to cry. Then I went and shut all the doors, for I did not want any one to see me. Then I sat down to it and finished it that night, for I knew that only in that way should I be able to preach on Sunday. I know that many of you must have read it something as I did at that time.

I am in sympathy with you in your rejoicing this afternoon, and thank you for your courtesy shown to my sister and your sister, for she has won that place in the hearts of many. I leave the gratulations to you.

Professor Guyot, of Princeton, says that progress in the world is like the development of plant life. It has three periods of growth. The first is that in the soil,—growth by the root. The second is more accelerated,—growth by the stem. The third is the most rapid of all,—growth by the blossom and fruit. The world has been growing by the root, obscurely, lingeringly, slowly. It is growing by the stem now, very much faster. It is beginning to break into the blossom and fruit, when progress will be wonderful compared with our past experience in all other periods. Other years have seen great changes, but men in this generation have seen changes begin and have seen their ripening fruit. We are now living in that period of the world in which you have a long time of former life compressed, and men may see the beginning and end of a great movement. I have always been glad that that noble man, Mr. Garrison, lived to see the chains broken and the slaves go free. It took only the golden middle part of his life to see the beginning and the end. Mrs. Stowe, when a wife and mother, established in life, began her part of this great work. She yet numbers her years here, and their blossom is on her head. It lingers long, and long may it linger before it falls. She saw slavery intrenched in all the power of politics, in all the power of government, in all the power of commerce, and with the benediction of a sham religion, at the time in which she entered upon this career. And, behold, where is it today? It is in history only. Upon that black cloud which rested over all the land has risen the Sun of righteousness. In a short period have occurred these great changes, in ways that no man would have predicted, no man would have brought about. It is God who has done it.

Of course you all sympathize with me to-day, but, standing in this place, I do not see your faces more clearly than I see those of my father and my mother. Her I only knew as a mere babe-child. He was my teacher and my companion. A more guileless soul than he, a more honest one, more free from envy, from jealousy, and from selfishness, I never knew. Though he thought he was great by his theology, everybody else knew he was great by his religion. My mother is to me what the Virgin Mary is to a devout Catholic. She was a woman of great nature, profound as a philosophical thinker, great in argument, with a kind of intellectual imagination, diffident, not talkative,—in that respect I take after her,—a woman who gave birth to Mrs. Stowe, whose graces and excellencies she probably more than any other of her children—we number but thirteen—has possessed. I suppose that in bodily resemblance, perhaps, she is not like my mother, but in mind I presume she is most like her.

I thank you for my father's sake and for my mother's sake for the courtesy, the friendliness, and the kindness which you give to Mrs. Stowe.

MERCHANTS AND MINISTERS

[Speech of Henry Ward Beecher, delivered in New York City, May 8, 1883, at the 115th annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen Merchants:—It may seem a little strange that, in one toast, two so very dissimilar professions should be associated. I suppose it is partly because one preaches and the other practises. [Laughter.] There are very many functions that are performed in common. Merchants are usually men forehanded; ministers are generally men empty-handed. [Laughter.] Merchants form important pillars in the structure of the Church. Ministers are appointed often to go forth to councils and associations, and a delegate is always sent with them. The object of the delegate is to keep the minister sober and to pay his expenses. [Laughter.] They are a very useful set of men in the Church. [Laughter.] But there are some moral functions that they have in common. It is the business of the minister to preach the truth. It is the interest of the merchant to practise it. I hold that not even the Church itself is more dependent upon fundamental moralities than is the whole commercial structure of the world. [Cries of " That's so ! "]

There are three great elements that are fundamental elements. They are the same everywhere—among all people and in every business—truth, honesty and fidelity. [Applause.] And it is my mission to-night to say that, to a very large extent, I fear the pulpit has somewhat forgotten to make this the staple of preaching. It has been given too largely, recently, from the force of education and philosophical research, to discourse upon what are considered the " higher " topics — theology — against which I bring no charge. [Laughter.] But theology itself, that is not based on the profoundest morality, is an empty cloud that sails through the summer air, leaving as much drought as it found. I believe that there is a theology that pertains to the higher experiences of the human soul. As profoundly as any man, I believe in that.

To-day, I have been transplanting magnolia trees. I am speaking to-night as the farmer of Westchester County. [Laughter.] There is one that stands among the earliest I planted, twenty years ago, and now it is a vast ball of white. I suppose five hundred thousand magnificent cups are exhaling thanksgiving to God after the long winter has passed. Now, no man need tell me that the root that nestles in the ground is as handsome or smells as sweet as these vases in the air ; but I should like to know what would become of all these white cups in the air, if the connection between those dirt-covered roots and the blossoms should be cut to-night. The root is the prime provider, and there can be no life and no blossom where there is no root connection.

Theology and all the rhetoric of preaching is well enough in its place, provided there is a clean and clear passage from all beauty, and all speculations, and all doctrine, down to fundamental, common, practical moralities without doubt. [Applause.] I hold, then, that it is the interest both of the Church and the Store to see to it that truth is spoken, and that honesty and equity prevail between man and man, nation and nation, people and people, and that men should be worthy of trust all over the world. [Applause.]

Speaking the truth is an artificial matter. [Laughter.]

Men are no more born to speak the truth than they are to fire rifles, and, indeed, it is a good deal like that. It is only now and then that a man can hit the bull's-eye, and a great many can't hit the target at all. [Laughter.] Speaking the truth requires that a man should know a little about what is truth. It is not an easy thing to be a true man. We part with our fancies and call them truth. We part with our interests and call them truth. We part with our consciences, more often, and call that truth. [Laughter.]

The reason why these are fundamental moralities, and why they are so important to the commercial interests of men is this: commerce dies the moment, and is sick in the degree in which men cannot trust each other. [Applause.] That is the case in the smallest community, and it is more marked, the greater the magnitude of commercial enterprises. And it is one of the evidences that things are not so far gone as some would have us suppose, that men are willing to trust each other so largely in all parts of the earth. If a man can invest his hundreds of thousands of dollars on the ocean or in distant countries, where men cannot understand the documents we write, it shows that there is trust between man and man, buyers and sellers; and if there is trust between them it is because experience has created the probabilities of truthfulness in the actions of men and all the concordant circumstances. If men did not believe in the truth of men, they never would send to China, Japan or Mexico their great properties and interests, with no other guarantee than that the men are trustworthy. The shipmaster must be trustworthy, the officers of the government must be trustworthy, and that business goes on and increases the world over is a silent testimony that, bad as men do lie, they do not lie bad enough to separate man from man. [Laughter.]

Now, I wish to call your attention to one unpleasant state of affairs. It is not to me so very surprising that men intrusted with large interests are found to be so breakable. There is nothing in the make-up of a president that should cause him to make off with the funds committed to his management. There is nothing in being a cashier or director that ought to rot out a man so that he snaps under temptation. I admit that all men are breakable. Men are like timber. Oak will bear a stress that pine won't, but there never was a stick of timber on the earth that could not be broken at some pressure. There never was a man born on the earth that could not be broken at some pressure—not always the same nor put in the same place. There is many a man who cannot be broken by money pressure, but who can be by pressure of flattery. There is many a man impervious to flattery who is warped and biased by his social inclinations. There is many a man whom you cannot tempt with red gold, but you can with dinners and convivialities. One way or the other, every man is vincible. There is a great deal of meaning in that simple portion of the Lord's prayer, "Lead us not into temptation."

No man knows what he will do, according to the nature of the temptation as adapted to the peculiar weakness of his constitution. But this is that which is peculiar—that it requires piety to be a rascal. [Laughter.] It would almost seem as if a man had to serve as a superintendent of a Sunday School as a passport to Sing Sing. [Laughter.] How is it that pious men are defrauding their wards? That leading men in the Church are running off with one hundred thousand or two hundred thousand dollars? In other words, it would seem as if religion were simply a cloak for rascality and villainy. It is time for merchants and ministers to stand together and take counsel on that subject. I say the time has come when we have got to go back to old-fashioned, plain talk in our pulpits on the subject of common morality, until men shall think not so much about Adam as about his posterity [applause], not so much about the higher themes of theology, which are regarded too often as being the test of men's ability and the orthodoxy and salvability of churches.

Well, gentlemen, in regard to what men think in the vast realm of theology, where nobody knows anything about it, does not make any difference. [Laughter.] A man may speak and be lying, and not know it, when he had got up overhead in the clouds. But on the ground, where man meets man, where interests meet interests, where temptation pursues every man, where earthly considerations—greediness, selfishness, pride, all influences are working together—we need to have every man, once a week at any rate, in the church, and every day at home, cautioned on the subject of the simple virtues of truth and honesty and fidelity ; and a man that is, in these three respects, thoroughly educated, and education has trained him so that he is invincible to all the other temptations of life, has come not necessarily to be a perfect man, because he is ignorant of all theology ; but I say that, over all the theories of theology, I think that education will lead more men to heaven than any high Church theology, or any other kind that leaves that out. [Applause.]

What, then, are we going to do? It seems to me there are three things that must be done. In the first place, the household must do its work. The things that we learn from our fathers and mothers we never forget, by whichever end they enter. [Laughter.] They become incorporated into our being, and become almost instincts, apparently. If we have learned at home to love and honor the truth, until we come to hate, as men hate filth, all lying, all double-tongued business—if we get that firmly ingrained, we shall probably carry that feeling to the end of life—and it is the most precious thread of life—provided we keep out of politics. [Laughter.]

Next, it seems to me that this doctrine of truth, equity and fidelity must form a much larger part and a much more instructive part of the ministrations of the Church than it does to-day. Wonder is a great many times expressed why the churches are so thin, why men do not go to meeting. The churches are always popular when people hear something there that they want to hear—when they receive that which gives them light, and food for thought, and incitement in all the legitimate ways of life. There they will go again and again. And if churches are supported on any other ground, they are illegitimate. The Church should feed the hungry soul. When men are hungry and get what they need, they go every day to get such food as that. [Applause.]

Next, there must be a public sentiment among all honorable merchants which shall frown, without fear or favor, upon all obliquity, upon everything in commerce, at home or abroad, that is violative of truth, equity and fidelity. [Applause.] These three qualities are indispensable to the prosperity of commerce. With them, with the stimulus, enterprise, opportunities and means that we have in our hands, America can carry the world. [Applause.] But without them, without these commercial under-strata in the commerce of America, we shall do just as foolishly as other people have done, and shall come to the same disasters in the long run as they have come to. [Applause.]

So, then, gentlemen, this toast, "Ministers and Merchants," is not so strange a combination after all. You are the merchants and I am the minister, and I have preached to you and you have sat still and heard the whole of it; and with this simple testimony, with this foundation laid before you for your future prosperity, I have only to say, if you have been accustomed to do what the Mosaic law wisely forbids, you must not twine the hemp and the wool to make a thread under the Mosaic economy. You, merchants, must not twine lies and sagacity with your threads in weaving, for every lie that is told in business is a rotten thread in the fabric, and though it may look well when it first comes out of the loom, there will always be a hole there, first or last, when you come to wear it. [Applause.] No gloss in dressing, no finishing in bargain or goods, no lie, if it be an organic lie, no lie that runs through whole trades or whole departments, has any sanity, safety or salvation in it. A lie is bad from top to bottom, from beginning to end, and so is cheating—except in umbrellas, slate-pencils and such things. [Laughter.] There is a little line drawn before you come quite up to the dead line of actual transgression. [Laughter.] When a young man swears he will teach a whole system of doctrines faithfully; no one supposes he means it, but he is excused because everybody knows that he does not know what he is saying, and doesn't understand. Of course, there is the lying of permission, as when a lawyer says to a jury, in a bad case: "On my soul, gentlemen of the jury, I believe my client to be an injured man." We know he is lying; he knows it, and the jury know it, and so it is not lying at all, really. [Laughter.] And even when engineers make one estimate [glancing humorously in the direction of the gentleman * who

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* Hon. James S. T. Stranahan who had responded to the toast: "The Great Bridge—the engineering triumph of the nineteenth century."

had eulogized the bridge management]—but we pay up another bill. [Prolonged laughter.] Leaving out these matters, lies of courtesy, lies of ignorance, professional lies, lawyers' lies, thelogians' lies—and they are good men [laughter]—I come to common, vulgar lies, calico lies, broadcloth lies, cotton lies, silk lies, and those most verminous and multitudinous lies of grocers. [Roars of laughter.]

Gentlemen, I have been requested to say a word or two on monopoly. I wish, on my soul, there were a few men who had the monopoly of lying, and that they had it all to themselves. [Applause.] And now I go back to my first statement. The Church and the Store have a common business before them, to lay the foundation of sound morality, as a ground of temporal prosperity, to say nothing of any other direction. The minister and the merchant have a like interest. The minister for the sake of God and humanity, and the merchant for his own sake, to see to it that, more and more, in public sentiment, even in newspapers—which are perhaps as free as any other organs of life from bias and mistake [laughter]—lying shall be placed in the category of vermin. [Applause.] And so, with my benediction, gentlemen, I will leave you to meditate on this important topic. [Applause.]

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND

[Speech of Henry Ward Beecher at the 102d anniversary dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, New York City, March 17, 1886. Joseph J. O'Donoghue, President of the Society, was in the chair, and proposed the toast "Ireland," to which Mr. Beecher spoke.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—There is a great deal more in this struggle in Ireland than lies on the face of it. She is small in territory, but large in men and brains, and Ireland to-day happens to be the object of universal attention. She stands more nearly at the front than other European nations. The human race is not forever to be trodden down. Universal intelligence is drawing near. The nations are closer together. Nothing can any longer be done in a corner. The whole human family are under the influence of its most enlightened part. The whole of society is lifted when any part of it is aroused. All over the world men have heard God's trumpet. The mass of men at the bottom are coming up; they are going to make room for themselves. All the nations in Europe are feeling the throes which come from the rising of the under classes of men. [Applause.] A democratic representative race is working in all the nations of Europe. I do not blame the Nihilist. Oppression will drive men mad. But we know how to make States that will stand, and not merely stand still, but that will radiate, vitalize and illuminate the world. Liberty is catching; the nations of Europe have caught it, and we are bound to take an interest in the fruit of our hands.

Imperial Great Britain ought to give Home Rule to Ireland. God forbid that I should say aught irreverential of Great Britain. Her spirit has given more liberty to us than she has retained herself. There can never be a transfer of American institutions to Great Britain, unless there is a corresponding change in the make-up of Great Britain itself. I believe that Ireland will attain a step in advance, but it will be only preparatory to another step. Great Britain is not to be exempted from the change that is to overtake all nations; monarchy and democracy cannot exist together. [Applause.] With Parnell and Gladstone, I believe that Ireland will attain an improved condition, but it does not become Irishmen to tread under foot those, who like themselves, come here to make a living. Chinamen are children of God also. From the East, I believe, is to come a civilization that will yet make the nations of Europe tremble. Ireland is not the only aspirant for liberty. May the day come quickly when Great Britain will discover that Irishmen are her stanchest friends, and when Irishmen will learn that Englishmen are their brothers. [Applause.]

TRIBUTE TO MUNKACSY

[Speech of Henry Ward Beecher at a banquet given in honor of Mihaly Munkacsy, by a number of Hungarians of New York City, November 23, 1886. Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York "World," presided. Previous to the speech of Mr. Beecher, M. Munkacsy spoke a few words in French, which were interpreted by Carl Schurz as follows: "M. Munkacsy tells me that if he could appreciate the language as readily as he can appreciate the terrapin and canvas-back duck, he would speak to you himself. [Laughter.] He has found here a development of the knowledge and the appreciation of art which has greatly surprised him. He tells me, too, that what has struck him most forcibly is the fact that when the future historian of art undertakes to set forth the progress of art in this century, he will have to look not to the progress of art in Europe but in America."]

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—I am very happy to be here this evening to join with you in the appreciation of a distinguished stranger—that was, but is never to be again—known all over the world, but only to a few in this land. Hereafter we shall consider him, if not an American citizen, yet a citizen of America by a higher tie than any political tie. He is a citizen of the world. He belongs to every nation that has any appreciation of the refinement of art. Painting is the conveyance of thought and feeling by color and by form. Words do the same with form and without color, but all painting that is simply form and color without any thought and deep feeling behind it is not artistic work but artisan work.

I am very glad to be here, because we have in our guest a man who has set his art far above the frivolities of art. He has not set out to tickle our fancy; he has seized life by its very highest elements, and speaks to us through his canvas in our deepest moods and our most pious aspirations. He is not, therefore, a mere mechanical artist, but he is an artist because he is a man of profound moral convictions. He comes to us from the land of song, of art and of heroes. He comes from the land of the great Louis Kossuth. [Applause.] It is a memory I cherish, and have a right to cherish, that Plymouth Church was the first that was opened to raise funds for him in his sacred mission. When that great audience had contributed five thousand dollars for him, profoundly affected as he was, he threw his arms around me, and kissed me on both cheeks, and I said: "After this, no man can honor me." I would to God that the same facilities of speech which Kossuth had, had also been given to our distinguished guest; for if he had the same gift of language that he has of pictorial art, he would have transported us with his eloquence. [Great applause.]

I marvel that our Government did not make him pay duty when he came here. You cannot bring in a picture without paying duty on it. Why don't they collect a tariff on ministers? [Laughter.] They let them come in free. [Renewed laughter.]

TUNIS GARRETT BERGEN

THE FIRST SETTLERS OF NEW NETHERLANDS

[Speech of Tunis G. Bergen at the tenth annual dinner of the Holland Society of New York, January 29, 1895. The President, Warner Van Norden, occupied the chair, and called upon Mr. Bergen to speak to the toast : " The First Settlers of New Netherlands ; worthy scions of the Batavian stock." " The next speaker," said the Chairman, " is a fellow-member of our Society, whom we always delight to hear, and one whom we are soon to welcome also as a fellow-citizen, coming as he does from that part of our city of New York, lately called Brooklyn. [Laughter.] It also gives me pleasure to announce a fact which was made public to-day, and that is, that the Governor of our State has appointed him one of the State Commissioners of Charities under the new Constitution. [Applause.] I beg to introduce to you—indeed he needs no introduction, for you all know him as well as I—the Hon. Tunis G. Bergen."]

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-DUTCHMEN OF AMERICAN DESCENT:—[Laughter.] After refusing about six or seven times, I found the Committee kept on printing my name as responding to some toast or other. I consider that the Committee are about the Dutchest of the Dutch, and hence I find myself here to-night on the programme. The toast, however, to which I have been called to respond, I would state, is not a milk toast [laughter], and since it is a hard toast for me, I will ask you to put the butter on and help me out. [Laughter.]

It is not a hard task to introduce you to your sires, the first Americans ; but the pencil of caricature and the pen of writers, more or less distinguished, have exhausted their wit and humor in so depicting the personal qualities of the first settlers, that it is high time that at a Dutch dinner the light of truth should be shown. [" Hear! Hear!"] The trouble about these humorists—chiefly the New England historians who write our school-books [laughter]—who of course are careful not to omit New England in the history of the progress of America [laughter]—has been when they considered the characters of the first settlers of New Netherland, that they were confused by the costumes of the New Netherlanders. Now, you know that Holland, in the seventeenth and in the latter part of the sixteenth century, was the country, the only country, of fine woolens and fine linens. The weavers of Holland were famous. You remember in the time of Queen Elizabeth that whenever they had a tablecloth (which I believe was only in the palace), or a napkin (and the Dutch called it a doylie—it is a fashionable word to-day) or anything in the way of fine linen, they always called it "Hollands," because Holland was the only country that had fine linen at that period. As a matter of fact, at that time Hollanders were the only people who wore good underclothing. [Great laughter.] In the seventeenth century, gentlemen, outside of Holland there was not a night-shirt. [Renewed laughter.] That is an historic fact. And outside of Holland there were no—what shall I say when I speak of women?—there were no *robes de nuit*. [Laughter.] You will pardon the French at a Dutch dinner, but the Dutch is too accurate. [Renewed laughter.]

You remember the stately chronicler of England, when he speaks of the way that the virgin Queen Elizabeth of England retired with her maids of honor. Of course you do, and as descendants of your modest sires you cannot ask me to tell the story. [Renewed laughter. "Go on, go on."] There is a man from the Rondout who says "Go on." [Great laughter and applause.] I am Dutch enough to go on. It is said in the stately language of the ancient chroniclers, that when the Queen of England—and in the presence of the representative of the St. George Society I shall allude to her as Her Majesty—retired, or, as we should say in Dutch, was put to bed [great laughter], she was simply laid between the feather beds in a state of nature. [Renewed laughter.] There was not a linen toilet in the civilization of Europe, outside of the civilization of Holland.

Now, think of the sneers of the nations whom the Dutch had excelled (that includes all the nations except the Dutch) in arms and in commerce, in industry and in art—when they spoke of little Holland. They alluded to her as a little country, simply scooped up out of the sand, in which men did not live, but went on board [great laughter]; and when the sea broke in on them, the country simply sprung a leak. [Renewed laughter.] It was the same jealous people who, looking upon the costumes, the rich costumes of the first settlers of New Netherlands (and you know what costumes the first settlers wore: those long and roomy waistcoats, made of the best Dutch material, and those capacious breeches, the envy of the outer world, and now called knickerbockers), said in their vulgar, sneering way, that the first settlers were built like their ships [laughter], broad in the bow and high in the stern. [Great laughter.] But you might as well, gentlemen, attempt to determine the character of the woman of fashion to-day by the size of her sleeves. [Laughter.] The first settlers simply wore their big sleeves on their legs. [Great laughter.]

But if you wish to know what the first settlers looked like, enter the galleries of Holland, the land of portraits, and there you will see the figures and the portraits of the contemporaries of our first settlers and some of the portraits of themselves. From that group of the four brothers of William of Orange, men of noble heads, with eyes that seem to pierce the future, every one of whom filled a hero's grave, down to the civic guards, the students at the hospital, the soldiers in battle and the sailors on the decks, you will see the men of broad brows and fine features, handsome men, with minds of breadth and wills of iron and hearts of truth—the moral and intellectual athletes of the modern world! [Great applause. "Hear! Hear!"]

There is another reason, however, why a distorted view has been taken of the first settler of New Netherlands, and that is because of his language. Although the first settlers came from a land where every man could read and write, and where public schools had been in existence for two generations before they landed, still it was the sneer of the Spaniard and the Englishman of those days that because the Dutch did not speak English or Spanish fluently they must be ignorant or illiterate. And that gave another distorted view of the first settlers. Of course you all speak Dutch [laughter], at least, if you only speak French at the soup, you speak Dutch at the dessert, and the longer you stay the better is the Dutch. Besides, in moments of high inspiration, we descendants of the first settlers speak the ancient Dutch with great freedom. I remember a few years ago when I was on a trout-fishing excursion in that part of our State where Dutch names abound, where many of the mountains are bergs and where all the streams are kills, worn out and hungry and thirsty I reached a house, and before a blazing fireplace glowing with Dutch hospitality I found a group of men,—fishermen, tired, hungry, and thirsty like myself, whom by their handsome countenances I knew to be descendants of the first settlers of New Netherlands. [" A sure sign."] It is a sure sign, some one says, and I may say, in looking upon you, that if you have not brought with you your certificates of membership I would know you were descendants of the early settlers. [Great laughter.] But on approaching these gentlemen at the fireplace, I naturally addressed them in the words of the ancient tongue and they responded and rose as one man and drank the health of the first settlers of New Netherland. My words were simply those seductive but eloquent words: "Mijne Heeren, schnaps!" [Great laughter and applause.]

There is another subject to which, even in the presence of the President of the Colonial Wars Society—and there was no peace, I suppose, in Colonial times—I may venture to allude. I refer to the purchase of Manhattan Island. It has been said by the flippant historians of to-day that the price paid for Manhattan Island by the Dutch was very trifling, and that it showed that the Dutch were very shrewd and the poor Indian was deceived. The later historians have affected to say, in their petty way, that the articles which the Dutch gave for Manhattan Island, consisting of so many steel knives and steel needles and other metal articles, and beads, were an inadequate price for the island. Now, the question is, What was Manhattan Island worth at that time? What was the Indian point of view?

What was Manhattan Island? The Indian had vast possessions, bounded by the ocean on the east and the setting sun on the west—hunting grounds galore! What was Manhattan Island? It was a mass of rocks. There was not a feeding ground for deer on it; the soil was too poor. There was not a spawning ground for fish on it; the tides were too swift. It abounded in swamps, and the few streams that meandered through the rocks were so shallow and sluggish that even the beavers thought they were not worth a dam. [Laughter.] Of course, other damns came later, but not beaver dams. Now, the Indians were shrewd traders and no mean financiers. Think of the currency of the Indians of the North American Continent. Beaver skins and wampum! It was never inflated, and when anybody attempted to palm off an old moth-eaten beaver skin for a good beaver skin, the Indians simply said: " Bad beaver skin; no good." And when bad wampum was offered him he simply said: " Heap bad shells; no good." You could not redeem their good wampum and their good beaver skins with bad wampum or bad beaver skins. They always maintained the value of their currency [laughter], and they never were obliged in times of peace to issue bonds in order to borrow wampum to carry on the government. They simply changed the governments [cheers and laughter]; that is, changed the governments from one place to another [renewed laughter], but always maintained the value of wampum. So that the candid historian of to-day who considers the transaction of the purchase of Manhattan Island will say that because of the shrewdness and financial ability of the Indians, and the generosity or indifference of the Dutch, the price paid for Manhattan Island was about five knives too much. [Laughter.] Of course, since then, land has become dearer and knives have become cheaper and more abundant. [Laughter.] But still there have been times when knives were not so abundant; for example, at the last election, when there were not enough knives to go round. [Great laughter.]

Think of the country, my brothers, which the first settlers founded! The richest domain in the temperate zone! Beginning at the ocean, where a mighty river empties with two magnificent bays, it extends and covers an area of hundreds of square miles, over the timbered mountains, the fertile valleys, the well-watered plains, including that necklace of lakes where the five nations of the Indians lived, to the shores of the monster fresh-water seas on the north and the plains of the unknown on the west. It was the land where nature built the throne of Western civilization! To-day the bones of those first settlers have long ago mingled with the dust. All honor to their graves! They adorn the land of New Netherlands from the shores of Long Island, the hills of New Jersey, the valley of the Hudson, the banks of the Rondout, the slopes of Fort Orange, to the sources of the Mohawk. Emblems are they of courage and endurance, of enterprise and industry, of immortal faith and freedom.

When the piratical capture of New Netherlands in a time of peace by the English fleet took place (and there were more cannon on the English vessels than there were soldiers on the shore), and the flag of the Netherlands was reluctantly hauled down, it was the flag of a Republic that trailed in the dust. [Applause.] Then began the long and narrow Colonial sway of the English kings, which lasted for a hundred years. But the indomitable spirit of the Dutch was not dead. The lessons of freedom—in Church and State—which the Netherlanders gave were being learned by the peoples of the world. For behold, when the hundred years were over and the new American Republic appeared upon the stage, its declaration of independence contained the same sentiments and many of the same phrases, translated from the good old Dutch of that older declaration of independence of the Union of Utrecht two hundred years before [applause], and the Federal Constitution of the New Republic took as its guide and model the Constitution of that older Republic across the sea. And lo and behold! when the standard of the new Republic was raised to the flagstaff, the red, white and blue of the flag of the United States of the Netherlands were the only colors in the flag of the United States of America. [Great applause.]

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

THE REPUBLIC THAT NEVER RETREATS

[Speech of Senator Albert J. Beveridge delivered at a banquet of the Union League Club, Philadelphia, Penn., February 15, 1899. The President of the Club occupied the chair.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN :—The Republic never retreats. Why should it retreat? The Republic is the highest form of civilization, and civilization must advance. The Republic's young men are the most virile and unwasted in the world, and they pant for enterprise worthy of their power. The Republic's preparation has been the self-discipline of a century, and that preparedness has found its task. The Republic's opportunity is as noble as its strength, and that opportunity is here. The Republic's duty is as sacred as its opportunity is real, and Americans never desert their duty.

The Republic could not retreat if it would. Whatever its destiny it must proceed. For the American Republic is a part of the movement of a race—the most masterful race of history—and race movements are not to be stayed by the hand of man. They are mighty answers to divine commands.

What is England's glory? England's immortal glory is not Agincourt or Waterloo. It is not her merchandise or commerce. It is Australia, New Zealand, and Africa reclaimed. It is India redeemed. It is Egypt, mummy of the nations, touched into modern life.

England's imperishable renown is in English science throttling the plague in Calcutta, English law administering order in Bombay, English energy planting an industrial civilization from Cairo to the cape, and English discipline creating soldiers, men, and finally citizens, perhaps, even out of the fellaheen of the dead land of the Pharaohs. And yet the liberties of Englishmen were never so secure as now. And that which is England's undying fame has also been her infinite profit, so sure is duty golden in the end.

The dominant notes in American history have thus far been self-government and internal improvements. But these were not ends; they were means. They were modes of preparation. The dominant notes in American life henceforth will be, not only self-government and internal development, but also administration and world improvement.

The future of Cuba is to be worked out by the wisdom of events. Ultimately annexation is as certain as that island's existence. Even if Cubans are capable of self-government, every interest points to union. We and they may blunder forward and timidly try devices of doubt. But in the end Jefferson's desire will be fulfilled, and Cuba will be a part of the great republic.

The Philippines are ours forever. Let faint hearts anoint their fears with the thought that some day American administration and American duty there may end. But they never will end. England's occupation of Egypt was to be temporary; but events, which are the commands of God, are making it permanent. And now God has given us this Pacific empire for civilized administration. The first office of the administration is order. Order must be established throughout the archipelago.

Rebellion against the authority of the flag must be crushed without delay, for hesitation encourages revolt, and without anger, for the turbulent children know not what they do. And then civilization must be organized, administered and maintained. Law and justice must rule where savages, tyranny and caprice have rioted. The people must be taught the art of orderly and continuous industry.

The frail of faith declare that those peoples are not fitted for citizenship. It is not proposed to make them citizens. Those who see disaster in every forward step of the republic prophesy that cheap labor from the Philippines will overrun our country and starve our workingmen. But the Javanese have not so overrun Holland. New Zealand's Malays, Australia's bushmen, Africa's Kaffirs, Zulus and Hottentots, and India's millions of surplus labor have not so overrun England.

Those who measure duty by dollars cry out at the expense.

When did America ever count the cost of righteousness? And, besides, this Republic must have a mighty navy in any event. And new markets secured, new enterprises opened, new resources in timber, mines and products of the tropics acquired, and the vitalization of all our industries which will follow, will pay back a thousandfold all the government spends in discharging the highest duty to which the Republic may be called.

The blood already shed is but a drop to that which would flow if America should desert its post in the Pacific. And the blood already spilled was poured out upon the altar of the world's regeneration. Manila is as noble as Omdurman, and both are holier than Jericho. Retreat from the Philippines on any pretext would be the master cowardice of history. It would be the betrayal of a trust as sacred as humanity. It would be a crime against Christian civilization, and would mark the beginning of the decadence of our race. And so, thank God, the Republic never retreats.

Imperialism is not the word for our vast work. Imperialism, as used by the opposers of national greatness, means oppression, and we oppress not. Imperialism, as used by the opposers of national destiny, means monarchy, and the days of monarchy are spent. Imperialism, as used by the opposers of national progress, is a word to frighten the faint of heart, and so is powerless with the fearless American people.

The Republic never retreats. Its flag is the only flag that has never known defeat. Where that flag leads we follow, for we know that the hand that bears it onward is the unseen hand of God. We follow the flag and independence is ours. We follow the flag and nationality is ours. We follow the flag and oceans are ruled. We follow the flag, and in Occident and Orient tyranny falls and barbarism is subdued.

We followed the flag at Trenton and Valley Forge, at Saratoga and upon the crimson seas, at Buena Vista and Chapultepec, at Gettysburg and Mission ridge, at Santiago and Manila, and everywhere and always it means larger liberty, nobler opportunity, and greater human happiness; for everywhere and always it means the blessings of the greater Republic. And so God leads, we follow the flag, and the Republic never retreats.

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE

Photogravure after a photograph from life

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE

OUR MERCHANT MARINE

[Speech of James Gillespie Blaine at the 111th annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, May 15, 1879. Mr. Blaine responded impromptu to the toast: "Steam Mail Lines; the keys with which wise statesmen open foreign ports to maritime commerce."]

MR. CHAIRMAN:—I rise only to get out of the way, in order that this procession may go forward. [Laughter.] I am a mere chance comer—a disturber of the programme—but I do not intend to be made the butt of either the flattery or the wit of the last speaker. [Laughter.] When, however, I come to read this toast, I really do not know exactly at what it is aimed. If it is aimed at me, it is to congratulate me on failure, and not on a success. If it be a confession, on the part of the Chamber of Commerce, that it is their creed, then it is the beginning of the end of the victory to come [laughter and applause]; because, if I speak the voice of the Chamber of Commerce of New York, in that toast, I know that I speak with a voice far mightier than any that has been raised in Congress, and I have it to declare, that if it be the will of that Chamber, and of the people, to initiate a policy for the revival of American commerce, then it is done! [Applause.]

But you will permit me to say, speaking as an outsider, to the Chamber of Commerce, and coming as I do from a commercial State, that commerce as well as religion needs a revival in this country. [Laughter.] Every other interest in this country for the last fifteen years,—even including the year 1866–67, a year of doubt and depression—has been gathering strength, and is ready to march forward to victory, save only the commerce of the nation. [The Rev. Dr.

Bellows: "And religion."] My dear friend, Dr. Bellows, suggests religion also. [Laughter.]

Now I suppose that figures are familiar to you, gentlemen, but the figures of American commerce in its decline are startling. Twenty years ago, of the tonnage engaged in the foreign trade of the United States, fully three-fourths was American tonnage. Of the tonnage engaged in the foreign trade of the United States to-day, not one-fourth is American. In 1856–57, Great Britain, the leading commercial nation of the world, had only 950,000 tons engaged in trade between the United States and that kingdom. She has 5,200,000 tons now. Germany then had but 166,000 tons; this last year she had 950,000 tons. Norway and Sweden, twenty years ago, had in trade between this country and their own but 20,000 tons; last year the reports show that she had 850,000 tons. Even Austria, penned up with a limited seaboard as she is, had in commerce with us, twenty years ago, not a vessel of her own; but last year she had not less than 220,000 tons. And I might go on thus through the whole list. [Applause.]

In this mighty increase of commerce, from 4,400,000 to over 11,000,000 tons in a single year, the United States has gone backward, and all the vast profit of this trade has gone into the coffers of other nations. [Applause.] Let me ask of you here, what other interests have gone backward in that period? Have manufactures? They have outstripped imagination. Has agriculture? Why, it has gone ahead of every possible calculation. Has internal commerce? Why, it has increased from thirty thousand to sixty-eight thousand miles of railroad. The Government of the United States, besides giving sixty millions in money, has given to internal commerce over 200,000,000 acres of the public domain,—more than New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Maryland combined. And meantime she has protected, by tariff, every article that the American artisan and the American capitalist would invest in the manufacture of. [Applause.] But, for the foreign commerce of this country what has she done? Left it to the alien and the stranger; and in the last ten years, the value of the products carried between this country and foreign countries has exceeded eleven thousand millions of dollars a year, out of the carrying of which somebody has made $110,000,000 per annum—a sum far larger than the interest of the public debt. [Applause.] And who has made this money? France, England, Germany—everybody, excepting the United States. Think of it! $110,000,000, in gold coin has gone out of the commerce of this country into the commerce of other countries. Can New York stand this? Can this great port sustain such a loss as this, with all her unbounded advantages of position and of resources, and with the magnificent continental commerce that stands behind her?

I say, gentlemen, that if the carrying trade of this country, aggregating $110,000,000, is permanently turned from us, then the question of specie payments becomes one of far more complicated difficulty than it is to-day; and the only way to make that question easier of solution is to turn that current of gold from these coffers into our own. [Applause.] I said just now that I come from a commercial State; but our State is a State that flourishes with fleets of sailing-ships, and the day of sailing-vessels in commerce is over. The North Atlantic commerce is in the hands of the steamships to-day, and of this your own commerce, from your own port of New York, represents at least 2,000 vessels of 1,000 tons each, and it is all in the hands of Europeans.

An old ship-captain was once telling me of the value of commerce. He was one of those wise, thrifty captains of the old time, who owned a share of his vessel himself, and some of you, doubtless, have met a few of his class. He said: "People do not understand this commercial question. I once took a load of coal from Cardiff to Valparaiso, and I got considerably more for carrying it than the coal was worth. Then I took back to England a cargo of guano from the Chinchas, and I was paid more for carrying it than the cargo was worth; and so I made more out of the wind and the waves than these merchants do, with all their risk and shrewdness." And that is what commerce does. [Applause.]

But, since that time, great changes have taken place in the methods of commerce, and great changes are going on to-day. Lord Beaconsfield has said, that in the last ten years, the loss to landed estates in Great Britain has amounted to eight million pounds sterling. Now this great loss is easily accounted for, if we look for it. It is a result of the progress made in the means and facilities of cheap transportation. To-day you can put a barrel of flour or a bushel of wheat from Chicago into Liverpool at a cheaper rate than you could bring it ten years ago from Buffalo to New York. With this cheap rate for freights, therefore, the great landed estates of England, that are rented at two pounds to two pounds ten shillings per acre, cannot pretend to compete with products that are raised on lands, the fee-simple of which is not half as much as the annual of the English lands. [Applause.]

In view of these facts, I say we are destined to feed the world, because we can do it cheaper than anybody else can do it. [Applause.] We are, in fact, doing that to-day, and yet we are weakly losing the opportunity to reap these vast profits that come from the carrying trade of our products. There is no reason why this should be so. There are persons here, I dare say, that can remember when "Clinton's ditch" [the Erie Canal] had the water let into it. Nobody appears willing, I see, to acknowledge such antiquity! [A voice: "Yes, yes; here."] Well, you all probably have heard of it. [Laughter.] Why, the tonnage from New York to Buffalo was eighty-five dollars a ton the year before that "ditch" was opened, but it fell to nine dollars a ton the year afterward. That was considered a marvel, and yet that is more than it is to-day from the far Northwest, from Minneapolis to the principal ports of Europe.

There is nothing that we have not done in this country to encourage railroad building. We have gone wild on that! [Laughter.] We have built them where they were needed, and we have built them where they were not needed. We have built those that paid well, with much doubt and blind distrust; and we have rushed with blind confidence into building roads that, after they were built, did not pay a penny. In this multiplication of lines of transportation, we have brought all our vast national products to the seaboard, and think that that is to be the end of the line. We have reaped the profits of it so far, and then are willing to let foreigners have the rest of it. Why, it is one continuous route from Chicago to Liverpool; but we take 1,000 miles and give 3,000 miles to the foreigner, and that is the way we are dividing our carrying-trade. Why should we not carry it across the sea, if they can make a profit in doing it? [Applause.]

As I said at the outset of my somewhat rambling remarks, if you had addressed this toast to me, it is to remind me that all my adjurations and declarations up to this time on this subject have been futile. If you intend it as a declaration of the Chamber of Commerce, that its influence and its resources and the influences of the vast forces of our country are to be used in the effort for a revival of the maritime commerce, you may consider the thing as accomplished. "If it is possible, it is done already; if it is impossible, you will see that it is done." You can apply the Talleyrand motto to this question. *You* can do it, and no other power in this country can do it. [Applause.] I am not here, of course, to invoke any controversy on this matter, but I am here to say that, thus far, so far as our legislation is concerned, the influence of New York has not been felt in that direction. When you get ready to exert it, let us hear from you by telegraph. [Laughter and applause.]

When the old lady was training her son for the trapeze, the boy made three or four rather ineffectual efforts to get over the bar. Then she was heard to suggest: "John Henry Hobbs, if you will just throw your heart over the bars, your body will follow." [Laughter.] And so it is with you. If New York will throw her heart into this matter, the rest will follow, and then we shall have commerce and manufacturing and agricultural interests of our country going forward hand-in-hand, as they should go, supporting each other. [Loud applause.]

I know that there is a difference of opinion as to the means by which this is to be accomplished. One man says: "Tear down your navigation laws, and let us have free ships." Now, I am opposed to that, because that does not tend to build up American commerce. I do not believe in false trade-marks. I do not believe that buying a British ship and calling her an American ship makes her an American ship. [Applause.] I believe that, this very day and hour, every single article that goes into the manufacture of a ship can be produced and made as well here as in any spot on this earth. Take a five hundred thousand dollar ship representing a tonnage of, say, three thousand five hundred tons. Five thousand dollars represents the cost of the original raw material, and four hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars represents the value of the labor and skill to be put on those materials by American hands. I say that I am opposed to paying that four hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars outside of this country. [Applause.]

Just so long as this country fails to become, or delays its arrival at the position of a great and triumphant commercial nation, just so long it is defeating the ends of Providence. [Applause.] We have seventeen thousand miles of coast-line looking toward Europe, Asia and Africa, giving us a larger sea frontage than all Europe, beginning at Archangel and running to the Pillars of Hercules and beyond them to the gates of Trebizond. Ralph Waldo Emerson has said that England was great because she had the best business-stand on the globe. That was perhaps once true, but it is true no longer. To-day the best business-stand is changed, and it is to be found in the United States ; and your great imperial city, with its matchless commercial connections and position, and its magnificent harbor, is destined to be, under the enterprise and guidance of its merchants, what London has dreamed of, but never yet has realized. [Loud applause.]

PAUL BLOUET

(MAX O'RELL)

MONSIEUR AND MADAME

[Speech of Paul Blouet [Max O'Rell] at the annual Ladies' Banquet of the Whitefriar's Club, London, England, May 4, 1900. Max O'Rell acted as toast-master, and delivered the following speech in responding to the remarks of Sarah Grand, who had spoken to the toast, of "Mere Man."]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I feel somewhat jealous of my brother, Friar Austin, to-night. He had to propose an easy toast. I think I could have attempted the praise of woman, whose name I cannot hear without wanting to take off my hat. I have to attempt the praise of man, and I do not feel equal to it. I have half a mind to let the case go against him, but I consider Madame Sarah Grand has let us off pretty easy. Well, we are not quite so bad as we are painted sometimes. I believe half the lies that are told about men are not true. [Laughter.] We are in the habit of running ourselves down, to summon women to our help, but we do not believe a word of it. We are very much like those English people who at church call themselves miserable sinners, and who would knock down on the spot any one who would take them at their word on coming out of church. [Laughter.]

Now, the attitude of men towards women is very different, according to the different nations to which they belong. You will find a good illustration of that different attitude of men towards women in France, in England, and in America, if you go to the dining-rooms of their hotels. You go to the dining-room, and you take, if you can, a seat near the entrance door, and you watch the arrival of the couples, and also watch them as they cross the room and go to the table that is assigned to them by the head waiter. Now, in Europe, you would find a very polite head waiter, who invites you to go in, and asks you where you will sit, but in America the head waiter is a most magnificent potentate who lies in wait for you at the door, and bids you to follow him sometimes in the following respectful manner beckoning, "There." [Laughter.] And you have got to do it, too. [Laughter.]

I travelled six times in America, and I never saw a man so daring as not to sit there. [Laughter.] In the tremendous hotels of the large cities, where you have to go to number 992 or something of the sort, I generally got a little entertainment out of the head waiter. He is so thoroughly persuaded that it would never enter my head not to follow him he will never look round to see if I am there. Why, he knows I am there, but I'm not. [Laughter.] I wait my time, and when he has got to the end I am sitting down waiting for a chance to be left alone. He says: "You cannot sit here." I say: "Why not? What is the matter with this seat?" He says: "You must not sit there." I say: "I don't want a constitutional walk; don't bother, I'm all right." Once, indeed, after an article in the "North American Review"—for your head waiter in America reads reviews—a head waiter told me to sit where I pleased. I said: "Now, wait a minute, give me time to realize that; do I understand that in this hotel I am going to sit where I like?" He said: "Certainly!" He was in earnest. I said: "I should like to sit over there at that table near the window." He said: "All right, come with me." When I came out there were some newspaper people in the hotel waiting for me, and it was reported in half a column in one of the papers, with one of those charming headlines which are so characteristic of American journalism, "Max sits where he likes!" [Laughter.] Well, I said, you go to the dining-room, you take your seat, and you watch the arrival of the couples, and you will know the position of men. In France Monsieur and Madame come in together abreast, as a rule arm in arm. They look pleasant, smile, and talk to each other. They smile at each other, even though married. [Laughter.]

In England, in the same class of hotel, John Bull comes in first. He does not look happy. John Bull loves privacy. He does not like to be obliged to eat in the presence of lots of people who have not been introduced to him, and he thinks it very hard he should not have the whole dining-room to himself. That man, though, mind you, in his own house undoubtedly the most hospitable, the most kind, the most considerate of hosts in the world, that man in the dining-room of a hotel always comes in with a frown. He does not like it, he grumbles, and mild and demure, with her hands hanging down, modestly follows Mrs. John Bull. But in America, behold the arrival of Mrs. Jonathan. [Laughter.] Behold her triumphant entry, pulling Jonathan behind! Well, I like my own country, and I cannot help thinking that the proper and right way is the French. [Applause.] Ladies, you know all our shortcomings. Our hearts are exposed ever since the rib which covered them was taken off. Yet we ask you kindly to allow us to go through life with you, like the French, arm in arm, in good friendship and camaraderie. [Applause.]

BENJAMIN HARRIS BREWSTER

BENCH AND BAR OF PENNSYLVANIA

[Speech of Judge Benjamin H. Brewster at the dinner given by the Philadelphia Bar, December 19, 1872, to Judge James Thompson, on his retirement from the Bench. The Chairman, Peter McCall, proposed the toast: "Bench and Bar of Pennsylvania," associating with it these lines from Sidney Smith: "In all the civil difficulties of life men depend upon your exercised faculties, and your spotless integrity; and they require of you an elevation above all that is mean, and a spirit which will never yield when it ought not to yield. As long as your profession retains its character for learning, the right will be defended; as long as it preserves itself pure and incorruptible, on other occasions not connected with your profession, those talents will never be used to the public injury, which were intended and nurtured for the public good."]

Mr. President:—You must let me complain of this sudden distinction you have thrust upon me. It is but two minutes ago I was told that I must answer to this toast. The honors of this important occasion have been very wisely distributed by the gentlemen who have kindly undertaken to arrange all for us; but it seems that on me they have imposed the burthens. Before I begin the few words I shall say, I will arraign these gentlemen and ask them in your presence, what is it that I have done to be so punished, when others have soft and easy chairs of honor? In the first place they have deputed me to preside over one of these tables—and such a table! of lawless larks! no man ever undertook to regulate. Over this table they have put me to preside—and such a table! as I have before said—all the wild rakes and bold blades of the Bar are here! [Laughter.] What man could hold them with their exuberant spirits, in due subjection to dignified decorum? Not I! Why, sir, this reminds me of an event that once happened in England, which I will here relate, and you may apply it if you care:

When the French invasion was threatened, and all England was terrified, the lawyers from the temple and other Inns of Court in London, formed themselves into a regiment, and Lord Erskine, then the Honorable Mr. Erskine, was created their Colonel. When they were reviewed in Hyde Park by King George the Third, His Majesty was so well pleased with their appearance, that he said to Mr. Erskine: "Colonel! what name is your regiment called by?" To which Colonel Erskine, saluting the king, promptly responded: "The Devil's Own! your Majesty!" So now, sir, if you ask me what table I command, I shall call you all to witness that truly do I command the Devil's own! looking at this rollicking set over whom I preside, and whom I have vainly striven to control. [Laughter and cheers.] They have no sense of obedience for me, nor have they any fear of my friends, Judge Pierce and Judge Finletter, both of whom flank me, and both of whom strive in vain to help me. I sent them word a moment since I would have to open a Court of Quarter Sessions and bind them all over to keep the peace, and pointed to the judges I had with me. This had no terror for them, but like true dare-devils as they are, one and all they defied me. [Cheers.] Hear them, sir, now! Hear how with exultant shouts they jeer at me and my authority! Gentlemen of the Committee, have I not a right to complain?

And now they thrust me unprepared into the place that was to have been filled by our honored and dear friend, the former Chief Justice Black. This last imposition is the most grievous of the trio; for knowing as we all do, the great merits of Judge Black as a speaker, and disappointed as we are at his absence—for that which he would have said would have been the glory of this occasion—any one will readily see how hard a thing it is to ask me thus to take his place.

In a loose and shambling way I must stand here uttering random words, when, had he spoken, there would have been floods of majestic eloquence, and of refined and exalted thoughts. I am deputed to speak for Judge Black. That I cannot do, and I defy the wit of man to do it as he can.

The toast assigned to him is "The Bar of Pennsylvania." With what splendor of rhetoric and what variety of knowledge could he not treat of this subject. I can fancy, for awhile, how with rapture and delight you would have hung upon his glowing, sonorous periods, and the wealth of information and instructive reminiscences he would pour out before us. I am daunted at the very thought. At the threshold of my remarks, I stand in awe of his great name, and the recollection of his great powers. Bear with me, then. The Bar of this State, from its earliest history, has been filled with great names. Let me, in this off-hand way, recall a few of them. In the interior we had Wilkins, and Ross, and Baldwin, and Duncan, and Watts, and Sitgreaves; and, here in Philadelphia, we had a perfect constellation of men who have made the Philadelphia Bar illustrious throughout the world.

In the beginning we must not forget that Philadelphia was the capital of the whole country. In provincial times it was the greatest of colonial cities. The first lawyers we ever had were bred in the Temple, and came across the seas to establish themselves here. They had walked in those ways trodden by the "Benchers," so quaintly, so feelingly described by Charles Lamb. Like him, they too had known a Thomas Coventry "whose gait was peremptory and path-keeping—whose step was massive and elephantine," and they had seen Lord Hardwicke and Northington and Ryder, Willes and Macclesfield and Wilmot and Camden and Mansfield, and they had heard the great leaders of those days, and learned their lessons at their feet, and they had brought with them the knowledge of principle and practice from Westminster Hall, and hence it was that in the beginning we started right, with a solid foundation of professional character and duty. Here the Government of the United States first saw the light of day, and here all the great questions of constitutional law were first discussed and considered, and these questions were handled by such men as Jared Ingersoll, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Tilghman, Mr. Rawle and Mr. Dallas. Those were the men that gave name and fame to our Bar. Heaven send we may never lose it! They established a standard by which we have been obliged to live. How delightfully Mr. Binny describes these gentlemen, and the history of their career. And he, too, thank Heaven, is with us yet! Can I say more of those men and of their works than is said by Lord Mansfield himself in a letter to Chief Justice McKean, in which he acknowledges the receipt of Dallas' Reports, in these words:

> "SIR: I am not able to write with my own hand, and must, therefore, beg leave to use another to acknowledge the honor you have done me, by your most obliging and elegant letter, and the sending me Dallas' Reports.
>
> "I am not able to read myself, but I have heard them read with much pleasure. They do credit to the Court, the Bar, and the Reporter; they show readiness in practice, liberality in principle, strong reason and legal learning; the method, too, is clear, and the language plain.
>
> "I undergo the weight of age, and other bodily infirmities, but blessed be God! my mind is cheerful, and still open to that sensibility which praise from the praiseworthy never fail to give. *Laus laudari a te.*
>
> "Accept the thanks of, sir, your most obliged
> "And obedient humble servant,
> "MANSFIELD."

And it is over this tribunal made historic by these beautiful words of commendation that our Chief Justice Thompson has presided with so much merit and dignity. And it is to honor him and commemorate his career that we have gathered in here to-night, and thus cheer him with our words of applause as he lays down his great office. Personal friendship and official relation with him both call on me to testify how much we all owe him.

But, gentlemen, I must be done, others are to follow—others whose efforts are worthy of applause, and whose careful preparation will better fit them to invite your attention than these "wild and whirling words" of mine.

For the compliment bestowed in choosing me to fill the post of difficulty, I thank you; but for the greater compliment in thus bearing with me in patience as I talk "pribbles and prabbles," I shall never cease to be grateful. [Applause.]

ISAAC HILL BROMLEY

CONNECTICUT'S PART IN THE BUSINESS

[Speech of Isaac H. Bromley, of the New York "Tribune," at the 86th anniversary dinner of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1891. J. Pierpont Morgan, President of the Society, was in the chair. Mr. Bromley spoke to the toast: "Connecticut's Part in the Business."]

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—Notwithstanding all that has been said at this table for the last eighty-six years by persons who pay fifty dollars to begin with and ten dollars annually thereafter for the privilege of treating the transaction with levity, I cling with childlike faith to the belief that there actually were Pilgrim Fathers, and that they did land. [Laughter.] I believe they were serious persons—no one can doubt it who has seen pictures of them in public places—and I hope you will agree with me when I say that the time has manifestly now arrived—Massachusetts having elected a Democratic Governor two years in succession—when we should begin to treat them seriously and inquire what on the whole they were driving at. [Laughter.] Let us consider them for a moment as historic personages: real folks with mud on their boots and a look of earnest waiting for the dinner horn, instead of painted persons on a canvas, or brass heroes on a horse block who never did a square day's work in their lives, but put in their time leaning on a gun while the women folks did the chores. [Laughter.]

The Pilgrims were just ordinary, common folk; for the most part lean, lank, hatchet-faced and slab-sided; and two hundred and seventy years ago they were not cheerful persons to live with. No more are some of their descendants now. But they meant business from the word go; from the

Plymouth Rock pullet to the Plymouth Rock pants. [Laughter.]

It has been remarked of them, on one or two occasions, that they builded better than they knew; reference being had to the fact that whereas they came over here for the purpose of establishing one religion, there are now within five miles of Boston something like five hundred, without including recent cleavages and new inventions. Taking a broader and more elevated view, we may safely say that they builded differently from what they knew. It is not likely that they foresaw in their wildest dreams the filling in of the Back Bay. Had they projected in their imaginations that large body of made land held down in many places by bronze specimens of mediæval and wholly evil art, it is doubtful if they would have come ashore; in which case one cannot help inquiring what would have become of the Secretary of this Society. [Great laughter.]

Nor could they have conceived of the enormous improvement there would be in the breeding and culture of the domestic dog. In 1620 in the neighborhood of Plymouth and around Massachusetts Bay there was but one variety of dog, and that one of so furtive and elusive a character that the artist who photographed the scene of the landing, as shown on the certificates of membership of this Society, was unable to secure anything but his bark; which was on the sea, and is represented at anchor in the engraving about a sixteenth of an inch from Plymouth Rock. [Laughter.] To-day more than a hundred varieties of dogs of the most useful and ornamental character may be seen on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston, attending to their several pursuits under the superintendence of ladies of the highest culture, wearing spectacles. [Laughter.]

Nor could the Pilgrims have ever dreamed that two hundred and seventy years from the day of their landing the members of the different trades and professions in Boston, from retail junk dealers up, would dine together every Saturday, and make speeches to and about each other of the most lofty and ennobling character. Nor that the thirst for precise and accurate information concerning the entire universe would be so absorbing as to fill Tremont Temple during the Joseph Cook season with entranced audiences, yearning in desire to follow Joseph Cook, like a sinking star beyond the utmost bounds of human thought.

It is not likely that they would have banished Ann Hutchinson so abruptly, if they could have foreseen the organization, in less than three hundred years, of a Question Club, which can ask more questions at one session concerning the operation of the tariff than any candidate for office can answer in the two months before election. For poor old Ann's chief trouble was an inquiring mind.

They builded, indeed, more than they knew and differently from what they supposed. William Brewster was a man of stubborn will; had he been permitted to look with prophetic vision down the ages—to see in his mind's eye the vast accumulation of conflicting religions, the numberless varieties of the domestic dog, the irregular eruptions of Back Bay art, the Saturday dinners, the Cook lectures and the Question Club of to-day—he might not have wished himself back in Scrooby, but he certainly would have stood on his head in the Mayflower's cabin,upset by the prospect and torn with conflicting emotions. [Laughter.]

In the plaintive warble with which Dr. Chauncey Depew broke his long silence on the occasion of the dinner of the St. Nicholas Society at the opening of the present season [great laughter], he is reported to have expressed his regret that his ancestors who settled on this island had no historian, except Washington Irving, who had not treated the early Dutch with the seriousness they deserved. In this respect he thought they were at a disadvantage as compared with other colonists, whose stories had been told by soberminded writers in a stately and dignified style. We can well understand how the accuracy of Cotton Mather and the veracity of Samuel Peters would have better suited the Doctor's austere taste than the jocularity of Irving. [Laughter.] But Dr. Depew, who was not without early educational advantages, must know that it is by their own fault that the early Dutch, instead of marching with stately tread across the historic page, go limping over it with a wooden leg. For it is well authenticated that the Brewsters and Bradfords and the rest intended to settle here at some point near the Hudson River, but the early Dutch who were here before them bribed the pilot of the Mayflower to tangle them up between Cape Cod and a stern and rockbound coast. That is the way the early Dutch lost all the good historians. [Laughter.]

Had not the early Dutch bribed the pilot of the Mayflower, the Pilgrim Fathers would have landed on Pot Rock instead of Plymouth Rock, and Bradford or Winslow, or Winthrop or Cotton Mather would have written Knickerbocker's History of New York; but the Dutch would not have cut so much of a figure in it. The "stern and rockbound coast" of Mrs. Hemans would have been different, and the inestimable boon shortly afterward conferred upon earth's stricken ones would have been known as Hellgate Elixir instead of New England Rum. [Great laughter.]

The Pilgrim Fathers never lacked for historians. They were not the Fletcher of Saltoun sort of men, who if they could but make the ballads of a nation cared not who made the laws; they were rather of the type of the modern newspaper man who cares not who throws the bomb if he only gets the "scoop." [Laughter.] They kept diaries, and when they said anything definite about the designs of Providence—which they were always doing—somebody made a memorandum of it; partly for the benefit of the historian, but chiefly for the guidance of Providence. [Much laughter.] It was also the habit of the Pilgrim Father when he had said anything final and conclusive about election, predestination, foreordination or whispering in meeting, to go immediately and sit for his picture before he lost the expression. The result was that the historians—and the woods round Massachusetts Bay have always been full of them—not only had down fine what the Pilgrim Father said, but a picture of him while he was saying it. That is the reason why the histories of New England are so full; also why they are chiefly confined to what happened around Massachusetts Bay. There were other localities in New England, to be sure, places where persons who had migrated from round the Bay were saying and doing things which turned out to be worth while; but they had no shorthand writers or portrait-painters and kept but few diaries, so the materials for their story are more scanty, and they have not figured so largely in spoken speeches or printed books.

Perhaps another reason why the attention of the world has been so focussed upon Massachusetts is that its vowel sounds lend themselves so readily to the uses of the orator and rhetorician. There's such a long and impressive roll to the words "The Commonwealth of Massachusetts," that the citizen when he hears it at the end of a Thanksgiving proclamation stretches out at least two inches longer in his pew, and thanks God for having been born there instead of in Connecticut or Rhode Island. Since Mr. Webster, in a burst of admiration for the State which he adorned by his genius and enriched by his promissory notes [much laughter], said, "There she stands! Look at her!" mankind has been engaged in the contemplation of that tableau as representing all there was of New England. Only once in a while a modest voice has spoken from the sisterhood of New England States, saying: "We, too, are here. [Laughter and applause.]

The Plymouth and Massachusetts people started in, as we all know, to establish religious freedom. Between 1620 and 1632 they had so far succeeded that nobody had any voice in the direction of civil affairs except church members, and among these, religious freedom had found so firm a footing that any person who believed as they did was at perfect liberty to say so. [Great laughter.] In 1632 there was an influx of new colonists under the lead of Thomas Hooker and Samuel Stone, who settled in Dorchester, Watertown and Newtown. These people had views of their own on several questions, and especially upon that rather important one of the separation of Church from State, which afterward exercised so potent an influence in the organization of civil government in America. They were not disputatious or quarrelsome—Cotton Mather called them "the judicious Christians"—but they soon saw that the differences upon this very vital and fundamental question would be fatal to the peace of the community; so in 1634 they applied to the General Court for "liberty to remove." It took the General Court a year to bring itself to grant the request, so strong was the desire of that body to strengthen and enforce upon the minds of the new colonists the principle of religious freedom.

In the spring of 1636 the movement of "judicious Christians" from the Bay country began, which has been in progress in varying volume ever since, the last authenticated case having occurred in October of the present year. The Newtown people, to the number of a hundred, under the lead of Hooker and Stone, were the pioneers. They settled at Windsor, on the banks of the Connecticut, whither they were soon followed by the colonists of Dorchester and Watertown, so that the original population of the three Bay towns was practically transferred to Windsor, Hartford and Wethersfield by the spring of 1637. They found some very early Dutch at Hartford, but, the hint being conveyed to them that they were a trifle too early, they retired in good order, leaving only an odor of profanity and a name for "Dutch Point." [Laughter.]

It was the "judicious Christians" of these three towns who erected the model of a pure Democracy, then unknown, upon which the American Republic was built. Not in the cabin of the Mayflower, where the "subjects of our dread sovereign Lord, King James," made their famous covenant and compact ; not in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, whose head and chief had said he did not conceive that God had ever ordained democracy as a fit government either for Church or Commonwealth, but in Pastor Hooker's study, in 1638—in the sermon preached to the General Court, upon the lines of which the Connecticut Constitution of January, 1639, was formed—was government of the people, for the people and by the people born on this continent. [Great applause.]

Here was the beginning of the first democratic commonwealth, the first formulated assertion of the people's right to rule, the first effective blow at class privilege. Here was the disseverance of Church and State, here the establishment of town government, the beginning of a federated system, the inauguration of the plan and model upon which the constitutions of all succeeding commonwealths and of the United States, were formed. [Applause.]

The first proceeding of the General Court organized by these "judicious Christians" was to take decisive action in the matter of the Indian disturbances, which the parent colony had been "puttering with," and only aggravating, for a year or two previous. The Connecticut General Court formally declared war against the Pequots on May 1; on May 10 Captain John Mason was on the march with his small force, and in three weeks' time he had settled the whole business, made an end of the Pequot tribe, and given to New England forty years of peace. This would seem to be an important transaction. But, except as John Mason told the story himself, in a modest and unheroic way, some years afterward, it is almost unrecorded. The history of that period deals chiefly with the hero who shoved Thomas Morton out of the country for disturbing the Puritan peace, and killed two or three bad Indians in a personal encounter. Miles Standish lived among people who wrote history: John Mason among those who made it. [Applause.]

From that time the little State organized by the "judicious Christians" has gone on doing solid, useful work in the world. Steadfast without bigotry, brave without boasting, earnest without fanaticism, positive without dogmatism, her well-descended sons trace back their lineage with pride to the "judicious Christians" who came out with Hooker and Stone from the three Bay towns in 1636. The word which Napoleon could not do without but which Wellington never needed does not bedizen the fair pages on which the story of Connecticut is told. No "glories" flaunt themselves along that simple record of the natural and orderly growth and progress of a commonwealth of common men. The narrative of that earlier migration when, in obedience to the command, "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred and from thy father's house unto a land that I will show thee," the Father of the Faithful went out of Ur of the Chaldees, is not more simply told than the story of the journey of Hooker and his company through the wilderness to the river. They were workingmen—not treading any shining path, but trudging workday fashion to day's works in the world. So went John Mason to the Pequot War; so hurried Israel Putnam to Bunker Hill; so that wise, painstaking, Lebanon merchant, Jonathan Trumbull, by his unselfish devotion and tireless activity gathered for Washington the sinews of war when the struggle seemed hopeless; so in every crisis and at every high point in history for more than than two hundred and fifty years the steady-going, every-day workingmen of the first democratic commonwealth on the continent, unknighted and unplumed, unmoved by aught but sense of duty, have stood in the ranks and done days' works in the world. [Great applause.]

Pardon me if, in the glow of conscious pride which such a retrospect awakens, I seem to take but a local, narrow view. I am not insensible to the debt which Connecticut and the country owe to the Bay Colony, or to that which mankind owes to New England as a whole; but there are some of us who think it may not be amiss, upon an occasion like this, to recall the circumstance that the commonwealth founded by the "judicious Christians" is the mother of democracy; mother, too, of States and statesmen, of scholars and philosophers, of useful inventions, and, above all, of a sturdy race of workingmen. And there are some of us who never cross her border-line without a thrill of filial tenderness as we say: "Thank God, this is our mother." [Long-continued applause.]

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

AMERICA'S MISSION

[Speech of William J. Bryan delivered at the Washington Day banquet given by the Virginia Democratic Association at Washington, D. C., February 22, 1899.]

MR. CHAIRMAN:—When the advocates of imperialism find it impossible to reconcile a colonial policy with the principles of our government or with the canons of morality; when they are unable to defend it upon the ground of religious duty or pecuniary profit, they fall back in helpless despair upon the assertion that it is destiny. "Suppose it does violate the constitution," they say; "suppose it does break all the commandments; suppose it does entail upon the nation an incalculable expenditure of blood and money; it is destiny and we must submit."

The people have not voted for imperialism; no national convention has declared for it; no Congress has passed upon it. To whom, then, has the future been revealed? Whence this voice of authority? We can all prophesy, but our prophecies are merely guesses, colored by our hopes and our surroundings. Man's opinion of what is to be is half wish and half environment. Avarice paints destiny with a dollar mark before it, militarism equips it with a sword.

He is the best prophet who, recognizing the omnipotence of truth, comprehends most clearly the great forces which are working out the progress, not of one party, not of one nation, but of the human race.

History is replete with predictions which once wore the hue of destiny, but which failed of fulfilment because those who uttered them saw too small an arc of the circle of events. When Pharaoh pursued the fleeing Israelites to the edge of the Red Sea he was confident that their bondage would be renewed and that they would again make bricks without straw, but destiny was not revealed until Moses and his followers reached the farther shore dry shod and the waves rolled over the horses and chariots of the Egyptians. When Belshazzar, on the last night of his reign, led his thousand lords into the Babylonian banquet-hall and sat down to a table glittering with vessels of silver and gold, he felt sure of his kingdom for many years to come, but destiny was not revealed until the hand wrote upon the wall those awe-inspiring words, "Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin." When Abderrahman swept northward with his conquering hosts his imagination saw the Crescent triumphant throughout the world, but destiny was not revealed until Charles Martel raised the cross above the battle-field of Tours and saved Europe from the sword of Mohammedanism. When Napoleon emerged victorious from Marengo, from Ulm and from Austerlitz, he thought himself the child of destiny, but destiny was not revealed until Blücher's forces joined the army of Wellington and the vanquished Corsican began his melancholy march toward St. Helena. When the redcoats of George the Third routed the New Englanders at Lexington and Bunker Hill there arose before the British sovereign visions of colonies taxed without representation and drained of their wealth by foreign-made laws, but destiny was not revealed until the surrender of Cornwallis completed the work begun at Independence Hall and ushered into existence a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed.

We have reached another crisis. The ancient doctrine of imperialism, banished from our land more than a century ago, has recrossed the Atlantic and challenged democracy to mortal combat upon American soil.

Whether the Spanish war shall be known in history as a war for liberty or as a war of conquest; whether the principles of self-government shall be strengthened or abandoned; whether this nation shall remain a homogeneous republic or become a heterogeneous empire—these questions must be answered by the American people—when they speak, and not until then, will destiny be revealed.

Destiny is not a matter of chance, it is a matter of choice; it is not a thing to be waited for, it is a thing to be achieved.

No one can see the end from the beginning, but every one can make his course an honorable one from beginning to end, by adhering to the right under all circumstances. Whether a man steals much or little may depend upon his opportunities, but whether he steals at all depends upon his own volition.

So with our nation. If we embark upon a career of conquest no one can tell how many islands we may be able to seize or how many races we may be able to subjugate; neither can any one estimate the cost, immediate and remote, to the nation's purse and to the nation's character, but whether we shall enter upon such a career is a question which the people have a right to decide for themselves.

Unexpected events may retard or advance the nation's growth, but the nation's purpose determines its destiny.

What is the nation's purpose?

The main purpose of the founders of our government was to secure for themselves and for posterity the blessings of liberty, and that purpose has been faithfully followed up to this time. Our statesmen have opposed each other upon economic questions, but they have agreed in defending self-government as the controlling national idea. They have quarreled among themselves over tariff and finance, but they have been united in their opposition to an entangling alliance with any European power.

Under this policy our nation has grown in numbers and in strength. Under this policy its beneficent influence has encircled the globe. Under this policy the taxpayers have been spared the burden and the menace of a large military establishment and the young men have been taught the arts of peace rather than the science of war. On each returning Fourth of July our people have met to celebrate the signing of the Declaration of Independence; their hearts have renewed their vows to free institutions and their voices have praised the forefathers whose wisdom and courage and patriotism made it possible for each succeeding generation to repeat the words:—

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing."

This sentiment was well-nigh universal until a year ago. It was to this sentiment that the Cuban insurgents appealed; it was this sentiment that impelled our people to enter into the war with Spain. Have the people so changed within a few short months that they are now willing to apologize for the War of the Revolution and force upon the Filipinos the same system of government against which the colonists protested with fire and sword?

The hour of temptation has come, but temptations do not destroy, they merely test the strength of individuals and nations; they are stumbling blocks or stepping-stones; they lead to infamy or fame, according to the use made of them.

Benedict Arnold and Ethan Allen served together in the Continental army and both were offered British gold. Arnold yielded to the temptation and made his name a synonym for treason; Allen resisted and lives in the affections of his countrymen.

Our nation is tempted to depart from its "standard of morality" and adopt a policy of "criminal aggression." But, will it yield?

If I mistake not the sentiment of the American people they will spurn the bribe of imperialism, and, by resisting temptation, win such a victory as has not been won since the battle of Yorktown. Let it be written of the United States: Behold a republic that took up arms to aid a neighboring people, struggling to be free; a republic that, in the progress of the war, helped distant races whose wrongs were not in contemplation when hostilities began; a republic that, when peace was restored, turned a deaf ear to the clamorous voice of greed and to those borne down by the weight of a foreign yoke spoke the welcome words, Stand up; be free—let this be the record made on history's page and the silent example of this republic, true to its principles in the hour of trial, will do more to extend the area of self-government and civilization than could be done by all the wars of conquest that we could wage in a generation.

The forcible annexation of the Philippine Islands is not necessary to make the United States a world-power. For over ten decades our nation has been a world-power. During its brief existence it has exerted upon the human race an influence more potent for good than all the other nations of the earth combined, and it has exerted that influence without the use of sword or Gatling gun. Mexico and the republics of Central and South America testify to the benign influence of our institutions, while Europe and Asia give evidence of the working of the leaven of self-government. In the growth of democracy we observe the triumphant march of an idea—an idea that would be weighted down rather than aided by the armor and weapons proffered by imperialism.

Much has been said of late about Anglo-Saxon civilization. Far be it from me to detract from the service rendered to the world by the sturdy race whose language we speak. The union of the Angle and the Saxon formed a new and valuable type, but the process of race evolution was not completed when the Angle and the Saxon met. A still later type has appeared which is superior to any which has existed heretofore; and with this new type will come a higher civilization than any which has preceded it. Great has been the Greek, the Latin, the Slav, the Celt, the Teuton and the Anglo-Saxon, but greater than any of these is the American, in whom are blended the virtues of them all.

Civil and religious liberty, universal education and the right to participate, directly or through representatives chosen by himself, in all the affairs of government—these give to the American citizen an opportunity and an inspiration which can be found nowhere else.

Standing upon the vantage ground already gained the American people can aspire to a grander destiny than has opened before any other race.

Anglo-Saxon civilization has taught the individual to protect his own rights; American civilization will teach him to respect the rights of others.

Anglo-Saxon civilization has taught the individual to take care of himself; American civilization, proclaiming the equality of all before the law, will teach him that his own highest good requires the observance of the commandment: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Anglo-Saxon civilization has, by force of arms, applied the art of government to other races for the benefit of Anglo-Saxons; American civilization will, by the influence of example, excite in other races a desire for self-government and a determination to secure it.

Anglo-Saxon civilization has carried its flag to every clime and defended it with forts and garrisons; American civilization will imprint its flag upon the hearts of all who long for freedom.

To American civilization, all hail!

> "Time's noblest offspring is the last!"

[Long-continued applause.]

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

LOUIS KOSSUTH

[Address in which William Cullen Bryant introduced Louis Kossuth at the banquet given in honor of the Hungarian patriot by the Press of New York, December 9, 1851.]

GENTLEMEN :—Before announcing the third regular toast, which is a very short one, allow me to say a few words. Let me ask you to imagine that the contest in which the United States asserted their independence of Great Britain had closed in disaster and defeat ; that our armies, through treason and a league of tyrants against us, had been broken and scattered ; that the great men who led them, and who swayed our councils, our Washington, our Franklin, the venerable President of the American Congress, and their illustrious associates, had been driven forth as exiles. If there had existed at that day, in any part of the civilized world, a powerful republic, with institutions resting on the same foundations of liberty which our own countrymen sought to establish, would there have been in that republic any hospitality too cordial, any sympathy too deep, any zeal for their glorious but unfortunate cause too fervent or too active to be shown towards these illustrious fugitives? Gentlemen, the case I have supposed is before you. The Washingtons, the Franklins of Hungary, her sages, her legislators, her warriors, expelled by a far worse tyranny than was ever endured here, are wanderers in foreign lands. Some of them are within our own borders ; one of them sits with his companions as our guest to-night, and we must measure the duty we owe them by the same standard which we would have had history apply, if our ancestors had met with a fate like theirs.

I have compared the exiled Hungarians to the great men of our own history. Difficulty, my brethren, is the nurse of greatness—a harsh nurse, who roughly rocks her foster-children into strength and athletic proportion. The mind, grappling with great aims and wrestling with mighty impediments, grows by a certain necessity to their stature. Scarce anything so convinces me of the capacity of the human intellect for indefinite expansion in the different stages of its being, as this power of enlarging itself to the height and compass of surrounding emergencies. These men have been trained to greatness by a quicker and surer method than a peaceful country and a tranquil period can know.

But it is not merely, or even principally, for their personal qualities that we honor them ; we honor them for the cause in which they so gloriously failed. Great issues hung upon that cause, and great interests of mankind were crushed by its downfall. I was on the continent of Europe when the treason of Gorgey laid Hungary bound at the feet of the Czar. Europe was at that time in the midst of the reaction ; the ebb tide was rushing violently back, sweeping all that the friends of freedom had planned into the black bosom of the deep. In France the liberty of the press was extinct ; Paris was in a state of siege ; the soldiery of that Republic had just quenched in blood the freedom of Rome ; Austria had suppressed liberty in northern Italy ; absolutism was restored in Prussia ; along the Rhine and its tributaries, and in the towns and villages of Wurtemberg and Bavaria, troops, withdrawn from the barracks and garrisons, filled the streets and kept the inhabitants quiet with the bayonet at their breasts. Hungary, at that moment, alone upheld—and upheld with a firm hand and dauntless heart—the blazing torch of liberty. To Hungary were turned up the eyes, to Hungary clung the hopes of all who did not despair of the freedom of Europe.

I recollect that, while the armies of Russia were moving, like a tempest from the north, upon the Hungarian host, the progress of events was watched with the deepest solicitude by the people of Germany. I was at that time in Munich, the splendid capital of Bavaria. The Bavarians seemed for the time to have put off their usual character, and scrambled for the daily prints, wet from the press, with such eagerness that I almost thought myself in America. The news of the catastrophe at last arrived; Gorgey had betrayed the cause of Hungary, and yielded to the demands of the Russians. Immediately a funeral gloom settled, like a noonday darkness, upon the city. I heard the muttered exclamations of the people: "It is all over: the last hope of European liberty is gone!"

Russia did not misjudge. If she had allowed Hungary to become independent and free, the reaction in favor of absolutism had been incomplete; there would have been one perilous example of successful resistance to despotism; in one corner of Europe a flame would have been kept alive, at which the other nations might have rekindled among themselves the light of liberty. Hungary was subdued; but does any one, who hears me, believe that the present state of things in Europe will last? The despots themselves scarcely believe it; they rule in constant fear, and, made cruel by their fears, are heaping chain on chain around the limbs of their subjects.

They are hastening the event they dread. Every added shackle galls into a more fiery impatience those who are condemned to wear it. I look with mingled hope and horror to the day—the hope, my brethren, predominates—a day bloodier, perhaps, than we have seen since the wars of Napoleon, when the exasperated nations shall snap their chains and start to their feet. It may well be that Hungary, made less patient of the yoke by the remembrance of her own many and glorious struggles for independence, and better fitted than other nations, by the peculiar structure of her institutions, for founding the liberty of her citizens on a rational basis, will take the lead. In that glorious and hazardous enterprise, in that hour of her sore need and peril, I hope she will be cheered and strengthened with aid from this side the Atlantic; aid given, not with a parsimonious hand, not with a cowardly and selfish apprehension lest we should not err on the safe side—wisely, of course,—I care not with how broad and comprehensive a regard to the future—but in large, generous, effectual measure.

And you, our guest, fearless, eloquent, large of heart and of mind, whose one thought is the salvation of oppressed Hungary, unfortunate, but undiscouraged, struck down in the battle of liberty, but great in defeat, and gathering strength for triumphs to come, receive the assurance at our hands, that in this great attempt of man to repossess himself of the rights which God gave him, though the strife be waged under a distant belt of longitude, and with the mightiest despotisms of the world, the Press of America will take part —*will* take, do I say?—already takes part with you and your countrymen.

Enough of this; I will detain you from the accents to which I know you are impatient to listen only just long enough to pronounce the toast of the evening: "LOUIS KOSSUTH." [Applause.]

A BIRTHDAY ADDRESS

[Address delivered by William Cullen Bryant on the occasion of the "Bryant Festival," a celebration held in honor of his seventieth birthday by the Century Association of New York City, November 5, 1864. This address was spoken in response to the one delivered by George Bancroft, President of the Association.]

I thank you, Mr. President, for the kind words you have uttered, and I thank this good-natured company for having listened to them with so many tokens of assent and approbation. I must suppose, however, that most of this approbation was bestowed upon the orator rather than upon his subject. He who has brought to the writing of our national history a genius equal to the vastness of the subject, has, of course, more than talent enough for humbler tastes. I wonder not, therefore, that he should be applauded this evening for the skill he has shown in embellishing a barren topic.

I am congratulated on having completed my seventieth year. Is there nothing ambiguous, Mr. President, in such a compliment? To be congratulated on one's senility! To be congratulated on having reached that stage of life when the bodily and mental powers pass into decline and decay!

"Lear" is made by Shakespeare to say: "Age is unnecessary." And a later poet, Dr. Johnson, expressed the same idea in one of his sonorous lines: "Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

You have not forgotten, Mr. President, the old Greek saying: "Whom the gods love die young;" nor the passage in Wordsworth :—

> —"Oh, sir, the good die first,
> And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
> Burn to the socket."

Much has been said of the wisdom of old age. Old age is wise, I grant, for itself, but not wise for the community. It is wise in declining new enterprises, for it has not the power nor the time to execute them; wise in shrinking from difficulty, for it has not the strength to overcome it; wise in avoiding danger, for it lacks the faculty of ready and swift action by which dangers are parried and converted into advantages. But this is not wisdom for mankind at large by whom new enterprises must be undertaken, dangers met, and difficulties surmounted. What a world would this be if it were made up of old men—generation succeeding to generation of hoary ancients who had but half a dozen years, or perhaps half that time, to live! What new work of good would be attempted? What existing abuse or evil corrected? What strange subjects would such a world afford for the pencils of our artists!—groups of superannuated graybeards basking in the sun, through the long days of spring, or huddling like sheep in warm corners in the winter time; houses with the timbers dropping apart; cities in ruins; roads unwrought and impassable; weedy gardens and fields with the surface feebly scratched to put in a scanty harvest; feeble old men climbing into crazy wagons, perhaps to be run away with, or mounting horses, if they mounted them at all, in terror of being hurled from their backs like a stone from a sling. Well it is that, in this world of ours, the old men are but a very small minority.

Ah, Mr. President, if we could but stop this rushing tide of time that bears us so swiftly onward, and make it flow toward its source; if we could cause the shadow to turn back on the dial-plate! I see before me many excellent friends of mine worthy to live a thousand years, on whose countenances years have set their seal, marking them with the lines of thought and care, and causing their temples to glisten with the frosts of life's autumn. If to any one of these could be restored his glorious prime, his golden youth, with its hyacinthine locks, its smooth, unwrinkled brow, its fresh and rounded cheek, its pearly and perfect teeth, its lustrous eyes, its light and agile step, its frame full of energy, its exulting spirits, its high hopes, its generous impulses—and add all these to the experience and fixed principles of mature age—I am sure, Mr. President, that I should start at once to my feet, and propose that, in commemoration of such a marvel, and by way of congratulating our friend who was its subject, we should hold such a festivity as the Century has never seen nor will ever see again. Eloquence should bring its highest tribute, and Art its fairest decorations to grace the festival. The most skilful musicians should be here with all manner of instruments of music, ancient and modern; we would have sackbut and trumpet and shawm, and damsels with dulcimers, and a modern band three times as large as the one that now plays on that balcony. But why dwell on such a vain dream, since it is only by passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death that man can reach his second youth.

I have read, in descriptions of the Old World, of the families of princes and barons, coming out of their castles to be present at some rustic festivity, such as a wedding of one of their peasantry. I am reminded of this custom by the presence of many literary persons of eminence in these rooms, and I thank them for this act of benevolence. Yet I miss among them several whom I wished, rather than ventured to hope, that I should meet on this occasion. I miss my old friend Dana, who gave so grandly the story of the Buccaneer in his solemn verses. I miss Pierpont, venerable in years, yet vigorous in mind and body, and with an undimmed fancy; and him whose pages are wet with the tears of maidens who read the story of Evangeline; and the author of Fanny and the Croakers, no less renowned for the fiery spirit which animates his Marcos Bozzaris [Fitz-Greene Halleck]; and him to whose wit we owe the Bigelow Papers, who has made a lowly flower of the wayside as classical as the rose of Anacreon; and the Quaker poet whose verses, Quaker as he is, stir the blood like the voice of a trumpet calling to battle; and the poetess of Hartford [Lydia H. Sigourney], whose beautiful lyrics are in a million hands; and others, whose names, were they to occur to me here as in my study, I might accompany with the mention of some characteristic merit. But here is he whose aërial verse has raised the little insect of our fields, making its murmuring journey from flower to flower, the humble-bee, to a dignity equal to that of Pindar's eagle: here is the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table—author of that most spirited of naval lyrics, beginning with the line:—

"Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!"

Here, too, is the poet [N. P. Willis] who told in pathetic verse the story of Jephtha's daughter; and here are others, worthy compeers of those I have mentioned, yet greatly my juniors, in the brightness of whose rising fame I am like one who has carried a lantern in the night, and who perceives that its beams are no longer visible in the glory which the morning pours around him. To them and to all the members of the Century, allow me, Mr. President, to offer the wish that they may live longer than I have done, in health of body and mind, and in the same contentment and serenity of spirit which has fallen to my lot. I must not overlook the ladies who have deigned to honor these rooms with their presence. If I knew where, amid myrtle bowers and flowers that never wither, gushed from the ground the fountain of perpetual youth so long vainly sought by the first Spanish adventurers on the North American continent, I would offer to the lips of every one of them a beaker of its fresh and sparkling waters, and bid them drink unfading bloom. But since that is not to be, I will wish what, perhaps, is as well, and what some would think better, that the same kindness of heart, which has prompted them to come hither to-night, may lend a beauty to every action of their future lives. And to the Century Club itself—the dear old Century Club—to whose members I owe both the honors and the embarrassments of this occasion—to that association, fortunate in having possessed two such presidents as the distinguished historian who now occupies the chair, and the eminent and accomplished scholar and admirable writer [Gulian C. Verplanck] who preceded him, I offer the wish that it may endure, not only for the term of years signified by its name—not for one century only, but for ten centuries—so that hereafter, perhaps, its members may discuss the question whether its name should not be changed to that of the Club of a Thousand Years; and that these may be centuries of peace and prosperity, from which its members may look back to this period of bloody strife as to a frightful dream soon chased away by the beams of a glorious morning. [Applause.]

THE PRESS

[Speech of William Cullen Bryant at the sixty-seventh anniversary banquet of the New England Society, in the City of New York, December 23, 1872. Elliot C. Cowden, President of the Society, was in the chair, and said: "I now give you the sixth regular toast—'The Press.' It is our privilege, gentlemen, to have with us this evening one of the oldest and most eminent of American journalists—a gentleman known all over the world as a scholar, an author, and a poet of the highest rank—Mr. William Cullen Bryant, whom I now have the honor to present to you."]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—The subject which has been assigned to me this evening is a very large one, and a subject that has many ramifications. I shall take care to despatch it in a very few words.

In looking about me at the beginning of this festival, I perceived a small sprinkling of eminent individuals of the clergy. Whether any of them are here now or not, I cannot say. One of them—certainly one of the most eminent—has disappeared; but if there are any here, will they permit me to ask them, why it is that, in bearing their testimony against the sins of the times, they have never taken as the text for one of their discourses that passage from one of the Evangelists, in which it is related that certain persons came to the Saviour of the world with one sick of the palsy, that he might be healed. And then it states that they were unable to get nigh unto that exalted personage by reason of the press. [Laughter.] In some respects it is a vehicle of mischief, and what an opportunity that would have afforded the clergy to inveigh against and rebuke wickedness in one of the strongest of its strongholds; to rebuke the sacrifice of truth for party purposes; for the suppression of truth;

for the contradiction of truth; for the perversion of truth; for the deliberate exaggeration of trifles for the sake of producing astonishment and attracting the attention of readers; for whitewashing a rogue until he has turned out as spotless as a lily; for bespattering with dirt an honest man until he is as black as the ace of spades. It seems to me that some one might have been instructed from the text as remarkable as in the case related of a certain English divine of more than a century ago,—two centuries, I think—in which he took for his text the remarkable words "top not come down." At that time the women wore top-knots on their heads, and he took those four disjointed words from the verse in the Scripture, "Let him which is on the house-top not come down to take anything out of the house." On those words, "top not come down," he made a most powerful discourse against the prevailing fashion.

Perhaps the reason of this may be that many of the clergy are indebted to the press, and perhaps some of them have presses of their own. Our eloquent friend who went to England to condemn the London mob, and did it, making the many-headed monster ashamed of himself, what would he do, what would he have done by way of airing his lecture-room talks weekly but for the press which prints the "Christian Union?" [Applause.] What would other clergymen do—eminent men—to secure their weekly audience if they were not announced by the press? All the religious papers at present have articles of very considerable length under the names of well-known clergymen, so that they are not only preachers but journalists.

But, Mr. President and gentlemen, the triumphs of the press, the great marvels of the press, are not produced merely by the newspaper press, nor by the book press, important as those are. There are other provinces in which the press performs a work of great usefulness and admirable excellence. For instance: here is a rag, a worthless rag; I might toss it upon a dung heap and nobody be poorer; but let the press be brought to act upon it and it becomes a bank-note. It transforms that rag into a $5, a $10, a $50, a $100, or a $1,000 bank-note, forming a part of the currency of the country, as good a currency as we have at present, and as good as the Government will give us. I believe there are some members of the Government here, and I hope they will take pains by and by to give us a better. [Applause.] There is one triumph of the press. It is the printing press that does this.

Here is another. An eminent artist, a man of genius, a man who has studied carefully his vocation, will produce a design of great merit after long toil; a merit that is instinct with all the glow of genius. He hands it over to the engraver, and the engraver toils upon it for months, copies every outline, every shade, and every blade of light. He evolves everything that belongs to the religion of labor, the rights of labor. The work of the engraver would be lost but for the printing press. The printing press, brought down upon the plain white sheet, and you have a perfect copy of the original design, and thousands and thousands of them are spread over the country for the wonder and admiration of millions. There is another triumph of the press.

Here, gentlemen, is a letter. There is nothing written upon it except the address of the person to whom it is directed. I go and put it in the post-office, or in the letter-box, and the postmaster takes it, throws it aside, and will have nothing to do with it. But let me put upon one corner of that letter a little piece of paper not an inch square, which the press has stamped, and it has the signet royal of the Government in the shape of the head of Washington, and which at once makes the postmaster my obedient servant. He takes it with reverence in the post-office, he folds it in a wrapper, puts it in a bag, delivers it to a carrier. The carrier toils with it over mountain and valley, through forests and across rivers, until at last he delivers it to another postmaster, who is also made by the press my lackey, and he carefully delivers it to the person to whom it is directed. That is a third triumph of the press.

Now, Mr. President and gentlemen, what would the world of art do in all civilized countries but for this aid of the press? What would Wall Street, the seat of exchanges for the western hemisphere—that great mother reservoir of currency for this part of the world—but for its aid? What would the correspondence of this country between its own citizens and between its citizens in foreign countries do but for the aid of the printing press? Therefore, Mr. President, I say that the press is rightly remembered kindly and honorably on this occasion. [Applause.]

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTLER

OUR DEBT TO ENGLAND

[Speech of Governor Benjamin F. Butler, at a banquet given by the city of Boston, at the Parker House, September 8, 1883, to the "visiting representatives to the Foreign and Domestic Exhibition," then in progress.]

MR. CHAIRMAN :—We recognize that our laws come from England; that her common law is the law, not only of this State, but of this whole country, with the exception of a single State. The common law, passed by no parliament, passed by no body of men, the growth of the decisions of a thousand judges of strong common sense, yet so adapted to the wants of any people that there can be no change in the situation that that common law, the gathered wisdom of 1000 years, does not cover [applause]—that we owe to England. [Applause.]

But we owe more. We owe the sturdy divinity which came over here, brought by the confreres of Cromwell. We owe even the motto upon our flag to one of those stern Puritans; but more, still more than that, we owe our liberation to England. For years and years, until it was debauched by the newspapers [laughter], we spoke better English in Massachusetts than was spoken on earth. And why? What was the book of our fathers best known and most read by every scholar, little and great, in every school? The Old and New Testaments, good old English, I suppose you will agree, the English of James. What was the next book, the best known to us? "The Pilgrim's Progress," the English of Bunyan, clear and prim old Saxon, without any adulteration. What book, then? The "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" of John Milton. Good English again, and then, after that, they still further drew their language from the immortal spirit, and from the language in which the highest triumphs of England and America have been achieved,—the language of William Shakespeare.

But to go still further. We owe to our English extraction our inventive genius and talent, so that you see in America the product of English brain transplanted to a sunny soil.

Now, then, our Commonwealth, with these advantages, with this nurture, what is she? A pattern commonwealth, a pattern State, an exemplar, in every idea, of freedom regulated by law, of liberty without excess, equal and just laws, furnishing the United States of America, in war and peace, with the best ideas upon the subject of government, and on the subject of defending the government. Our sons look upon an oath of allegiance to the general government as the first and highest obligation; next to that, the oath of allegiance to our State. We have sent our sons and daughters all over the West. We are going to send more of them in a different capacity [laughter] down South, and have them stay there.

And who shall say that Massachusetts has lost her grip in this government? We are not as many in proportion as we were, but the most powerful of all explosives, as well as all medicines, are put up in the smallest packages. [Laughter.] We can take care of ourselves and everybody else that wants taking care of, either here or elsewhere. That is a natural boast, and I have a right to boast a little when I am at home. Besides, I want the Lord Chief Justice to carry back to England the remembrance of our good qualities in this State and country. [Applause.]

HENRY C. CALDWELL

A BLEND OF CAVALIER AND PURITAN

[Speech of Judge Henry C. Caldwell at the eleventh annual dinner of the New England Society of St. Louis, December 21, 1895. The President, Elmer B. Adams, occupied the chair, and said in introducing Judge Caldwell: "About one week ago, I called upon a distinguished jurist, a member of the Federal Court, and requested him to be present this evening as the guest of this Society and help us out. He declined peremptorily. He said he could not speak. He did not know how to speak on such occasions; he had not anything to say; it was useless for him to try and that he must decline. I urged him to make the attempt and suggested this fact to him: that he had been presiding in Court for a great many years, and had been calling down one after another of the lawyers that had appeared before him in a way very unpleasant to them; and I suggested that towards the close of the evening, it would very likely be found that many of those present had been telling strange stories about the Yankees, turning the meeting into a sort of mutual admiration society; and that I thought he might, in perfect consistency with the general tenor of his life, call us down. He said he could not do anything of the sort, but finally I over-persuaded him, and only on Friday last I got him to say that he would be present and would endeavor to call us down. Now, I do not know what he has in store for us, but the gentleman I allude to is the distinguished jurist, Judge Caldwell, of the Circuit Court of Appeals of the United States."]

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—An after-dinner speech is a kind of intellectual skirt-dancing that I know nothing about. To prevent misapprehension, I will take the precaution to add that I don't know anything about any kind of skirt-dancing.

You are a curious people up here. You are never satisfied to eat your dinner in peace and give it a chance to digest. With the fact fully established by medical science that dull, leaden after-dinner speeches stop the process of digestion in those compelled to listen and are the source of most of the dyspepsia, apoplexy and paralysis that affect the country, you still go right along inviting these deadly maladies. Where I live people are allowed to eat their dinners in peace and give them a chance to digest. When I get into such a box as this, I feel like the Kentuckian. There is a mountain region in Kentucky where from time immemorial it has been the custom of the people to gather at the county seat of their county each Saturday and have fist-fights. This was an amusement witnessed and applauded by all, including the peace officers. After the construction of the Cincinnati Southern Road, which ran through one of these counties, one of the old-time fighters concluded he would go out and see something of the world. The first thing he did when he got to Cincinnati was to fill up on Cincinnati whiskey, take a position on the sidewalk and proceed to knock down every passer-by until he had five or six prone on the sidewalk. The minions of the law gathered around him, finally succeeded in overpowering him, and carried him before the police judge, who said: "Sixty days and one hundred dollars." From the police court he was taken to the jail. He immediately sent for a lawyer. When his lawyer came he told him what he had been doing and begged to know what on earth they had put him in jail for. The lawyer explained to him that it was for a breach of the peace, that it was for fighting, whereat the Kentuckian was profoundly astonished, and said to his lawyer: "Mr. Lawyer, for God's sake get me out of here so I can go back to Kentucky, where I can fight in peace." [Laughter.]

When I fall into the hands of one of these despots called toast-masters, I feel like the old darkey down in Arkansas who had lost four wives. After he had lost the fourth his pastor called on him and asked him how he felt, to which he responded: "Well, Brother Johnson, I feel like I was in the hands of an all-wise and unscrupulous Providence."

I have no business here, anyway. I am not a New Englander, but very far removed from them. Norse on one side and Scotch on the other, the reason that I am a dead failure at the intellectual skirt-dancing is apparent. The Norse in me is too stupid to make that kind of a speech, and the Scotch is too religious. I never was in New England but once in my life, and then I got lost in the labyrinths of Boston and had to give a man a dollar to take me to my hotel, and I was not drunk either. I had not forgotten the name of my hotel, however, and I was that much better off than the Colonel from Missouri who forgot the name of the suburb near Boston he wanted to go to. He said to the hotel-clerk: "It runs in my head—its name is something like Whiskey Straight, though that is not it exactly." "Oh," said the clerk, "I know; you mean Jamaica Plain." "Yes," said the Missouri Colonel, and immediately ordered two whiskey straights. [Laughter.]

The ancestors of you New Englanders came over in the Mayflower, and you seem to be very proud of the fact, but I want to tell you that the ancestors of a good many people of my native State are a long way ahead of yours, for they didn't have to come over at all. They were always here. As compared to the ancestors of Pocahontas, your ancestors are mere carpet-baggers.

Undoubtedly the Puritan was a grand man. He was a Christian as he understood Christianity. Religion was a very solemn thing with him. He believed that much feeling was synonymous with sin. Among scenes of pleasure there was no joy in his smile, and in the contests of ambition there was no quicker beat to his pulse. He rather endured than enjoyed life. His religion was so solemn that singing, except when out of tune, was a sin, and dancing a device of the devil. A tuning fork was the nearest approach to a musical instrument he could tolerate. He was infected with that curious and almost incurable infirmity, infallibility. He was sure of his creed, and a man who is sure of his creed is sure of his own infallibility. The consciousness of his infallibility gave him splendid moral courage, which is the only kind of courage that elevates our character. He had, in a word, the courage of his convictions. This splendid moral courage, I am sorry to say, is not characteristic of all his descendants. We have the humiliating spectacle to-day of a great, rotund New Englander frightened into silence, and bowing to the storm like a Reed, and all because the cloud has a silver lining.

The New Englander of to-day is much more tolerant than his ancestors. He has learned that there is more good in bad men and more bad in good men than his Puritan ancestors dreamed there was. But while the Puritan thought a great deal about the next world, he did not lose interest in this. He was frugal and thrifty and never mistook his capital for his income. When his conscience pricked him for owning slaves, he quietly unloaded them on the Virginia tobacco planters and immediately organized an abolition society to set them free, expiating the sin of trafficking in slaves himself by freeing the slaves of others. [Laughter.]

He worked zealously for the conversion of the heathen. He had the happy faculty of mingling business with his missionary work, and when he sent a ship-load of 5,000 casks of New England rum to the heathen Africans, he sent on the same vessel a missionary, and the world has wondered ever since what the heathen people with 5,000 casks of New England rum wanted with so much missionary. Though possessed of splendid physical courage, he preferred to carry his point rather by force of logic than by force of arms. He would tell the truth regardless of consequences. "I called him a liar," said one of them, "and he knocked me down. I am not the first man who has been knocked down for telling the truth," and he rejoiced at having suffered for truth's sake. But his descendants, like the Chinaman, have become a little more civilized, and it is not perfectly safe any more to knock one of them down or call him a liar.

Their present idea of civilization resembles somewhat that of the Colorado miner. An American citizen who believed every man had a right to do as he pleased, with the proviso that every man did not include a negro or a Chinaman, jumped a Chinaman's mining claim, and was swiftly and scientifically shot by the Chinaman. The miner's friends gathered around his dead body and inspected the location of the wound, which was in a vital spot and produced by a big bullet, and then one of them remarked sadly, "Boys, them damn Mongolians is becoming civilized." [Laughter.]

He was a firm believer in the essential prerequisite to the establishment and maintenance of a republican form of government, either in Church or State. He had no religious or political idols. He worshipped God alone and esteemed men according to their virtue. With him all nobility was based on virtue. He proclaimed that the nobility based on riches or heredity was spurious, no matter what antiquity it might boast. A republican form of government both in

Church and State was the necessary outgrowth of such beliefs. A cynic has said of him that he was entitled to little credit for his virtues, because he had neither money enough to be extravagant, nor leisure enough to be dissipated. His poverty preserved him from vice. Well! if poverty were a test of virtue, or the only restraint upon vice in these days, very few of his descendants would be able to get through the eye of that needle. In fairness, it must be said for his descendants that, as rich as they are, they are measurably free from the polished vices that spring from wealth and luxury.

He believed in the providence of God, and his faith gave him splendid courage. A minister esteemed it his religious duty to visit an extreme frontier settlement to preach. To reach that settlement he had to pass through a wilderness infested with hostile Indians. When about to start on one of these journeys, he took his rifle from its rack and was about to depart with it on his shoulder when his good wife said to him: "My dear husband, why do you carry that great heavy rifle on these long journeys? Don't you know that the time and manner of your taking off has been decreed from the beginning of time, and that rifle cannot vary the decree one hair's breadth?" "That is true, my dear wife, and I don't take my rifle to vary, but to execute the decree. What if I should meet an Indian whose time had come according to the decree and I didn't have my rifle?" [Laughter.] And the pious woman acknowledged her shortsightedness.

He had the merit to conceive and the courage to execute grand things, but he did everything in the name of the Lord, to whom he gave the credit. He never was troubled on this score with the doubts that beset the old darkey in my State. An old colored woman who was teaching her grandchildren the Catechism wound up with the statement, "Yes, and de Lawd freed your grand-daddy and your grandmammy." "What for you tellin' them children dat for?" said the old man, who sat in the corner smoking his pipe. "The Lawd never done no such thing. 'Twas the Union soldiers freed us, 'cause I done seed 'em do it with my own eyes." "Well," said the old woman, "I reckon the Lawd hoped 'em do it." The old man responded, "Well, maybe the Lawd hoped 'em some, but he never done it by hisself. He done been tryin' to do it by hisself for a long time and couldn't." [Laughter.]

If the sermons of their preachers are not as effective as formerly that is easily accounted for by the fact that they have fallen into the habit of writing their sermons. "New England ministers," said an old Methodist minister of my acquaintance, "have lost all their power since they fell into this habit." Said he, "The devil, knowing what a minister who writes his sermon is going to say, has the whole week in which to thwart and counteract its good effect on his hearers, but the Methodist minister steps into the pulpit trusting to the inspiration of the moment, and the devil himself don't know what he is going to say until after he has said it." [Laughter.]

These carpet-bag ancestors of yours, having sent the Indians to their happy hunting grounds above, and having possessed themselves of all their lands, and taken possession of all the cod-fish in the sea, hastened to send their sons and daughters out to take possession of the balance of the country. This process has gone on until I am told it is doubtful whether there is enough of the old stock left in New England for seed. Never backward about coming forward to accept a good thing, they are to-day the governors, senators, members of Congress, preachers and teachers of the land. Ladies and gentlemen, out of tender regard for the feelings of your honored President, and not wishing to be personal or too pointed in my remarks, I have, as you have doubtless observed, refrained from saying, and I will not now call attention to the fact, that these same New Englanders sit in the judgment seats of the State and Nation, and where the judgeships are not filled by New Englanders, they are filled by their first cousins, New Yorkers. The only dangerous competitors in the office-holding line that these New Englanders have are the Irish. There is small chance in this country for one not born in New England or Ireland. It is only by chance or mischance that a man born anywhere else ever gets an office. The truth is there is a much better mode of settling the Venezuelan trouble than that suggested by Mr. Cleveland. Send a ship-load of New Englanders to that country, and in a year or two neither Venezuela nor

England will have enough left in that country to fight over. [Laughter.]

Ladies and gentlemen, the difference between your ancestors and mine is this: Mine left their native country for their country's good, and yours left their native country much to its delight for their own good. [Laughter.] Mine left to come to a country where they could "swear, chew tobacco and larrup niggers," and yours left to come to a country where they could pray as they pleased and make everybody else pray as they did.

To conclude, New England had her Warrens and her Adamses, and Virginia had her Washingtons and her Jeffersons. Each had his excellencies and probably his weaknesses, but now that they are blended into one harmonious whole, what a splendid mosaic they make. The Cavalier learned much that was good from the Puritan and the Puritan learned something from the Cavalier, and they have so mingled together that to-day there remains neither Cavalier nor Puritan, but in their stead the broad-gauge, brave and patriotic American. [Applause.]

ANDREW CARNEGIE

THE SCOTCH-AMERICAN

[Speech of Andrew Carnegie delivered at the annual dinner of the St. Andrew's Society, New York, November 30, 1891.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—This is, indeed, the age of instantaneous photography. I appear before you to-night commissioned to kodak, develop and finish the Scotsman at home, in four minutes; in four minutes more, to picture him in America; and in two minutes more, to celebrate the union of the two varieties, and place before you the ideal character of the world, the best flower in the garden, the first-prize chrysanthemum—the Scotch-American.

Gentlemen, no race pure in blood has ever amounted to anything, either in the human or in the lower varieties of the animal kingdom. The Briton sings: "Saxon and Dane, Norman and Celt are we." The American is great chiefly because he is a conglomerate of all the races of Europe. For the improvement of a race we must have a cross. Taken by himself, the Scotsman's qualities give him a high place; taken by himself, the American is also in the front; but it is only through their union that the crowning mercy has been bestowed upon the world, and perfection at last attained in the new variety known as the Scotch-American, who in himself combines, in one perfect whole, the best qualities and all the virtues of both, and stands before the world shining for all, the sole possessor of these united talents, traits, characteristics and virtues, rare in their several excellencies and wonderful in their combination. [Laughter.]

The result of lack of fusion between the races is seen in the royal families of Europe, most of whom are diseased, many weak-minded, not a few imbecile, and none of them good for much. The nobilities of the Continent show the operation of the same law, and the aristocracy of Britain has been preserved from equal degradation only by the wise fusion which is constantly going on between the different classes of our parent land. We must have these mixtures if we are to live and improve. But the greatest and best of all these that ever was made is the union between the Scot and the American. Scotch wives for American husbands is a fusion which I am told is hard to beat, and I have a very decided opinion, which many of you have good reason, I know, to endorse, that Scotch husbands for American wives is an alliance which cannot be equalled. [Laughter and applause.]

The original home of the Scot is a little land, the northern part of an island in the North Sea stretching almost to a line with Greenland, the land of the mountain and the flood, stern and tempestuous in climate, broad and rugged in its hills, but its moors glorious with the purple heather, and its dells exquisite in their loveliness with the fox-glove, the wild-rose and the blue-bell. This most beautiful of all lands is inhabited by a sturdy race who have been forced to plough upon the sea and reap upon the crag, their lives an unceasing struggle. By the bracing influence of poverty, uncursed by the evils of luxury, a race twin brother to the Swiss has been developed, who have held the mountain fastnesses against all odds, and have maintained their free institutions in the midst of surrounding despotisms. Switzerland and Scotland have thus become, to all lovers of liberty, sacred ground. An attempt at this day to touch either would be met by a general protest throughout the civilized world, whose cry would be "Hands off Switzerland! Hands off Scotland! for these are the cradles of liberty and independence." Even the determination of this new world to hold aloof from the struggles of Europe would melt away in a breath of indignation, if the liberty of Scotland or Switzerland were assailed. In the largest sense, the land of Wallace, Knox, Scott and Burns belongs not to itself alone, but to the world. [Applause.]

What are the elemental traits of the Scot? Two are prominent: an inextinguishable love of liberty, both civil and religious, and a passion for education. Before he was educated, away back before the days of Bannockburn, in the days of Wallace and Bruce, imbedded in the Scotsman lay the instinct of freedom and independence. He was born to be neither slave nor sycophant; he would have liberty if he had to fight for it, and independence if he had to die for it. Let it never be forgotten that these sentiments have been powerfully moulded by his religion, for while the Church in other lands of Europe, when connected with and supported by the State, has always been the tool of power, and is to-day the tool of power in England, the Church of Scotland has sprung from the people and has remained true to its origin, the Church of the people. In all the crises of Scottish history, among the most powerful advocates of the cause of the people, have been men in the pulpit, and this from the days of Knox and Melville to the present.

His mountains and his glens, his moors and his heather, his babbling burns, his religion, climate,—everything surrounding him has inculcated in the core of the heart of the Scotsman this intense and all-consuming love of liberty and independence.

What, gentlemen, is the greatest glory of a State? The universal education of its people. In this Scotland stands pre-eminent. John Knox is immortal, not because of his theological and ecclesiastical services, important as they were, but because of his resolve that there should be established a public school in every parish in Scotland. Education has done its work with the Scotch. One might be challenged to produce a Scotchman who cannot read, write and cipher, and cipher well, too, and who knows just where the balance lies and to whom it belongs. For the education of their children the poorest Scotch family will suffer privation. They may starve, but rear their children in ignorance they will not. Frugal, shrewd, prudent, peaceable, conscientious in the discharge of duty to a degree, and, above all other races, gifted with the power of concentration, the Scottish race of four millions, as is acknowledged by all, has produced an effect upon the world which no other four million of human beings, or double that number, can pretend to lay claim to. [Applause.]

Every Scotchman is two Scotchmen. As his land has the wild, barren, stern crags and mountain peaks, around which tempests blow, and also the smiling valleys below, where the wild-rose, the fox-glove and the blue-bell blossom, so the Scotchman, with his rugged force and hard intellect in his head above, has a heart below capable of being touched to the finest issues. Sentimental, enthusiastic, the traces of a hare-brained race floating about him from his Celtic blood, which gives him fire, he is the most poetic being alive. Poetry and song are a part of his very nature. He is born to such a heritage of poetry and song and romance, as the child of no other land enjoys. Touch his head, and he will bargain and argue with you to the last. Touch his heart, and he falls upon your breast. Such is the Scot as we find him at home. [Applause.] And, possessed of such traits, when he settles in this future home of our race—the English-speaking race—and broadens and develops under the bracing effect of our political institutions founded upon the royalty of man, and quickened by a climate which calls forth with increased force the activities of body and mind, what part has he played from the American side of his history? Sir, we have heard a great deal to-night, and trust to hear more, of the land we live in. The Americans have what every man worthy of the name of man must have—a country to live for; if need be, a country to die for. [Applause.]

Who made the American nation? A little more than a century ago, what was the American? A puny, miserable colonist, a dependent of another nation. He was nothing higher, nothing better, than a Canadian,—a man without a country and, therefore, but little of a man. Who gave the American a country? Bancroft tells: "The first voice for dissolving all connection with Great Britain came not from the Puritans of New England, the Dutch of New York, or the planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch Presbyterians of North Carolina." [Applause.] The great claims of the Puritans, of the Virginia planters, are gladly admitted; and to the Dutch of New York every one is willing to express our gratitude for the part they played. But these races only followed the first voice crying aloud to the poor degraded colonists to rise and be men. That voice was the echo from the heather hills, and rightly so, for ours is the race whose main work for centuries was the maintenance of the existence of our own country at home against England. The same great task devolved upon the Scot here. It is the mission of the true Scot ever to lead the people wherever he goes, in the cause of liberty and independence, and, in any struggle for liberty, our place is ever in the van. And when this Scotch idea had electrified the land and the second declaration was signed, no fewer than six of these great Scotch-American leaders attached their names and pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. The part that our race played in the Revolutionary struggle, taken in comparison with our numbers, both in council and in the field, is one worthy of a race of heroes. Wherever the Scot goes, he cannot live without a country. The development of the Australian Commonwealth to-day is another proof of his ineradicable yearning for a country of his own. If there be no country, he calls upon his less alert, less independent fellow-citizens, to follow him and create one. He found this a colony, and he summoned it to arise and become a Nation.

There was another service which he rendered to this country, second only, if it be second, to giving to it the original idea of independence. The most remarkable political work known to man is, admittedly, the Constitution of the United States. It is the universal charter of political government. Mr. Gladstone himself has proclaimed it the greatest political work that was ever struck off, at one time, by the brain and purpose of man. Lord Salisbury and many Conservative leaders are now extolling its rare deeds. Who gave that inestimable charter to this country? That constitution is substantially the work of our race, the Scotch-American--Alexander Hamilton. No other single influence, nor, perhaps, all other influences combined, in the making of this great instrument, were so potent as the contribution of that one Scotch-American. [Applause.]

Our race is entitled to share the rich heritage of the great republic. We stand here as of right, by virtue of the share—a large share—we took in the making of America. We are joint proprietors here. Just as we find difficulty in crediting one human brain with all that we find in

Shakespeare, it is difficult to credit the makers of the American Constitution with a full knowledge of the merits of their work. They builded wiser, much wiser, than they knew. Designed for three millions of people, occupying the fringe of the Atlantic seaboard, it has been found capable of governing the majority of the English-speaking race. Radical in the extreme, founded upon the equality of the citizen, and yet most conservative in its provisions and actions, it has just been copied, in the main, by the Australian Constitutional Convention. [Applause.] Wherever an English-speaking community exists, it adopts the principles of that Constitution : even the mother-land itself, year by year, irrespective of the party that may be in power, whether you call it Liberal or Conservative, is engaged in bringing its institutions into harmony with that great work of political perfection ; and no Parliament has done more in that direction than that which now sits. It is founded upon justice and equality, and its principles are rapidly permeating the English-speaking race throughout the world. [Applause.]

We all hear much in these days of Imperial Federation, which is an attempt to band together the minority, leaving out the majority, of the English-speaking race. This phase is rapidly passing away, and giving place to what I may venture to claim is a nobler conception,—the confederation of the entire race. Each of the three great branches,—the British, the Australian, and the American, including our Scotland, Canada, merged in the union, to be perfectly independent,—these three branches, cemented by an alliance which year after year, generation after generation, must assume closer and closer forms, as, by increased speed of communication, the parts come nearer and nearer to each other. This idea is beginning to take root. I have already been told that three distinguished Englishmen have recently declared that, if it were necessary to its realization that even Scotland, England, Ireland and Wales were to become states of the American union, they were prepared for this, because the fruits certain to flow from such a federation were such as to justify any change of form.

A great orator is to follow me and speak of the destiny of our adopted country. This idea postulates as that destiny that our adopted country adopt all other English-speaking communities under the ample folds of the American Constitution, of which Webster said that, although it had extended further and further and the population had doubled over and over again, they had not outrun its benefits or its protection. Neither would the scattered portions of the English-speaking race, if all embraced within its folds, exhaust its benefits or its protection. Such a confederation would hold in its hand the destinies and the peace of the world. It would banish humanity's deepest disgrace, the murder of men under the name of war, saying to any disturbers of the peace—

> "Hold, I command you both!
> The one that stirs the first makes me his foe.
> Unfold to me the causes of your quarrel
> And I will judge betwixt you."

[Applause.]

Gentlemen, not a sword would be drawn, not a shot fired, if the English-speaking people unitedly say nay. I shall be told this is a wild dream; that the man who always dreams accomplishes nothing. If that be true, it is none the less true that the man who never dreams, never accomplishes anything either. If it be a dream, it is a noble dream, and illumines the path to the coming brotherhood of man—the Parliament of man. The English-speaking race has already banished war from its members. Since a Scotch Prime Minister settled the Alabama controversy by arbitration, there has been no thought of war; from that day till now, up to the Behring Sea arbitration, it is manifest that English-speaking men are never hereafter to be called upon to murder each other in war. Thus far we have already travelled, and I submit to you to-night that, as it was our Scotch-American race that first proclaimed the independence of this country and forced separation, the duty falls upon us to proclaim the new doctrine of reconciliation, confederation and reunion. It is an idea worthy of a sentimental, romantic, idea-creating race, gifted with that rarest of all gifts, imagination, which raises man to God-like action, or at least to God-like dreams. [Applause.]

If the drawing together of all portions of the English-speaking race be a dream, wake me not, let me dream. It is a dream better than most realities. Give me as my constant hope that—through which I see in the future, the drawing together closer and closer of the English-speaking race under a Federal constitution, which has shown that the freest government of the parts produces the strongest government of the whole—there may come a common citizenship embracing all lands, the only test being:

> "If Shakespeare's tongue be spoken there,
> And songs of Burns are in the air."

[Applause, loud and long-continued.]

LEWIS E. CARR

THE LAWYER AND THE HOD CARRIER

[Speech of Lewis E. Carr at the annual banquet of the New York State Bar Association, Albany, N. Y., January 17, 1900. Walter S. Logan, President of the Association, occupied the chair. The speech of Mr. Carr followed that of John Cunneen, and President Logan introduced Mr. Carr in the following words: "The Committee of Arrangements decided some time ago that it never would do to let John Cunneen speak for the Bar of Buffalo without having something to follow him which would bring the audience down to earth. [Applause.] They have selected that modest and retiring gentleman, that best and greatest of lawyers, Mr. Lewis E. Carr, of Albany."]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE STATE BAR ASSOCIATION OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK:—These occasions, when the lions of the profession emerge from their urban and rural lairs for their annual meet and the time comes for them to gather about the festive board to enjoy the feast of reason and the flow of Bear spring water and the other innocuous beverages, are exceedingly enjoyable, yet they have their mournful aspect. A year ago it was my fortune to take part in the proceedings of that annual meeting for the education and amusement of those who were then assembled. I was then associated with distinguished individuals, star-actors, as it were, but, as I look around to-night and see who have been called upon to take part at this time, I find I am the only one who officiated then. Whether it be another instance of the survival of the fittest [laughter], or for whatever reason, you can well understand why it is that I am about to speak to you in a melancholy way upon this occasion. Of course, you will not take what I say literally. We had on that occasion, as we have had now, the Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals, who graced and adorned that feast, as he graces and adorns every place where he may be, and every position he may occupy. We had the Governor then; we have had the Governor now; not the same person, but one that, *ex officio*, is just as big when the other isn't around. Now things are a little different than they were last year, because then they said I might roam all over the lot and take a nip wherever the herbage promised the sweetest bite, but, when I was told that I was to say something here this time, an old stager at this sort of business—he must have been an old stager, because he called me a young man—took me one side and said: "Now, you ought to have a subject; not that you are expected to say much about that subject; the less, perhaps, the better; but," said he, "it is just like one of those big boat races, where there are a number of crews that are anxious to exploit themselves; they stake the course off with little flags, and each crew has a lane in which they are expected to keep." I said: "That is all right; I can well understand how the crew that is ahead in their abounding vigor may prance all over the course, but I never could see any temptation for the fellows that were behind to wobble over the line and take some other fellow's water." I think that fits my case [laughter], because it is ordinarily my luck to be either near or at the tail end of the procession [laughter], or in the front rank of the urchins that tag on behind. But this old stager said—I won't tell who it was—"I will give you a subject that will be a poser," and, what do you suppose he brought in, written in a round, bold hand on the typewriter [laughter], "The Lawyer and the Hod Carrier," an essay supposed to be wise, and possibly, otherwise, with regard to the similarities and the dissimilarities of the profession of the one and the avocation of the other, bound in law sheep on the edges.

The idea didn't originate with him. It originated with a wise and eminent judge of one of our courts, I won't say who it was, because if you keep abreast of the current judicial opinions you will have already guessed who it was, and, if you haven't done that, let me admonish you to do it, or you will find some fellow who has got a full-fledged demon of pernicious activity in him will confront you to your undoing with the latest edition from the judicial seat of war. [Laughter.]

After all, there are many similarities, if you will remember, or if you will look at it, between the hod carrier and the lawyer. Both are useful members of society. The hod carrier, with patient and laborious toil, carries up to the skilled craftsman above the material with which to build the lasting and perfect wall. If he loiters on the way, or if he carries up unfitted or unsuited material, then the results will not be such as redound to the credit of the craftsman that is on high. We, too, from the great heap of material, gather that which we think is fitted for the case, and, with patient toil, carry it up these slippery hills to the stony mansion above, and there the judicial craftsman is expected to put in true and perfect form the materials that we take up, and we sometimes criticise the result; possibly it may be our fault, because the material we take may not be exactly fitted and suited for the work. You will remember, I think some of you will, at all events, the scriptural story about the complaints that were made by the race that was in bondage, that they were required to make bricks without straw. That was hard enough; but we oftentimes ask our judicial craftsmen to make the true and enduring wall of legal precedent from straw alone, ancient, mouldy and well threshed. [Laughter.] Of course, it isn't our fault at all times, because there is such an abundance of material from which we must select. I took occasion last year to speak about the horde of Huns that was consuming our substance, and adding to the white man's burden, but now the Scherer is at hand [laughter], making diligent and persistent search for the golden fleece. All that we can do is to pray, if we are not of the class to which the efficacy of prayer is denied, that the Lord should temper the wind to the shorn lambs of the profession. [Laughter.]

But now some other things are to be noted, because it oftentimes occurs that the poor, patient hod carrier, as he is on his skyward way, is met by a brick or mortar from the scaffolding falling carelessly, and down he goes. We experience just exactly such misfortunes. There are three ways, as I take it you will have already observed, in which you meet misfortune and your clients come to grief in the zigzag way from the exultant beginning of a litigation to its mournful close. The first is when the court lands a right hook on the point of the jaw and you go to kingdom come, no questions asked or answered. [Laughter.] That is quick and merciful, too, because it saves you that agony of suspense when you are alternating between hope and fear. The second way is when they fence a little with you, when they ward off your blow, and when they will make you believe that in the end they are going to throw up the sponge and let you carry off the belt; but, look out; the first thing you know a solar plexus knocks you over. [Laughter.] Now, in that case we feel better, because we all take a little pride in the idea that we can stand up against a judicial Sharkey or Jeffries and not be knocked out in the first round. The third way is when they tell you the points you make are good; you have argued them in an exceedingly strong and forcible fashion, and, very likely, if that had been the idea at the origin of the suit, it might have been successful. But it is too late when you get up where they are, and your client must get whipped by what they call the justice of the law. That is the aggravating way, because they tell you how near you came to catching your hare, but you can't have the pleasure of cooking it, because some less experienced huntsman at an earlier period of the chase started the dog on the wrong trail. [Laughter.]

In the course of these remarks you will notice that I have made use of some expressions, from which you might think that I have been devoting my time to reading accounts of these gentle encounters that take place under the Horton law, but it isn't true; you are not always to take words exactly in the way they are used, nor are you to judge of the meaning exactly from what people say, and you will pardon me if I digress a little from this subject that was given me by the old stager I have already mentioned; perhaps it isn't exactly germane to that subject, but yet it is just about as germane as a good deal of the stock we carry up on the hill for the judicial fanning-mill that operates in the cloistered precincts of the Capitol. [Laughter.]

Members of our profession have somehow confused the use of terms, and you will pardon me for speaking about it here; that is, in referring to a portion of the apparel of the judges of our highest court, and calling it a gown. Now, bear in mind, I am in favor of the distinguishing mark, by which the judge is taken out from the class of the individual, but you will see from what I am about to say, how inappropriate is that term. The term gown sometimes suggests that exceedingly early period in our lives, when sex isn't exactly determinable by the character of the dress. That is what a candidate for office learned one day when he was out seeking to have some supporting influence among his constituents, and finding a youngster in the room, and, feeling sure that he might reach the mother's heart, says: "My little miss, how are you to-day?" And the youngster said: "I dess you made a mistake; I ain't a girl; I's a boy." Then the matter of the gown suggests another thing. The story is told of some lawyer a good ways off, not here, who had been ingloriously defeated in some litigation, and in the acrid moments of defeat said: "The court that pronounced a judgment of that kind must be a lot of old women." So you see the term "gown" is inappropriate. [Laughter.]

But the term "gown" is appropriate to some; is appropriate to the mother, whose watchful care over the beginning of our lives, and whose kindly nurture first started us on the journey of life. The mother, whose words of consolation have assuaged our many griefs, and whose admonitions have saved us from many a wrong; whose tear-stained cheek was more eloquent than words that might be uttered; the mother, who, living, we regard with the most reverent respect, and of whom, dead, our treasured memories are the choicest possession of our lives. It reminds us, too, of that other one of the female creation, the wife, who, in the early beginning of our lives, linked her fate and fortune with ours, and confidingly put her hand in ours, prepared to go on through the storm and through the sunshine; who has been by our side in all of our trials, in all of our sufferings and in the hour of triumph; whose patient endurance has been to us of the utmost value; whose words of consolation have poured balm into the sore and bleeding heart, and whose words of commendation have brought added pleasure to the exquisite joy of our triumph. [Applause.] The wife who now, when the bloom of youth is gone, and frosty fingers have turned the raven tresses of that early time into a snowy crown, still stands, by our side, and, steadily looking forward, goes with us down into the narrowing vale, where the branches, bending lower and still lower above our heads, shut out the view and keep us from observation of the realm beyond. [Applause.] For her no gown is too rich or costly that human fingers can fashion, no gems of loving thought too priceless for which our human tongues can frame a setting.

Call it a robe and that brings to us a sense of the dignity of the office they hold! A kingly robe brings to us a consciousness, not of the atom of mortality who occupies the place, but of the magnificent authority that guides, directs and controls the fate and fortunes of a people. The priestly robe, while it may speak to us of the kindly men who minister to broken hearts and wounded feelings, still tells us of that world-wide dominion, and of that universal sway by which men's thoughts and feelings are turned to the upper air for the comfort, consolation and relief they would have. So does the judicial robe tell us of the mighty power and the tenderness, after all, of the judicial office, so kindly in its nature that it shelters the frailest right of the humble, so strong and invulnerable that it checks and stays the assault of the mightiest baron in the land.

But it is time for me to disappear. I have felt, along with others of my age, the pressure from the younger generation, and the indication it was time to make room for their abundant vigor, and so the change is coming now, as it has been before, and as it will be in the future, so that change seems to be the order of the day and of our lives; change in thought and feeling, change in mind and manner, change in practice and procedure, but, after all, it will come to this younger generation, as it has come to us, that the great principles of law, the eternal truths on which we rest for the protection of human rights and the redress of human wrongs, are as unchangeable and enduring as the eternal twinkling of the stars. [Applause.]

HAMPTON L. CARSON

OUR NAVY

[Speech of Hampton L. Carson, delivered at the dinner in honor of Captain Charles E. Clark, U. S. N., late Commander of the battleship "Oregon," at the Union League, Philadelphia, April 5, 1899. Joseph G. Darlington, President of the Union League, in introducing Mr. Carson remarked: "The next toast is 'Our Navy.' Well, he would be a rather poor apology for an American who could not respond to that. When we consider that the gentleman upon whom I now call is not only a very good American, but a very eloquent speaker, you will have some idea of the pleasure in store for you. I have great pleasure in introducing Mr. Hampton L. Carson."]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE UNION LEAGUE:—It was my good fortune, some eighteen months ago, to be in the city of Seattle, when the "Monterey" was lying in the harbor under the command of Captain Clark. At the time of my visit clear skies, placid waters and silent guns gave little indication of the awful responsibility that was soon to be imposed upon the gallant commander. My boys, having met him, were, like myself, intensely interested in the outcome of his voyage; and I can say to him that the pulsations of the engines which drove the "Oregon" through fourteen thousand miles of tropic seas were accompanied by the sympathetic beatings of hearts which had learned to love and respect this great captain as he richly deserved.

The American Navy! The most concise tribute that I ever heard paid to the sailors of the United States was contained in the answer of a man from Indiana, who was an applicant for office under General Grant, just after the Civil Service rules had gone into operation. The applicant was apprehensive as to his ability to respond to the questions, but one of his answers captured the Board of Examiners as well as the President, and he secured the place. The question was, " How many sailors did Great Britain send here, during the war of the Revolution, for the purpose of subduing us ? " and the answer was, " More by a d—— sight than ever got back." [Great laughter.]

When Louis XIV, in order to check what he perceived to be the growing supremacy of England upon the seas, determined to establish a navy, he sent for his great minister Colbert, and said to him, " I wish a navy—how can I create it ? " Colbert replied, " Make as many galley slaves as you can." Thereupon every Huguenot who refused to doff his bonnet on the street as the king passed by, every boy of seventeen who could give no account of himself, every vagrant without an occupation, was seized, convicted and sent to the galleys. Could a navy of heroes be made of galley slaves? The history of the Anglo-Saxon race says " No."

On the twenty-second day of December, 1775, the navy of the United States was born on the waters of our Delaware. On that day Esek Hopkins, of Rhode Island, was placed in command of a little fleet of eight vessels—two of them ships, two of them brigs, the others very much smaller. The English officers sneered in derision at " the fleet of whaleboats." The rattlesnake flag—a yellow flag with a pine tree in the centre and a rattlesnake coiled beneath its branches, with the words " Don't tread on me "—was run to the masthead of the " Providence ", being hauled there by the hands of the first lieutenant, John Paul Jones. That little fleet of eight vessels, mounting only 114 guns, was sent forth to confront a naval power of 112 battleships with 3,714 guns—not a single gun of ours throwing a ball heavier than nine pounds, while five hundred of the English guns threw a weight of metal of double that amount. Wasn't it an audacious thing? Why, it seems to me one of the marvels of human history when I reflect upon what was attempted by the Americans of 1776.

Look at the situation. Thirteen different colonies strung along a narrow strip of coast ; three thousand miles of rolling ocean on the one side and three thousand miles of impenetrable wilderness on the other ; colonies with infinite diversity of interests—diverse in blood, diverse in conditions of society, diverse in ambition, diverse in pursuits—the English Puritan on the rock of Plymouth, the Knickerbocker Dutch on the shores of the Hudson, the Jersey Quaker on the other side of the Delaware, the Swede extending from here to Wilmington, Maryland bisected by our great bay of the Chesapeake, Virginia cut in half by the same water-way, North Carolina and South Carolina lying south of impenetrable swamps as inaccessible to communication as a range of mountains, and farther south the sparsely-settled colony of Georgia. Huguenot, Cavalier, Catholic, Quaker, Dutchman, Puritan, Mennonite, Moravian and Church of England men; and yet, under the hammer stroke of British oppression, thirteen colonies were welded into one thunderbolt, which was launched at the throne of George III.

That little navy under Hopkins—where were those sailors bred? Read Burke's speech on the conciliation of America. They sprang from the loins of hardy fishermen amidst tumbling fields of ice on the banks of Newfoundland, from those who had speared whales in the tepid waters of Brazil, or who had pursued their gigantic game into the Arctic zone or beneath the light of the Southern Cross. That fleet of eight ships sailed from the Delaware on the twenty-second of December, 1775, and proceeded to the island of New Providence, among the Bahamas. Our colonies and our armies were without arms, without powder, without munitions of war. The very first exploit of the fleet was the capture, on the nineteenth of March, 1776, of 150 cannon, 130 barrels of powder and eight warships, which were carried in triumph into Long Island Sound. But what of American heroism when the soldiers of Howe, of Clinton, of Carleton and of Gage came here to fight the farmers of Pennsylvania, of Connecticut and Virginia, and the gay cavaliers who loved adventure? The British soldiers had conquered India under Sir Robert Clive and Sir Eyre Coote; they had been the heroes of Plassey and Pondicherry; men who had subjected to British dominion a country almost as extensive as our own fair republic and containing one hundred and ninety millions of souls. Here they found themselves faced by men of their own blood, men in whose breasts burned the spirit and the love of that liberty which was to encircle the heavens. On the glory-crowned heights of Bunker Hill the patriots gazed at the rafters of their own burning dwellings in the town of Charlestown, and heard the cannon shots hurled from British ships against the base of the great hill. Three times did scarlet regiments ascend that hill only to be driven back; the voice of that idiot boy, Job Pray, ringing out above the din of battle, "Let them come on to Breed's—the people will teach them the law."

When the evacuation by the British of the metropolis of New England was effected by the troops under the command of a Virginia soldier, General Washington, then for the first time did sectionalism and partisanship and divisions on narrow lines vanish; the patriots who had fought at Bunker Hill were now no longer to be known as the troops of Massachusetts, of Connecticut or of Rhode Island, but henceforth it was the Continental Army. On the very day when the British were driven out of Boston, John Paul Jones, with that historic rattlesnake flag, and, floating above it, not the Stars and Stripes, but the Stripes with the Union Jack, entered the waters of Great Britain; and then it was seen that an American captain with an American ship and American sailors had the pluck to push out into foreign seas and to beard the British lion in his den. The same channel which had witnessed the victories of De Ruyter and Von Tromp, which was the scene of Blake's victory over the Dutch, and where the father of our great William Penn won his laurels as an admiral, was now the scene of the exploits of an American captain fighting beneath an American flag for American rights inherited from old mother England, who, in a moment of forgetfulness, had sought to deprive her offspring of liberty. I know of no more thrilling incident in revolutionary naval annals than the fight between the "Serapis" and the "Bon Homme Richard," when Paul Jones, on the burning deck of a sinking ship, lashed his yard arms to those of the enemy and fought hand to hand, man to man, until the British colors struck, and then, under the very cliffs of Old England, were run up for the first time the Stars and Stripes—with a field of blue into which the skilful fingers of Betsey Ross, of Philadelphia, had woven inextinguishable stars; the red stripes typifying the glory, the valor and the self-sacrifice of the men who died that liberty might live; and the white, emblematic of purity, fitly representing those principles to preserve which these men had sanctified themselves by an immortal self-dedication. And there, too, in the Continental Navy was Richard Dale, the young " Middy," who fought beside Paul Jones ; and Joshua Barney, and John Barry, and Nicholas Biddle of Philadelphia, who later, in the gallant little " Randolph," in order to help a convoyed fleet of American merchantmen to escape, boldly attacked the battleship "Yarmouth ;" and when it was found that he was doomed to defeat, blew up his vessel, perishing with all his crew, rather than strike the colors of the newly-born republic.

All honor to the navy of the United States! I never can read of its exploits—peaceful citizen as I am—without my blood bubbling with a joyous sense of exultation at the thought that the flag which has swept the seas, carrying liberty behind it, is the flag which is destined to sweep the seas again and carry liberty, civilization and all the blessings of free government into benighted islands far, far from hence.

Why, gentlemen, the story of the exploits of our little fleets reads like a romance. At the end of the Revolutionary War eight hundred British ships, fifteen of them battleships, had surrendered to the prowess of the American navy, together with twelve thousand five hundred prisoners captured by less than three thousand men ; and in that war our country had produced the boldest admirals that, up to that time, civilization had known, and the greatest fighting naval heroes that the world had seen.

Then came the war of 1812, to establish sailors' rights upon the high seas, when the American navy again proved victor despite overwhelming odds. I have in my possession a list of the British and American vessels at the outbreak of that war ; and if I were to represent them by something tangible in order to indicate the proportions of each, I would say, taking this box lid for example [illustrating with the stem of a rose upon the cover of a discarded flower box], that if you were to draw a line across here, near the top, you would have sufficient space in the narrow strip above the dividing line to write the names of all the American ships, while the entire remaining space would not be more than sufficient for the English fleet, which was more than thirty times the size of its antagonist. The ships which under Nelson had fought at the Nile and had won imperishable glory at Trafalgar, coming into our waters, struck their flags time and again. The glorious old "Ironsides" (the "Constitution") captured the "Guerriere," the "Java," the "Cyane," and "Levant." The United States took the "Macedonian;" the "Wasp" destroyed the "Frolic," while on the lakes we point with pride to the victories of Perry and McDonough. When battle after battle had been fought it was found that, of eighteen fixed engagements, seventeen were victories for the Stars and Stripes. And this over the greatest maritime war power of the world!

Philadelphia is honorably associated with the glories of our navy. Our early battleships, though not all built here, were planned and constructed by the brain of Joshua Humphreys, a Philadelphian, who in his day was the predecessor of our great ship-builder of to-day, Charles H. Cramp.

Need I speak of the navy from 1861 to 1865, or tell of the exploits of those gallant fleets which clove a pathway down the valley of the Ohio, of the Tennessee and of the Mississippi, in order that liberty might ride unvexed from the lakes to the gulf? Need I dwell upon the part taken by the guest of this evening, who was an officer who fought under Farragut?

In our recent war with Spain there were some who, in doubting moments, yielded to that atrabilious disposition which has been so well described by Mr. Tomkins; who thought that our ships were not strong enough to hazard an encounter with the fleets of Spain. But meanwhile there was doubling "around the Horn" a battleship, with a captain and a crew whose marvellous voyage was attracting the eyes of the world. Night after night we took up the map, traced his course from port to port, and our hearts beat high, our lips were firmly compressed, the color faded from our cheeks with excitement, but our eyes blazed with exultant anticipation as nearer and nearer to Pernambuco did he come. We all now feel, judging of the possibilities by actual achievement, that had Captain Clark encountered the enemy's ships, he could and would have successfully fought and defeated the entire Spanish fleet. He carried his ship ready for instant action, every man at his post. God bless that crew! God bless those stokers, far down below those decks, confident that the captain who commanded them was on the bridge, and that he would never flinch nor fail in the hour of trial! I have often tried to draw a mental picture of what the scene must have been when the "Oregon" steamed in to join the fleet before Santiago; when the white jackets on the yard-arms tossed their caps in the air, and southern tars gave back to Yankee cheers a lusty welcome to the man who for so long, against all odds, with no encouraging advices, with unknown terrors all about him, had never flinched from duty, and who, when the last summons came, responded in the words of Colonel Newcomb, *Adsum*—"I am here."

On the morning of the third of July, 1898, there stood the frowning Morro Castle, the prison of the glorious Hobson; on the other side the fortress of Estrella; the narrow channel blocked by the wreck of the "Merrimac;" the "Brooklyn," the "Oregon," the "Texas," the "Indiana," the "Iowa" and the "Massachusetts" all watching that orifice. Then black smoke rolled from the funnels of the enemy's ships, indicating that the tiger had roused him from his lair and was making a rush for the open sea. Up went the signal on the flagstaff of the "Brooklyn," "Forward—the enemy is approaching." Then engines moved; then guns thundered their volleys; then sky and sea became black with the smoke of battle; and swiftly steamed the "Oregon" in pursuit of the "Cristobal Colon." Beneath well-directed shots the monster reeled, like a wounded athlete, to the beach; and then from the flagstaff of the "New York" were displayed those signals now on these walls before your eyes —"1-7-3; cornet; 2m-9m-7m"—which, translated, meant—and we of the League to-night repeat the words—"Well done, 'Oregon.'" [Cheers.]

Captain Clark, the city of Philadelphia has always contributed her share to the building of the navy and to a fitting recognition of the heroes who have commanded our battleships. In the old churchyard of St. Mary's, on Fourth Street, sleep the bones of John Barry; and in the older churchyard of St. Peter's stands the monument to Decatur. We have with us also the ashes of Stewart, who commanded

"Old Ironsides" when she captured the "Cyane" and the "Levant;" and we have those of Bainbridge, who captured the "Java."

In reading of the exploits of the master spirits of the past, I have sometimes wondered whether we had men of to-day who were their equals. My answer is this: I say to soldiers and sailors, whether of our Civil War or of the late war with Spain, you are worthy of your sires, you have caught the inspiration of their glowing deeds, you have taken up the burden which they threw upon your shoulders, and though in time to come you may sleep in unmarked graves, the memory of your deeds will live; and, like your sires, you have become immortal.

To fight for liberty is indeed a privilege. "Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, thou art a bitter draught; and, though thousands in all ages have been made to drink thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, O Liberty! thrice sweet and gracious goddess, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so till nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, nor chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron. With thee to smile upon him, as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than the monarch from whose courts thou art exiled." So wrote Lawrence Sterne.

And then Rufus Choate: "To form and uphold a state, it is not enough that our judgments should believe it to be useful; the better part of our affections should feel it to be lovely. It is not enough that our arithmetic should compute its value and find it high; our hearts should hold it priceless—above all things rich and rare—dearer than health and beauty, brighter than all the order of the stars." In contemplating those mysterious dispensations of Providence by which the light which broke upon this continent two hundred years ago is now penetrating and illuminating the darkest corners of the earth, it will be a supreme satisfaction for us to know that our children and our children's children will have set for their imitation and encouragement the example of the heroism, the manliness, the courage, the patriotism and the modesty of the captains of to-day. [Long-continued cheering.]

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

[On November 6, 1895, Joseph Chamberlain was the principal guest at a dinner given in London, by Walter Peace, the Agent-General for Natal, in celebration of the completion of the Natal-Transvaal Railway. This was the first public occasion on which Mr. Chamberlain appeared in his official capacity as Secretary of State for the Colonies; and, in replying to the toast of "The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies," which was proposed by Sir Charles Tupper, High Commissioner of Canada, Mr. Chamberlain took "The Future of the British Empire" as his theme.]

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—I thank you sincerely for the hearty reception you have given to this toast. I appreciate very much the warmth of your welcome, and I see in it confirmation of the evidence which is afforded by the cordial and graceful telegram from the Premier of Natal, which has been read by your chairman, and by other public and private communications that I have received, that any man who makes it his first duty, as I do, to draw closer together the different portions of the British Empire ["Hear! Hear!"] will meet with hearty sympathy, encouragement and support. [Cheers.] I thank my old friend and colleague, Sir Charles Tupper, for the kind manner in which he has spoken of me. He has said much, no doubt, that transcends my merits, but that is a circumstance so unusual in the life of a politician [laughter] that I do not feel it in my heart to complain. [Laughter.] I remember that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was certainly one of the most genial Americans who ever visited these shores, said that when he was young he liked his praise in teaspoonfuls, that when he got older he preferred it in tablespoonfuls, and that in advanced years he was content to receive it in ladles. [Laughter.] I confess that I am arriving at the period when I sympathize with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. [Laughter and cheers.]

Gentlemen, the occasion which has brought us together is an extremely interesting one. We are here to congratulate Natal, its Government and its people, and to congratulate ourselves on the completion of a great work of commercial enterprise and civilization, which one of our colonies, which happens to be the last to have been included in the great circle of self-governing communities, has brought to a successful conclusion, giving once more a proof of the vigor and the resolution which have distinguished all the nations that have sprung from the parent British stock. [Cheers.]

This occasion has been honored by the presence of the representatives of sister colonies, who are here to offer words of sympathy and encouragement; and, in view of the representative character of the gathering, I think, perhaps, I may be permitted, especially as this is the first occasion upon which I have publicly appeared in my capacity as Minister for the colonies [cheers] to offer a few words of a general application. ["Hear! Hear!"]

I think it will not be disputed that we are approaching a critical stage in the history of the relations between ourselves and the self-governing colonies. We are entering upon a chapter of our colonial history, the whole of which will probably be written in the next few years, certainly in the lifetime of the next generation, and which will be one of the most important in our colonial annals, since upon the events and policy which it describes will depend the future of the British Empire. That Empire, gentlemen, that world-wide dominion to which no Englishman can allude without a thrill of enthusiasm and patriotism, which has been the admiration, and perhaps the envy, of foreign nations, hangs together by a thread so slender that it may well seem that even a breath would sever it.

There have been periods in our history, not so very far distant, when leading statesmen, despairing of the possibility of maintaining anything in the nature of a permanent union, have looked forward to the time when the vigorous communities to which they rightly intrusted the control of their own destinies would grow strong and independent, would assert their independence, and would claim entire separation from the parent stem. The time to which they looked forward has arrived sooner than they expected. The conditions to which they referred have been more than fulfilled; and now these great communities, which have within them every element of national life, have taken their rank amongst the nations of the world; and I do not suppose that any one would consider the idea of compelling them to remain within the empire as within the region of intelligent speculation. Yet, although, as I have said, the time has come, and the conditions have been fulfilled, the results which these statesmen anticipated have not followed. [Cheers.] They felt, perhaps, overwhelmed by the growing burdens of the vast dominions of the British Crown. They may well have shrunk from the responsibilities and the obligations which they involve; and so it happened that some of them looked forward not only without alarm, but with hopeful expectation, to a severance of the union which now exists.

But if such feelings were ever entertained they are entertained no longer. [Cheers.] As the possibility of separation has become greater, the desire for separation has become less. [Renewed cheers.] While we on our part are prepared to take our share of responsibility, and to do all that may fairly be expected from the mother country, and while we should look upon a separation as the greatest calamity that could befall us [" Hear! Hear!"] our fellow-subjects on their part see to what a great inheritance they have come by mere virtue of their citizenship; and they must feel that no separate existence, however splendid, could compare with that which they enjoy equally with ourselves as joint heirs of all the traditions of the past, and as joint partakers of all the influence, resources and power of the British Empire. [Cheers.]

I rejoice at the change that has taken place. I rejoice at the wider patriotism, no longer confined to this small island, which embraces the whole of Greater Britain and which has carried to every clime British institutions and the best characteristics of the British race. [Renewed cheering.] How could it be otherwise? We have a common origin, we have a common history, a common language, a common literature, and a common love of liberty and law. We have common principles to assert, we have common interests to maintain. [" Hear! Hear."] I said it was a slender thread that binds us together. I remember on one occasion having been shown a wire so fine and delicate that a blow might break it; yet I was told that it was capable of transmitting an electrical energy that would set powerful machinery in motion. May it not be the same with the relations which exist between the colonies and ourselves; and may not that thread of union be capable of carrying a force of sentiment and of sympathy which will yet be a potent factor in the history of the world? [" Hear! Hear!"]

There is a word which I am almost afraid to mention, lest at the very outset of my career I should lose my character as a practical statesman. I am told on every hand that Imperial Federation is a vain and empty dream. [Cries of " No! No!"] I will not contest that judgment, but I will say this: that that man must be blind, indeed, who does not see that it is a dream which has vividly impressed itself on the mind of the English-speaking race, and who does not admit that dreams of that kind, which have so powerful an influence upon the imagination of men, have somehow or another an unaccountable way of being realized in their own time. [" Hear! Hear!"] If it be a dream, it is a dream that appeals to the highest sentiments of patriotism, as well as to our material interests. It is a dream which is calculated to stimulate and to inspire every one who cares for the future of the Anglo-Saxon people. [Cheers.] I think myself that the spirit of the time is, at all events, in the direction of such a movement. How far it will carry us no man can tell; but, believe me, upon the temper and the tone in which we approach the solution of the problems which are now coming upon us depend the security and the maintenance of that world-wide dominion, that edifice of Imperial rule, which has been so ably built for us by those who have gone before. [Cheers.]

Gentlemen, I admit that I have strayed somewhat widely from the toast which your chairman has committed to my charge. [" No."] That toast is " The Prosperity of South Africa and the Natal and Transvaal Railway." As to South Africa, there can be no doubt as to its prosperity. We have witnessed in our own time a development of natural and mineral wealth in that country altogether beyond precedent or human knowledge; and what we have seen in the past, and what we see in the present, is bound to be far surpassed in the near future. [" Hear! Hear!"] The product of the mines, great as it is at present, is certain to be multiplied many fold, and before many years are over the mines of the Transvaal may be rivalled by the mines of Mashonaland or Matabeleland; and in the train of this great, exceptional and wonderful prosperity, in the train of the diamond-digger and of the miner, will come a demand for labor which no man can measure—a demand for all the products of agriculture and of manufacture, in which not South Africa alone, but all the colonies and the mother country itself must have a share. [Cheers.]

The climate and soil leave nothing to be desired, and there is only one thing wanted—that is, a complete union and identity of sentiment and interest between the different States existing in South Africa. [Cheers.] Gentlemen, I have no doubt that that union will be forthcoming [cheers], although it may not be immediately established. I do not shut my eyes to differences amongst friends which have unfortunately already arisen, and which have not yet been arranged. I think these differences, if you look below the surface, will be found to be due principally to the fact that we have not yet achieved in South Africa that local federation which is the necessary preface to any serious consideration of the question of Imperial federation. [Cheers.] But, gentlemen, in these differences, my position, of course, renders it absolutely necessary that I should take no side. [Cheers.] I pronounce no opinion, and it would not become me to offer any advice; although, if the good offices of my department were at any time invoked by those who are now separated, all I can say is that they would be heartily placed at their service. [Cheers.]

Gentlemen, I wish success to the Natal Railway, and to every railway in South Africa. [Cheers.] There is room for all. [Cheers.] There is prosperity for all [" Hear! Hear!"] —enough to make the mouth of an English director positively water. [Laughter.] There is success for all, if only they will not waste their resources in internecine conflict. [" Hear! Hear!"] I have seen with pleasure that a conference is being held in order to discuss, and I hope to settle, these differences. I trust that they may be satisfactorily arranged. In the meantime I congratulate our chairman, as representing this prosperous colony, upon the enterprise they have displayed, upon the difficulties they have surmounted, and on the success they have already achieved. [Cheers.] And I hope for them—confidently hope—the fullest share in that prosperity which I predict without hesitation for the whole of South Africa. [Cheers.]

JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE

Photogravure after an engraving by Williams

JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE

A TEST EXAMINATION

[Speech of Joseph H. Choate at the Harvard Alumni dinner, Cambridge, Mass., June 30, 1875.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Alumni:—If our worthy Alma Mater looked forth this morning, as I have no doubt she did, upon our passing column, she must have congratulated herself upon the fact that all the boys were here,—even the old boy himself was here. I refer, sir, to no person; I mean nothing personal, none of those gray-headed men who immediately surround your table, but I speak of that venerable and reverend company of ancient graduates who preceded the class of 1835, and who, therefore, upon their own merits, are allowed to eat and drink freely in honor of Alma Mater. [Laughter and applause.] To us, sir, children of a later growth, who are mindful of the almighty dollar, it lends a new charm to life, a new ambition, and something purer and grander than we have had before, to which we may work up. For, gentlemen, before the only real prize for seniority among Harvard graduates was the position of the oldest-surviving graduate; and as playing for that, sir, was extremely a game of chance, there were very few who had the temerity to aim at it. Now, sir, to recollect that forty-three years of faithful service, paying always for our dinners as we go, will enable us to spend the evening of our days in free and sumptuous feeding at these tables, is indeed, an incentive to the highest happiness. [Laughter and applause.] I take it for granted, sir, that it was for age of service that that compliment was paid them, for, judging from symptoms I have observed to-day, if it was upon the idea that these gentlemen have outlived their appetites, that was a mistake which has told with frightful effect upon the general dinner. [Loud laughter.]

Mr. President, to graduates, distant in time or place, returning upon these festive days, one of the most delightful things that we observe is the universal emulation of youth that marks the whole concern ; how each man, each class, is struggling to be a little younger than they really are. How to preserve youth, the art of keeping perpetually young, is, indeed, a secret worth discovering. Lord Bacon, sir, understood it, as he understood almost everything that pertains to human nature ; and he concentrated the whole thing in a little story that he told in one of his famous apothegms on Sir Thomas More. As I have heard it told at a commencement dinner, I will tell it here. " Sir Thomas More," he said, " married, and at the first had daughters only ; and his wife did ever pray for a boy. At last she had a boy, which, after it reached man's years, proved simple. Sir Thomas said to his wife, ' Thou prayedst so long for a boy that he will be a boy as long as he lives.' " [Laughter.] I could not help observing here to-day, Mr. President, how this struggle for youth marked the advancing column. How frisky the aged graduate appeared, how boyish the men of middle age, and how perfectly childish the last of the column. [Loud laughter and applause.]

Mr. President, we, who are getting to be among the older graduates, refer with longing to the past ; and great and growing as is the college, or the university in which it is now lost, we can't help thinking that our brightest days were when we were under her cool and shady trees. And, for one, I shall always, whatever fate may come upon the college, remain of the honest conviction that the Presidency of Jared Sparks was the best time of the college. [Laughter.] And, sir, in those days the government of the college was administered on very different principles than those which are now maintained. The standard was established upon the orthodox theory that the capability of every class is to be measured by the strength of the weakest links in the chain, and the curriculum was adapted to the understanding of the stupidest. That worthy president, Mr. Chairman, whose precepts and examples have been so much neglected in recent days, made a practical application, in his treatment of the student, of what Mr. Quincy, I believe, had once jocosely pronounced when he said that his maxim was: "Be to their faults a little blind, be to their virtues very blind, but clap the padlock on the mind." [Laughter.] The key, sir, to that padlock was lost in Quincy's time; Sparks never looked for it, and when I hear of the miseries of the undergraduates of the present day, I almost regret that Eliot found it and set out to insert it in the rusty wards of the lock. [Laughter and applause.] I don't mean to say, sir, that we were kept away from the fountain of learning; far from it. We learned few things, and tried to learn them well; but then, too, there were hidden mysteries in those days as in these more recent.

I remember Professor Pierce, whose venerable form I now rejoice to see in freshness among us. [Great applause.] He and his functions were the *ne plus ultra*. [Laughter.] I believe that a modern upstart among philosophers, Herbert Spencer, has claimed to be the first originator and teacher of the unknowable. Professor Pierce was ahead of him by many years. [Great laughter and applause.] He, sir, had three different forms of a mathematical problem by which he used to test our progress: the first and simplest were those that only the first eight in the class could understand; the second were those which nobody but the professor himself could master, and the third were those which neither he nor anybody else could understand. [Laughter.] Now, sir, I am truly horrified in taking up one of these annual catalogues, to see the tests that are applied to the modern mind. I verily believe that any simple-minded graduate of more than twenty-years' standing would find it more difficult to pass any one of the junior examinations that we have laid down, than really it would be for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. [Laughter.] I wish, sir, that justice might be done to these trembling youths [laughter], and that for once the tables might be turned upon the board of overseers [loud and prolonged applause], under whose authority these excruciating tests are applied to the infant minds. I take up the last annual catalogue [pulling the book from his pocket], with a view to see whether there were probably any of the venerable and honorable overseers, as they used to be called, who could answer the simplest of these questions, and I would like to have it applied here and now. [Great applause and laughter.] Begin, sir, with the venerable head of the university. [Roars of laughter.] That, sir, was the formal mode of speaking of the President when I was in college. I don't know how it suits him to be addressed in that way by one who was a sophomore when he was a freshman. But really, gentlemen, if wisdom, if the gray head of man and honest living are true old age, why he is already as old as Quincy and as venerable as Walker. [Applause.]

Now let us have a little examination in philosophy. Why, Mr. President, there was something called philosophy taught in our day by Professor Bowen. That was before the true function of the brain as the seat of the mind had been discovered; but we were taught a spurious and effete kind of mental philosophy which consisted in evolving something out of our own consciousness which was not there. [Loud laughter.] Let us see whether the venerable head of the university could answer a single one of these questions, and if he can he will rise to do it. [Roars of laughter.]

> "Explain the Paralogism of Rational Psychology, the Antinomies of Rational Cosmology (proving the thesis and antithesis of one of them, as an example); and the ontological, cosmological, and physico-theological proofs of the Ideal of Pure Reason, or Idea of God, together with Kant's objections to each of these three modes of proof."

I am sorry Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the genial President of the board of overseers, has left in time to escape the examination, and in his absence I would like to ask Judge Hoar to tell me this:—

> "Explain briefly the theory of atomistic dynamism, and how it reduces matter to mere Will and Presentation. Of what only do the senses and the physical sciences take cognizance as constituting the primitive element of Matter? What must ideally or in thought precede every motion or physical force?"

Judge Hoar:—"Not prepared." [Loud laughter and applause.]

Then, sir, I would like to ask Dr. Samuel Green, that youthful and ubiquitous member of the board, to answer a plain question in "harmony" which is now required:—

> "Resolve the dominant seventh chord of G into other seventh chords and give an example of the progression of three of the secondary chords of the seventh into other chords than those of the regular progression."

Why, sir, I might go on exhausting, not these questions, but the honorable board of overseers [laughter] till I could demonstrate to you that not one of these gentlemen is, as he is found at present sitting at the table, fitted to enter into, much less to escape out of, their difficulties. [Renewed laughter.]

Mr. President, I am very glad you wrote down the toast that I was to speak on. You wrote me that I was to speak for the graduates, *in partibus infidelium*, and if I rightly remember the Latin that used to be taught us by Dr. Peck and Professor Lane, that means "a region where infidelity prevails." I would have you know, sir, that I came from the virtuous and orthodox city of New York. You may well study the example and virtues of the people, even the alumni of Harvard. We are not so benighted as you, in your note, seem to suppose. Why, sir, we have a Harvard club organized after the fashion of this association of the alumni, and so far as I can see it is a perfect miniature. Meeting periodically, we resolve ourselves into a mutual admiration society, and sing the praises of our Alma Mater. We are visited every year by the worthy head of the university himself, who comes to us as certain as the twenty-second of February comes round. He tells us all that is being done and attempted in this our ancient college, and never leaves us without revealing to the sons the needy condition of the college. [Laughter.] And from all that I can learn it is not only his favorable theme, but her normal condition. [Laughter.] We have a chance, sir, to put our names to all the subscriptions that are started, although we have not the right of representation on the board of overseers. But, sir, if the board of overseers is to be subjected to a test, an example of which I have suggested, it may be a happy escape for us. [Loud applause.]

TRIBUTE TO LORD HOUGHTON

[Speech of Joseph H. Choate at the farewell reception given to Lord Houghton (Richard Monckton Milnes) at the Union League Club, New York, November 23, 1875, the day previous to his return to England. In a report of this banquet, the "New York Tribune" said: "When the speaker referred to America's position during the war, Lord Houghton applauded with the rest. When Mr. Choate expressed the gratitude of America for the stand Lord Houghton took in favor of the Union cause during the Rebellion, tears of pleasure came into the eyes of the guest."]

Gentlemen of the Union League Club:—In seeking this opportunity to pay our respects to the distinguished gentleman who now honors us with his presence, we certainly could not hope, by our modest reception, to equal the bounteous hospitality which has been showered upon him at the hands of private citizens in every city that he has visited, or to add to the warmth of that cordial greeting which has attended his steps throughout his wanderings in the United States. The familiar maxim of Apelles, by which, in the earlier years of his manhood, our guest is believed to have trained his Muse, appears to have been practically applied in an altered sense to his lordship, at every stage of his American pilgrimage, *nulla dies sine linea*—no day without a line to come to dinner. Whatever pleasures and whatever perils belong to that peculiar institution of the Anglo-Saxon race, as Emerson calls it, he must already have fully experienced. We must congratulate ourselves and him that he has happily survived them all, with health and strength still unimpaired, for, having done so, he stands before us to-night a living argument to the robust and hardy vigor of the British constitution, of which he is so worthy a representative. Neither can we offer him, at a meeting of the Club, the charms of the feminine presence with which, if he was not misreported on a recent occasion, he has been honored and delighted during his stay among us. It was only yesterday that I read in the newspapers of a high tribute paid by him to the wit and beauty of the women of America. Had we known in season that his lordship cherished that gentle enthusiasm, had we supposed it possible that a peer of England would be open to those tender influences, we might have put in practice the theory of natural selection, as the occasion would have justified, and have surrounded him on this last night of his stay in America with such a glittering array of loveliness as would have set his "poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling," and perhaps some future edition of "Palm Leaves" or of "Poems of Many Years" would have contained some stanzas to the women of the West by Lord Houghton that, in delicacy and sweetness, would have matched the lyric tributes which Monckton Milnes was wont to pay to the far-famed graces of the Orient.

No, we have sought this occasion not so much for his own pleasure as for ours, having little to offer him but the honest expression of that high consideration and regard which has long been felt for his lordship in the United States. We desired an opportunity to look upon one whose name has been associated for a whole generation with those things which tend to elevate and improve the condition of mankind. Many of us, from childhood, have been accustomed to hear of him as one of the men of letters of England, who, by their devotion to good learning and polite literature, have been missionaries of knowledge and pleasure to all who speak and read the English tongue. Some of us have read his books—

"And books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

We have heard by tradition and report of his generous sympathy for humanity in all its suffering forms, that the cause of oppressed nationalities has found in him a constant advocate and friend—whether Poland, the bleeding victim of her rapacious neighbors—or Italy, suffering the accumulated miseries of centuries—or Greece, the classic heir of ancient woes. We have been told also that the promptings of a generous and manly heart have led him to support at home all measures for the reform and amelioration of the criminal classes, and to alleviate the distresses of the poor; that he wears the well-earned title of a friend of humanity.

We have not forgotten his stout assertions of the right of freedom in religion, and remember his statement—made when it was not yet altogether popular—that "religious equality is the natural birthright of every Briton."

But, after all, the chief and immediate title of Lord Houghton to our special regard and gratitude is in the manly stand he took with certain other liberal statesmen of England on the occasion of our late civil war, by which they proved themselves the steadfast and effective friends alike of their own country and of ours. Not more from political consideration, I think, than from a natural, instinctive, Anglo-Saxon love of fair play—because they could not help it—they insisted—and none more emphatically than our guest of this evening—that England should observe a real and honest friendship to America. To borrow words of his own:—

> "Great thoughts, great feelings came to them,
> Like instincts, unawares."

He will pardon me, I know, for refreshing your recollection from the Debates, with regard to one or two things which he said in his place in the House of Commons. When the seizure of the "Alexandra" was under discussion, in April, 1863, which you will remember as one of the very darkest periods we ever passed through—it was in that month that President Lincoln, in accordance with a resolution of the Senate, set apart a day of fasting and prayer for the whole people to humble themselves before Almighty God for the deadly scourgings of the war—it was then that, after hearing some violent words spoken in Parliament, tending to measures which, if adopted, would force us in our crippled condition into the desperate extremity of war with England, he said, after regretting the violent language to which he had listened:—

> "Sir:—I trust that peace will continue, for many reasons, but above all for this. For us to talk of war—for England armed to the teeth—England with all her wealth and power to talk of war against a nation in the very agonies of her destinies, and torn to the vitals by a great, civil commotion, is so utterly ungenerous, so repugnant to every manly feeling, that I cannot conceive it possible. Honorable gentlemen opposite talk of acting in a gallant spirit. Is it to act in a gallant spirit for a

> strong man to fight a man with his arms tied, with his eyes blinded? And that is what you propose to do—you, with the wealth and power of England—when you seek to promote war with the United States."

Happily for us, such friendly and generous words and counsels prevailed, and we escaped that untold calamity. And again, a little earlier, when our blockade, whose maintenance was so absolutely essential to the successful prosecution of the war, pressed so hard on their own domestic prosperity as to provoke appeals to the British government to disregard and ignore it, he scouted the idea, and after arguing that the blockade was as effective as, in the nature of things, it was possible to make it, he said:—

> "I have always regarded a disruption of the American Union as a great calamity for the world, believing with De Tocqueville that it would do more to destroy political liberty and arrest the progress of mankind than any other event that can possibly be imagined. . . . The Americans are our fellow-countrymen. I shall always call them so. I see in them our own character reproduced with all its merits and all its defects. They are as vigorous, as industrious, as powerful, as honest and truthful as ourselves. And I can never for a moment disassociate the fortunes of Great Britain from the fortunes of the United States of America."

No wonder that Lord Houghton finds many friends in America. I need not assure him that we appreciate and reciprocate these generous sentiments uttered in those darkest hours of our sorest need, and that we join our prayers to his for the perpetual peace and friendship between these two nations that are of but one interest, one tongue, and one blood.

In the name, my lord, of this Club, which may modestly claim to represent a portion of the intelligence and the public spirit of New York, supported as it is to-night by the presence of her chief magistrate and of many other citizens who, without regard to politics or creeds, have assembled with it in your honor, I bid you a most cordial and hearty welcome.

THE BENCH AND THE BAR

[Speech of Mr. Choate at the 111th Annual Banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, May 13, 1879. In introducing him, the President, Samuel Babcock, said: "'The next toast is 'The Bench and the Bar—Blessed are the peacemakers.' [Laughter and applause.] I must say in reference to this toast, that it is a much greater piece of sarcasm than the one on 'Sister Cities.' I never heard lawyers called by that title before, but I will ask our distinguished fellow-citizen, from whom we are always glad to hear on these occasions, Joseph H. Choate, Esquire, to respond."]

Mr. President:—I rise with unprecedented embarrassment in this presence and at this hour to respond to this sentiment, so flattering to the feelings of all members of the Bench and Bar [applause], to say nothing of that shrinking modesty inherent in the breast of every lawyer and which the longer he practises seems to grow stronger and stronger. [Laughter.] I have a specific trouble which overwhelms me at this moment, and that is that all the preparation I had made for this occasion is a complete miscarriage. [Laughter.]

I received this sentiment yesterday with an intimation that I was expected to respond to it. I had prepared a serious and sober essay on the relations of commerce to the law—the one great relation of client and counsel [laughter], but I have laid all that aside; I do not intend to have a single sober word to-night. [Laughter.] I do not know that I could. [Renewed laughter.] There is a reason, however, why nothing more of a sober sort should be uttered at this table; there is a danger that it would increase by however small a measure the specific gravity of the Chamber of Commerce of New York. Certainly nothing could be a greater calamity than that. [Laughter.] At an hour like this, sir, merchants like witnesses are to be weighed as well as counted; and when I compare your appearance at this moment with what it was when you entered this room, when I look around upon these swollen girths and these expanded countenances, when I see that each individual of the Chamber has increased his avoirdupois at least ten pounds since he took his seat at this table, why the total weight of the aggregate body must be startling, indeed [laughter], and as I suppose you believe in a resurrection from this long session, as you undoubtedly hope to rise again from these chairs, to which you have been glued so long, I should be the last person to add a feather's weight to what has been so heavily heaped upon you. [Applause.]

I have forgotten, Mr. President, whether it was Josh Billings or Henry F. Spaulding, who gave utterance to the profound sentiment that there is no substitute for wisdom, and that the next best thing to wisdom is silence. [Laughter and applause.] And so, handing to the reporters the essay which I had prepared for your instruction, it would be my duty to sit down in peace. [Laughter.] But I cannot take my seat without repudiating some of the gloomy views which have fallen from the gentlemen who preceded me. My worthy pastor, the Rev. Dr. Bellows, has said, if I remember rightly his language, that there is a great distrust in the American heart of the permanence of our American institutions. [Laughter.]

[Rev. Dr. Bellows: "I did not say anything of the kind." [Laughter and applause.]]

[Mr. Choate: "Well, I leave it to your recollection, gentlemen of the jury, what he did say." [Laughter.]]

I am perfectly willing that the doctor should speak for his own institution, but not for mine. I do not believe that a body of merchants of New York with their stomachs full have any growing scepticism or distrust of the permanence of the institution which I represent. [Laughter.] The poor, gentlemen, you have with you always, and so the lawyer will always be your sure and steadfast companion. [Applause.]

Mr. Blaine, freighted with wisdom from the floor of the Senate house and from long study of American institutions, has deplored the low condition of the carrying trade. Now, for our part, as representing one of the institutions which does its full share of the carrying trade, I repudiate the idea. We undoubtedly are still prepared to carry all that can be heaped upon us. [Laughter.] Lord Bacon, who was thought the greatest lawyer of his age, has said that every man owes a duty to his profession; but I think that can be amended by saying, in reference to the law, that every man in the community owes a duty to our profession [laughter]; and somewhere, at some time, somewhere between the cradle and the grave, he must acknowledge the liability and pay the debt. [Applause.] Why, gentlemen, you cannot live without the lawyers, and certainly you cannot die without them. [Laughter.] It was one of the brightest members of the profession, you remember, who had taken his passage for Europe to spend his summer vacation on the other side, and failed to go; and when called upon for an explanation, he said,—why, yes; he had taken his passage, and had intended to go, but one of his rich clients had died, and he was afraid if he had gone across the Atlantic, the heirs would have got all the property. [Applause and laughter.]

Our celebrated Minister to Berlin [Andrew D. White] also has spoken a good many earnest words in behalf of the institutions he represents. I did not observe any immediate response to the calls he made, but I could not help thinking as he was speaking, how such an appeal might be made, and probably would be made with effect, in behalf of the institution I represent, upon many of you in the course of the immediate future. When I look around me on this solid body of merchants, all this heaped-up and idle capital, all these great representatives of immense railroad, steamship and every other interest under the face of the sun, I believe that the fortunes of the Bar are yet at their very beginning. [Applause.] Gentlemen, the future is all before us. We have no sympathy with Communism, but like Communists we have everything to gain and nothing to lose. [Laughter.]

But my attention must be called for a moment, before I sit down, to the rather remarkable phraseology of the toast. I have heard lawyers abused on many occasions. In the midst of strife we certainly are most active participants. But you apply the phrase to us: "Blessed are the peacemakers!" Well, now, I believe that is true. I believe that if you will devote yourself assiduously enough, and long enough, to our profession, it will result in perfect peace. [Laughter.] But you never knew—did you?—a lawsuit, if it was prosecuted vigorously enough and lasted long enough, where at the end there was anything left for the parties to quarrel over. [Continued laughter.]

Mr. President, I shall not weary your patience longer. This long programme of toasts is not yet exhausted. The witching hour of midnight is not far off, and yet there are many statesmen, there are many lawyers, there are many merchants who are yet to be heard from, and so it is time I should take my seat, exhorting you to do justice always to the profession of the law. [Loud applause.]

THE SORCERER'S RESPONSE

[Speech of Joseph H. Choate at the first banquet of the New England Society in the City of Brooklyn, December 21, 1880. Benjamin D. Silliman, President of the Society, was in the chair. The toast to which Mr. Choate responded was: "The New England Society in the City of New York—a worthy representative of New England Principles." The chairman said: "Salem had its witches. They were generally of the gentle sex. But one of them in the shape of mortal man emigrated, some twenty-five years ago, from Salem to New York, where he has ever since (as his famed kinsman and namesake before him did in Boston) bewitched courts and juries. At the risk of being bewitched, we will invoke the sorcerer to respond to this toast and I therefore call on Mr. Choate."]

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—As I intend to walk home over the bridge to-night [laughter] my remarks will be as brief as they must be sober; and a word of that great structure before I begin. If Mr. Murphy will excuse me for saying so, it is in every possible sense of the word to the people of both cities a "Bridge of Sighs!" [Laughter.]

It is well for you that you made this experiment before it was finally completed; because, if, as they tell us, it is to make of us one city and one people, there should be written at its terminus, when it shall be completed, a motto borrowed from its namesake on the shores of the Adriatic: "who enters here must leave all hope of an independent celebration in Brooklyn behind." [Laughter.] Gentlemen, I have been sent here to-night by your parent society, the New England Society of New York [laughter], to welcome in its behalf this infant prodigy, which has grown to full manhood, or womanhood, in the first night of its existence. [Applause.] Why, you have accomplished as much in one twenty-four hours, as we in the protracted struggle of the whole seventy-five years of our career. And this, too, in Brooklyn, the dormitory of New York [laughter]—well, it shows how much good there is in sleep. [Laughter.] It shows how true those eulogies are which all the poets have exhausted upon sleep:

> "Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care ;
> The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath ;
> Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
> Chief nourisher at life's feast."

And yet, gentlemen, it gives a death blow to some of that esteem and consideration in which we, on the other side of the river, have been in the habit of holding our brethren and neighbors of Brooklyn. Seeing you, as we have year after year, for the last seventy-five years [laughter], coming as modest partakers of the viands that we set before you on Manhattan Island, we had come to look upon you as modest, unassuming, self-denying descendants of the Pilgrims, and worthy followers in their footsteps. But this declaration of independence of yours puts an entirely new phase upon the situation; where is your long-asserted modesty? [Laughter.] Why, the most sublime instance that I have ever known or heard of, of a modest, self-denying descendant of the sons of the Pilgrims was exhibited by a Brooklynite. He has since become a great Congregational clergyman. I name no names, for names are always invidious. It was in his younger days, after he had completed his course of instruction, and was ready to take upon himself the sacred orders; when he presented himself before the dignified conference that was to pass upon his qualifications, the Moderator put to him that great orthodox question, the test of which every candidate was expected to stand. "Sir," said the Moderator, "are you willing to be saved by consenting to be damned for the glory of God?" [Laughter.] And the sublime answer that he gave justified the great reputation that he afterward gained. "No," said he, "Mr. Moderator, but I am perfectly willing that you should be!" [Great applause.] What perfect self-abnegation was there displayed! and how sadly have you all fallen from that exalted standard!

Another thing that I noticed, Mr. President, is that you have selected the twenty-first of December for your celebration, instead of the twenty-second. General Sherman has been charitable enough to suppose that it is because there is a doubt on which of these days the Pilgrims landed. We believe, on the contrary, that you have selected the twenty-first because we have selected the twenty-second [laughter], or possibly at this late hour of the evening, we may be excused, not for considering it doubtful whether they landed on the twenty-first or the twenty-second, but for firmly believing that they landed on both days. [Laughter.] Gentlemen, it is a very serious question, this complication and re-duplication of New England festivals. The wheels of the Federal Government, as you perceive, must necessarily be stopped, until both these days are celebrated, and both these dinners eaten and digested. For one, I believe that the great welfare of this people would be promoted if the event could be celebrated on all the 365 days of the year. [Applause.] If not only the President and Secretary of State, and the General of the Armies, but all the holders of office from them down to the lowest tide-water, could be fed every day upon your simple fare of pork and beans—and codfish and Indian pudding—why it would solve immediately that great problem of civil service reform which has vexed so much the patience of this Administration, and would give a free course, over which their successors could go on their way rejoicing and triumphant. [Applause.] But it is a great thing to have two dinners, if we cannot have three hundred and sixty-five. It is a splendid thing to bring General Sherman here, who with his little army has now only to fight Indians, that he may learn at the shrine of Miles Standish, who also had nobody but Indians to fight—and who put them all to rout with his little trained band of thirteen armed Pilgrims. [Laughter.] You may depend upon it that on Thursday morning, at any rate, the Secretary of State [W. M. Evarts] will return to his great duties at Washington, after partaking of both of these festivals, a fatter and a better man. [Tumultuous laughter.]

Mr. President, one of the most interesting reflections that occur to any thoughtful mind, on gazing around on such a company as this, is to compare these sleek, well-fed, self-satisfied and contented men with what they were when they started out from New England. [Laughter.] Archimedes, brandishing his lever, said that if you could give him a point to stand on, he would move the world, and so, the genuine emigrant from New England says: "Give me but a point for my feet [laughter], and plenty of elbow-room, and I will make all the world about me, mine." It is told traditionally —I believe it is true—of one of the first pioneers from New England to this good old City of Brooklyn, that, when he presented his letters at the counting-room at which he sought admission, the lordly proprietor of the establishment asked him: "Why, what in the world are all you Yankee boys coming here for?" "Sir," said he, with that modest assurance that marked the whole tribe [laughter], "we are coming to attend to your business, to marry your daughters, and take charge of your estates." [Laughter.] I believe, sir, that the descendants of that hero are still here, actual guests at this table to-night, and still have that particular estate in charge. [Laughter.] And if not they, why all these gentlemen represent the same practical application of that experience, and of that rule.

Now, gentlemen, in behalf of the parent society that I represent, I bid you Godspeed. You cannot do better than to continue as you have begun, to eat and drink your way back to Plymouth Rock. It is the true way to celebrate the Pilgrim Fathers. Do not have any long orations. They nearly killed the parent society. [Laughter.]

And let me tell you a very interesting reminiscence; for one who has eaten twenty-five New England dinners in succession at the New York table, may indulge in one reminiscence: It was the first celebration that I ever attended, twenty-five years ago, in the City of New York, and we had an oration, and the very narration of what then occurred shows what wondrous progress the principles of the Pilgrims have made in this last quarter of a century. It was in the old church of the Puritans, on Union Square, that has given place to that palace of art, now known by the name of Tiffany's. There came one of the great and shining lights of

Boston's intellect, giving us the best exposition that he could give of what my friend, Mr. Hale, describes as Boston intensity, overshadowed by Boston conservatism. He appealed to that congregation, with all the eloquence that he could command, to stand by the Union as it was, upon the physical fact of slavery as it then existed. He appealed to them—to the white blood that ran in their veins—to stand by their white brethren, whenever there should come the conflict of races in this land. And I remember the icy chill that ran through the assembled company of New England's sons and daughters when he took his seat.

But, fortunately there rose up after him that grand old chip of Plymouth Rock, John Pierpont, who had himself suffered persecution in the very city of Boston, of which we are so proud, and he delivered the poem of the occasion, and as those glowing stanzas fell from his burning and indignant lips, he fired the hearts of the congregation with his prophetic utterances. I remember the stanza with which he closed; which no one who heard him, it seemed to me, could ever forget, when he invoked the aid of the Almighty to inspire the hearts of the sons and daughters of the Pilgrims to be true to their fathers, and never to turn their backs on Liberty—never to desert the cause of the slave :—

" O Thou Holy One, and just,
Thou who wast the Pilgrims' trust,
Thou who watchest o'er their dust,
By the moaning sea,
By their conflicts, toils and cares,
By their perils, and their prayers,
By their ashes, make their heirs,
True to them and Thee!"

The cold fatalism of the orator was lost and forgotten; but that burning prophecy of the poet lives to-day. We see its fruits in a land redeemed from slavery, in a nation starting on an imperishable career of glory, where equal liberty, and equal law, are secure to all men, of every color, and of every race. [Long-continued applause.]

THE PILGRIM MOTHERS

[Speech of Joseph H. Choate at the seventy-fifth anniversary banquet of the New England Society, in the City of New York, December 22, 1880. James C. Carter, President of the Society, was in the chair, and said by way of introduction: "I have here a toast to 'The Wives and Daughters of New England' coupled with the name of a gentleman very familiar to you; but I hesitate a little about having him speak for them, without first consulting the husbands and fathers. So I will give you 'The Pilgrim Mothers,' and call upon Mr. Joseph H. Choate to respond."]

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—

> "As unto the bow the cord is,
> So unto the man is woman:
> Though she bends him, she obeys him;
> Though she draws him, yet she follows;
> Useless each without the other."

I have no doubt, Mr. President, that it is in obedience to this most truthful sentiment of our New England poet that, to-night, your committee of arrangements have added the cord to the bow, so that, for the first time in the history of the Society, there might be a complete celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims. [Cheers.] I am not surprised, Mr. President, that you deem this subject so delicate a one for your rude hands to touch, or for your inexperienced lips to salute [laughter]; that you have left it to one who claims to be by nature and experience more gifted with knowledge of the subject. [Laughter.] And yet even I tremble at the task which you have assigned me. To speak for so many women at once is a rare and a difficult opportunity. It is given to most of the sons of the Pilgrims once only in a lifetime to speak for one woman. [Laughter.] Sometimes, in rare cases of felicity, they are allowed to do so a second time; and if, by the gift of Divine Providence, it reaches to a third and a fourth, it is what very few of us can hope for. [Laughter and cheers.] And yet, sir, they will point out to you in one village of Connecticut a graveyard wherein repose the bones of a true son of the Pilgrims, surrounded by five wives who in succession had shared his lot, and he rests in the centre, in serene felicity, with the epitaph upon the marble headstone that entombs him inscribed, "Our Husband." [Laughter.] Now, whose husband, sir, shall he be in the world to come, if it shall then turn out that Joseph Smith was not a true prophet? [Laughter.]

I really don't know, at this late hour, Mr. Chairman, how you expect me to treat this difficult and tender subject. I suppose, to begin with, I may take it up historically. There is no part of the sacred writings that has so much impressed me as the history of the first creation of woman. I believe that no invasion of science has shaken the truth of that remarkable record—how Adam slept, and his best rib was taken from his side and transformed into the first woman. Thus, sir, she became the "side-bone" of man!—the sweetest morsel in his whole organism! [Laughter.] Why, sir, there is nothing within the pages of sacred writ that is dearer to me than that story. I believe in it as firmly as I do in that of Daniel in the den of lions, or Jonah in the whale's belly, or any other of those remarkable tales. [Laughter.] There is something in our very organism, sir, that confirms its truth; for if any one of you will lay his hand upon his heart, where the space between the ribs is widest, you feel there a vacuum, which nature abhors, and which nothing can ever replace until the dear creature that was taken from that spot is restored to it. [Cheers and laughter.] Now, Mr. Chairman, you, as a bachelor, may doubt the truth of that; but I ask you, just once, here and now, to try it. [Laughter.] Follow my example, sir, and place your hand just *there*, and see if you do not feel a sense of "gone-ness" which nothing that you have ever yet experienced has been able to satisfy. [Cheers and laughter.]

I might next take up the subject etymologically, and try and explain how woman ever acquired that remarkable name. But that has been done before me by a poet with whose stanzas you are not familiar, but whom you will recognize as deeply versed in this subject, for he says:—

"When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her woe-man,
But when she woo'd with love so kind,
He then pronounced her woman.

"But now, with folly and with pride,
Their husband's pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of whims
That people call them w(h)imen."

[Laughter and cheers.]

Mr. Chairman, I believe you said I should say something about the Pilgrim mothers. Well, sir, it is rather late in the evening to venture upon that historic subject. But, for one, I pity them. The occupants of the galleries will bear me witness that even these modern Pilgrims—these Pilgrims with all the modern improvements—how hard it is to put up with their weaknesses, their follies, their tyrannies, their oppressions, their desire of dominion and rule. [Laughter.] But when you go back to the stern horrors of the Pilgrim rule, when you contemplate the rugged character of the Pilgrim fathers, why, you give credence to what a witty woman of Boston said—she had heard enough of the glories and virtues and sufferings of the Pilgrim fathers; for her part, she had a world of sympathy for the Pilgrim mothers, because they not only endured all that the Pilgrim fathers had done, but they also had to endure the Pilgrim fathers to boot. [Laughter.] Well, sir, they were afraid of woman. They thought she was almost too refined a luxury for them to indulge in. Miles Standish spoke for them all, and I am sure that General Sherman, who so much resembles Miles Standish, not only in his military renown but in his rugged exterior and in his warm and tender heart, will echo his words when he says:—

"I can march up to a fortress, and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I am not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it."

Mr. President, did you ever see a more self-satisfied or contented set of men than these that are gathered at these tables this evening? I never come to the Pilgrim dinner and see these men, who have achieved in the various departments of life such definite and satisfactory success, but that I look back twenty or thirty or forty years, and see the lantern-jawed boy who started out from the banks of the

Connecticut, or some more remote river of New England, with five dollars in his pocket and his father's blessing on his head and his mother's Bible in his carpet-bag, to seek those fortunes which now they have so gloriously made. And there is one woman whom each of these, through all his progress and to the last expiring hour of his life, bears in tender remembrance. It is the mother who sent him forth with her blessing. A mother is a mother still—the holiest thing alive ; and if I could dismiss you with a benediction to-night, it would be by invoking upon the heads of you all the blessing of the mothers that we left behind us. [Prolonged cheers.]

AMERICA'S GOLDEN AGE

[Speech of Joseph H. Choate at the seventy-seventh anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1882. Joseph M. Fiske, President of the Society, was in the chair. Mr. Choate was called upon to respond to the toast "Forefathers' Day."]

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society :—We have come together here to-night for the two hundred and sixty-second time [laughter] to celebrate the landing of the Pilgrims upon that rock which all men now recognize as the corner-stone of liberty. But though it be a corner-stone, it will no longer do for us to say, as Cotton Mather once said, that the sacrifices and sorrows of those heroic men lie hid in a corner, because it is now settled on the highest authority that a corner is the last place in which respectable children would wish to find their parents. [Laughter.]

Well, gentlemen, it must be confessed that in more ways than one we have fairly turned the tables upon those far-away sires of ours. They shivered in the wintry blast and toiled and starved that we as a people might live. We glow with generous wine, and feast upon the fat of the land, that their memories may not die. [Laughter.] If they could look in upon us here to-night—those high-crowned and hungry passengers of the Mayflower—they would hardly recognize us for their children. If they could listen to these our annual revels, they would rather mistake us for the sons of those roystering rollickers of Merry-Mount, and would send Miles Standish with his troop of eight to disperse us at the muzzles of their muskets. I don't know whether we could resist; probably we could rally behind our Great Captain and successfully oppose them. [Applause.]

Then, too, until 1690 the Pilgrims never saw a newspaper; among them the reporter was an unknown terror [laughter], and the interviewer was to be still for two centuries an undiscovered horror. [Laughter.] And yet to-day we spread their praise abroad upon the wings of a press that speaks with a million voices.

In one other respect, too, the age of the Pilgrims was the golden age of America, for Ovid says that in the golden age men did right of their own accord, without the fear of laws or the aid of lawyers, or the presence of the judge, and we read that in the early days of the Plymouth Colony it was the same. What a happy people they were to be vexed by no lawyers, to be awed by no judges (saving the presence of Judge Lawrence), and never under any circumstances having a session of the Legislature or of Congress! [Laughter.]

It was not until a whole generation later that the eccentric people of Connecticut enacted the "blue laws," and here we, at the end of the nineteenth century, at the instigation of a native of Haddam, Connecticut, under the form of a Penal Code, are enacting obnoxious penalties for offences that are no sins [applause and laughter], for which, let me say, the ignorance of the seventeenth century was the only excuse. [Applause.]

The venerable Secretary of this Society, Mr. Luther P. Hubbard [laughter]—himself the sole survivor of the company of the "Mayflower," and who has brought down to our day, in his own person, the austere morality and the simple habits of his fellow-passengers [laughter]—has been in the habit of declaring any time in these last fifty years that the last New England dinner is always the best. And this unhappy company of Pilgrims, Mr. President, who meet here annually at Delmonico's to drown the sorrows and sufferings of their ancestors in the flowing bowl [laughter], and to contemplate their own virtues in the mirror of history [loud applause], are wont to feel as every year comes around that there is more cause than ever to celebrate the return of this great day. Perhaps this is not to be a solitary exception to the record of our annual and mutual congratulation.

A celebrated American traveller has recorded that he shed copious tears at the grave of Adam [laughter], and I suppose it was because in these days of evolution Adam was the first authentic ancestor in whose identity he felt any confidence. [Laughter.] But we have got far beyond that ; we have so thoroughly schooled ourselves to rejoice instead of weeping over the afflictions of our sires that on this day, which records the darkest hour of their pilgrimage, we find that festive hilarity is the most appropriate way to celebrate their fearful trials and perils. [Laughter.]

But in sober earnest, Mr. President—if this company will allow me to be sober [laughter] for a few minutes [laughter]—there is, this year, cause for solid congratulation.

A great tidal-wave of virtue and repentance has swept over the country. Yes, gentlemen, it has just swept over the land from Maine to California. Reform in the public household is the recognized order of the day. "Honest politics are the best," is the universal cry. Look at the two great parties of the country who divide it all between themselves: how they are vying with each other to see which shall profess the loudest and which shall be first to have the credit of putting in practice those principles of public morality and of good government which they know the people love! [Applause.] Even dear old Massachusetts is kneeling with the rest and is counting her beads and confessing her sins. [Laughter and applause.] And Congress, too [laughter], is on the stool of repentance, and I hope she may long remain there. [Applause.] She really seems for once to be in sober earnest, trying to go to work to save the people's money, and to take off the heavy burdens that rest upon their bending backs. Why, it seemed for a long time as though they meant really to imitate the Pilgrim fathers by working all through the Christmas holidays. [Laughter.] But at the last moment, finding that the New England Society was not going to adjourn on account of the stress of political weather, they have sent some of their representatives to attend its dinners in the various cities, in the hope that they would imbibe new wisdom and fresh virtue with which to treat their good resolution. [Applause.]

Why, perhaps the millennium is coming at last, and we are really going to have (as I believe we are, if this storm continues long enough) a government of the people, by the people, and not by the politicians for themselves. [Applause.] And then, perhaps, the first American Constitution, that was written in the cabin of the "Mayflower" and signed by all the men on board, for the institution of the new government on the basis of equal laws, passed by the whole people, for the general benefit of the whole country, will become the law of the whole land. Gentlemen, I want to read that constitution to you for my one serious word to-night, because, short as it is, it is the best Republican platform and the best Democratic platform that any convention ever adopted: "In the name of God, amen: We whose names are hereunder written, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign King James, having undertaken, for the glory of God and the honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and bind ourselves together into a civil body politic for the better and more orderly preservation of the community, to constitute and frame such just and equal laws from time to time as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the whole country, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

As Bancroft has well said, there is the very birth of popular constitutional liberty, and it breathes the same spirit that inspired the utterance of the sainted Lincoln on the field of Gettysburg, in honor of the dead heroes of the war—that briefest and best eulogy that ever was spoken. But, Mr. Chairman, I need not wander far in search of cause for congratulation, when I look up and down this table and see how all the best part of mankind is represented by these guests who have joined us to-night to assist us in honoring the memory of our fathers. How, for instance, could the United States of America be so fitly represented and responded to as by that great soldier who long ago spoke for her at the cannon's mouth in thunder-tones that still echo around the globe? [Applause.] I believe that he had not the good fortune to be born on the soil of New England, but then we claim him as the closest of kindred, for, if I mistake not, he is the grandson of a Connecticut captain who drew his sword at Bunker Hill for independence and fought at Yorktown for the union of the States. [Applause.] I find on the list, too, a toast to the great State of New York, that State which belongs to the Yankees just as much by right of occupation as it does to its own natives. [Applause.] I am sorry that Governor Cornell is detained by illness from being here to-night, for I know this company would like to congratulate him upon his honorable administration [applause], an administration which has commanded the gratitude and confidence of his fellow-citizens.

The City of New York, too—our City of Refuge [laughter], whose faults we acknowledge and attribute to others [laughter], whose merits and glories we enjoy as if they were our own [laughter]—she is fitly represented by her honored chief magistrate. [Applause.] Tradition says that the Pilgrims themselves intended to land here and to be the first upon the spot, but they were wafted by wayward breezes to the more sterile shores of Cape Cod. But, gentlemen, we have done our best to redeem the errors of our fathers, and have recaptured, after two centuries, the prize which they so narrowly lost.

And then women—the better half of the Yankee world, at whose tender summons even the stern Pilgrims were ever ready to spring to arms [laughter], and without whose aid they never would have achieved their historic title of the Pilgrims Fathers [laughter]—they are to be escorted into your presence to-night by one who is never tired of celebrating the "Innocents," whether abroad or at home. [Applause.]

The great State of Massachusetts, too, has sent the worthy representative of Endicott and Winthrop and Carver to speak for her in person—an almost unprecedented honor, which I am sure you will duly appreciate. [Applause.] For if the Pilgrims Fathers had done nothing more than to be the founders of such a State—so rich in education, so loyal to public virtue, so steadfast for freedom—they certainly would have commanded the lasting gratitude of mankind. [Applause.]

I am sure you would not allow me to quit this pleasing programme if I did not felicitate you upon the presence of two other gentlemen—those twin hail fellows, well met, at every festive board—without whom no banquet is ever complete; I mean, of course, Mr. Depew and General Porter. [Applause.] Their splendid efforts on a thousand fields like this have fairly won their golden spurs. [Laughter.] I forget whether it was Pythagoras or Emerson who finally decided that the soul of mankind is located in the stomach, but these two gentlemen, certainly, by their achievements on such arenas as this have demonstrated at least this rule of anatomy, that the pyloric orifice is the shortest cut to the human brain. [Laughter.] Their well-won title of first of dinner-orators is the true survival of the fittest, for I assure you that their triumphant struggles in all these many years at scenes like this would long ago have laid all the rest of us under the table, if not under the sod. And so I think in your names I may bid them welcome, thrice welcome—*duo fulmina belli*. [Laughter and applause.]

Mr. President, my ten minutes are exhausted, and I have not yet got to my subject—that splendid theme—"The Day we Celebrate," and those heroes and heroines who made it immortal.

When that little company of Nonconformists at Scrooby, with Elder William Brewster at their head, having lost all but conscience and honor, took their lives in their hands and fled to Protestant Holland, seeking nothing but freedom to worship God in their own way and to earn their scanty bread by the sweat of their brows—when they toiled and worshipped there in Leyden for twelve long and suffering years—when at last longing for a larger liberty they crossed the raging Atlantic in that crazy little bark that bore at the peak the cross of St. George, the sole emblem of their country and their hopes—when they landed in the dead of winter on a stern and rock-bound coast—when they saw before the spring came around one entire half of the number of their dear comrades perished of cold and want—when they knew not where to lay their heads—

> "They little thought how clear a light
> With years should gather round this day,
> How love should keep their memories bright;
> How wide a realm their sons should sway;"

how the day and the place should be honored as the source from which true liberty derived its birth, and how at last a nation of fifty millions of freemen would bend in homage over their shrine.

We honor them for their dauntless courage, for their sublime virtue, for their self-denial, for their hard work, for their common-sense, for their ever-living sense of duty, for their fear of God that cast out all other fears, and for their raging thirst for liberty.

In common with all those generations through which we trace our proud lineage to their hardy stock, we owe a great share of all that we have achieved, and all that we enjoy of strength, of freedom, of prosperity, to their matchless virtue and their grand example.

So long as America continues to love truth and duty, so long as she cherishes liberty and justice, she will never tire of hearing the praises of the Pilgrims, or of heaping fresh laurels upon their altar. [Loud applause and cheers.]

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

[Speech of Joseph H. Choate, as presiding officer at the Harvard Alumni dinner, Cambridge, Mass., June 27, 1883. This was the year of General Benjamin F. Butler's incumbency of the Governorship of Massachusetts, when the honorary degree of LL.D., which it had been customary for Harvard to confer upon each new Governor of the State, was withheld. Governor Butler's presence at the dinner, in accordance with custom, heightened the interest in the occasion.]

Brethren of the Alumni :—I hardly know how to begin. My head swims when I look down from the giddy and somewhat dangerous elevation to which you have unwittingly raised me. Here have I been seated for the last hour between the two horns of a veritable dilemma. [Laughter.] On the one side the President of the University [cheers], on the other His Excellency the Governor of Massachusetts [applause], whom to-day we welcome to the hospitalities of Harvard. [Prolonged applause.] As to our worthy President—you all know him—you know how he strikes—always from the shoulder—a true Harvard athlete, and how idle it is for any ordinary alumnus to contend with him. [Applause.] And as to his Excellency, a long professional observation and some experience of him have taught me that he, too, like the President, is a safe man to let alone,—*Experto credite. Quantus in clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.* Well, I assure you I have found it a most safe and comfortable seat. I have got along splendidly with both by agreeing exactly to everything that each of them has said. [Laughter.] For you know the horns of a dilemma, however perilous they may be to their victims, never can come in conflict with each other. [Laughter.] And so, directly between them, if you take care to hold on, as I have done, tight to each, you are sure to find safety and repose. [Laughter.] *Medio tutissimus ibis.* I accept it as a happy omen,—prophetic, let us hope, of that peace and harmony which shall govern this meeting to its close. [Applause.]

And now, brethren, I am at a loss whether to thank you or not for the honor you have done me in calling me to preside on this occasion, for it was only when the alumni of Harvard had lost their head that they invited me to supply its place. [Laughter.] I sincerely regret the absence from this chair to-day of that distinguished gentleman who should have occupied it, in deference to your wishes, expressed by your ballots. [Applause.] His character, his eloquence, and his life-long loyalty to Harvard, would have graced and adorned the occasion, and we all lament his absence. But though the association of the alumni is for the moment without a head, Harvard College still lives, and to-day is younger and fresher, more vigorous and more powerful, than ever before. [Applause.]

With the pious devotion of elder children, we have come up here to-day to attend upon our venerable Alma Mater in the hour of her annual travail [laughter], and gathered about her couch with patient reverence to witness the birth of the latest addition to the family, those two hundred and five new pledges of her never-failing and ever-renewing creative power. [Laughter.] We wish them Godspeed on that journey of life which they have to-day so auspiciously begun. [Applause.] The degree conferred upon them this morning is an assurance to the world that they start in the race with more or less learning—some of them a good deal more, and some of them a good deal less. [Laughter.] But let us hope that every man of them has got and carries away with him what is better than all their learning, and what it has been our boast to believe, that the training of Harvard has always tended to cultivate, an honest and manly character, a hatred of all shams and humbugs [prolonged applause], an earnest purpose to make the most of themselves, and to serve their times as men, and their country as good citizens and patriots. [Applause.]

I think we may well congratulate each other upon the dignified and proud attitude which Harvard University now presents to the country and to the world [applause], and that she has made more real and lasting progress in the last fifteen years than in any prior period of her history [applause] —a progress due in large measure to the hopeful wisdom and tireless energy of President Eliot. [Enthusiastic applause and cheers.] He found here a local college whose administration, whose standard, whose system, had undergone no radical change for generations; and to-day he presents her to the world a great and national university, and the national features and relations of Harvard are now its most striking and attractive ones. No State—not even Massachusetts—can any longer appropriate her. [Applause.] No city—not even Boston—can any longer claim her for its own. [Applause.] She belongs henceforth to the whole country, and is justly regarded at home and abroad as the one typical American university. [Applause.] Perhaps we of the alumni who live in other and distant parts of the country can appreciate this change better than those of you whose lives are spent almost within the shadow of her elms. The tide is setting towards Harvard across the whole continent. Her examinations, carried first to New York, and then to Cincinnati, and then to Chicago, and at last to the Pacific coast, have raised the standard of education and the quality of the schools throughout the whole country [applause]; and this influence is yearly increasing. And the diplomas of her professional schools now carry into all the States an assurance of new and increased fitness for the commencement of professional life. [Applause.]

The best test of your success, Mr. President, is that other colleges are rapidly beginning to adopt and accept your system and your reforms. Even the meagre little that Harvard has yet done for the education of women, is beginning to bear fruit elsewhere. [Applause.] To-day, Columbia, forced by the pressure of public opinion, with tardy and reluctant hand is beginning to dole out to women a few stale and paltry crumbs that fall from the bountiful table in distant imitation of the Harvard Annex. [Applause.] Of course Harvard will by and by do a great deal more for them than she has done yet [applause], and Madam Boylston, who alone of her sex has held her solitary place on these walls for nearly a century, among these shades of learned men, looks down upon me with smiling approval when I say that somehow or other, sooner or later, Harvard will yet give the women a better chance for education, as Cambridge and Oxford have already done. [Applause.]

No enumeration, Mr. President, of the glories of Harvard would be quite complete which omitted to refer to the athletic development of these latter days. Voltaire wrote to Helvetius: " The body of an athlete and the soul of a sage are what we require to be happy." How prophetic of to-day's curriculum at Harvard! [Laughter.] To-morrow at New London will put our muscle and our mettle to the test. Let us pray for the pluck and the wind and the bottom of the Harvard crew. [Laughter and applause.]

I must not prolong these pleasing bits of eloquence [laughter], or else his Excellency will begin to expect that we sons of Harvard think a little too much of ourselves. [Laughter.] Nothing could be farther from the truth than that. [Laughter and applause.] Yet I need not assure him, because he knows it already, that it is our true boast that an overweening modesty is the leading Harvard attribute. [Laughter.] But let me before closing refer to one or two special incidents of the day. It is now two hundred and forty-five years since John Harvard died at Charlestown, bequeathing his fair name, his library and the half of his estate to the infant college in the wilderness, then just struggling into existence and matriculating its first freshman class of nine. He surely builded wiser than he knew; he died all unconscious of the immortality of glory that awaited him, for it was not till after his death that the General

Court voted, in recognition of his generous gifts, to change the name of the little college at Newton to Harvard College. And now, after eight generations of graduates have been baptized in his name, a pious worshipper at his shrine, turning his face towards Mecca, has presented to the alumni a bronze statue of our prophetic founder, which is to be erected at the head of the delta, and to stand for coming ages as the guardian genius of the college. [Applause.] Let me read the letter which precedes the gift, and I will say that the writer and the giver, a gentlemen here present, from whom and of whom I hope we shall hear more by and by, is Mr. Samuel J. Bridge, of Boston. The letter is as follows :—

To the President and Fellows of Harvard College:

Gentlemen,—I have the pleasure of offering you an ideal statue in bronze representing your founder, the Rev. John Harvard, to be designed by Daniel C. French, of Concord, and to be placed in the west end of the enclosure in which Memorial Hall stands. If you do me the honor to accept this offer, I propose to contract at once for the work, including an appropriate pedestal, and I am assured that the statue can be in place by June 1, 1884. I am, with much respect,

SAMUEL J. BRIDGE.

[The reading of the letter was followed by loud applause, which became more enthusiastic when Mr. Bridge rose in his place on the platform and bowed his acknowledgments.]

I am sure, gentlemen, that I can assure the generous donor, in your name, of the hearty thanks of all the alumni of the college, those who are here to-day and those who are scattered throughout the country and the world. [Applause.]

Other generous gifts commemorate this occasion,—a marble bust of General William F. Bartlett [prolonged applause and cheers], of the class of 1862,—a hero, if God ever made one [applause], a martyr who was fourteen years dying for his country of wounds that he bore for her,—is placed in this hall to-day to stay as long as marble shall endure in the fit company of heroes and martyrs to whom its walls are dedicated. [Applause.] Colonel Henry Lee, by and by, will formally present it to you, and also a bust of Ralph Waldo Emerson, sacred forever within these walls. [Applause.] Surely, if Harvard had never produced anything but Emerson, she would have been entitled to a front rank among the great universities. [Applause.]

But, brethren, I know you are all impatient to hear those you have come to hear. [Applause.] You cannot wait any longer, I am sure, to hear from our excellent President his annual message of comfort and distress. [Laughter and applause.] He will tell you all that the college in the last year has done for you, and all that you in return in the year to come are expected to do for the college. [Laughter and applause.] It will also be your privilege to hear from the people of Massachusetts, as represented in the person of his Excellency the Governor [prolonged applause and cheers], who has come here to-day by the invitation of the President and Fellows, which he accepted in deference to an ancient custom not easily to be broken. [Applause and laughter.] You all remember, gentlemen, that intimate and honorable alliance that has existed between the college and the State for nearly two centuries, out of tender regard for which tradition assures us that every Commencement, beginning with that of 1642, has been graced by the presence of the Governor of the Commonwealth. [Applause.] And, for one, I hope the day may be far, very far, distant when the Governor of Massachusetts shall fail to be welcomed on Commencement day within the walls of Harvard. [Prolonged applause.] In the name of Massachusetts we greet him, remembering, as we may fitly remember in this place sacred to heroic deeds, that it was he who, at the call of Andrew, led the advanced guard of Massachusetts, in which certain sons of Harvard were a part, to the rescue and the relief of the besieged capital [applause]; that Lincoln set his seal upon that service by commissioning their commander as a major-general of the United States [applause], and that it did not need that diploma to prove that he bore, and they followed to the front, the ancient standard of Massachusetts, in the spirit of Sidney's motto, which the State has made its own,—*Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.*

And now, gentlemen, I give you the first regular toast, "Our Beloved Alma Mater," and I propose with it the health of the head of her great family, President Eliot, who will now address you to your lasting benefit. [Loud applause.]

BRITISH EVACUATION OF NEW YORK

[Speech of Joseph H. Choate at the banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, November 26, 1883, in commemoration of the Evacuation of the City of New York by the British, November 25, 1783. The President of the Chamber, George W. Lane, occupied the chair. In introducing the speaker, Mr. Lane said: "The fourth regular toast is, 'The Day we Celebrate—the Second Birthday of New York. Out of the ashes of the Revolution in the gladsome light of liberty and peace, she rose to her place as the metropolis of the Continent.' This will be responded to by Mr. Joseph H. Choate."]

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—I came here to-night with some notes for a speech in my pocket, but I have been sitting next to General Butler and in the course of the evening they have mysteriously disappeared. [Loud laughter, in which General Butler joined.] The consequence is, gentlemen, that you may expect a very good speech from him and a very poor one from me. [Laughter.] Your committee, Mr. President, found me amid the ruins of the temple of Golgos, into which the Federal Court has for the time being been converted, engaged in the study of Cypriote antiquities,* and they did me the very great honor of asking me to come here to-night and take part in the merchants' celebration of the Evacuation of New York by the British. Well, it is hardly to be expected that a man whose whole soul is absorbed in the study of ancient art and in the resurrection of gods and demigods that have slumbered in the dust of Cyprus for fifteen hundred years, until their very identity is brought into question [laughter], should have much thought or emotion left for such an event of yesterday as the evacuation of New York by the British, which occurred but a century ago. [Laughter.] And so if my thoughts prove to be wandering and scattered and even little better than a "patchwork of unrelated parts" [laughter], why, gentlemen, you will not lay it to any want of patriotism but only the pressure of circumstances. [Laughter.] When I read this toast which you have just drunk in honor of Her Gracious Majesty, the

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* The Feuardent-Cesnola suit.

Queen of Great Britain, and heard how you received the letter of the British Minister that was read in response, and how heartily you joined in singing "God Save the Queen," when I look up and down these tables and see among you so many representatives of English capital and English trade, I have my doubts whether the evacuation of New York by the British was quite as thorough and lasting as history would fain have us believe. [Laughter.] If George III, who certainly did all he could to despoil us of our rights and liberties and bring us to ruin—if he could rise from his grave and see how his granddaughter is honored at your hands to-night, why, I think he would return whence he came, thanking God that his efforts to enslave us, in which for eight long years he drained the resources of the British Empire, were not successful. [Applause.]

The truth is, the boasted triumph of New York in getting rid of the British once and forever has proved, after all, to be but a dismal failure. We drove them out in one century only to see them return in the next to devour our substance and to carry off all the honors. [Applause.] We have just seen the noble Chief Justice of England, the feasted favorite of all America, making a triumphal tour across the Continent and carrying all before him at the rate of fifty miles an hour. [Applause.] Night after night at our very great cost we have been paying the richest tribute to the reigning monarch of the British stage, and nowhere in the world are English men and women of character and culture received with a more hearty welcome, a more earnest hospitality, than in this very State of New York. [Applause.] The truth is, that this event that we celebrate to-day, which sealed the independence of America and seemed for the time to give a staggering blow to the prestige and the power of England, has proved to be no less a blessing to her own people than to ours. [Applause.] The latest and best of the English historians has said that, however important the independence of America might be in the history of England, it was of overwhelming importance in the history of the world, and that though it might have crippled for a while the supremacy of the English nation, it founded the supremacy of the English race [applause]; and after tracing the growth of America from three millions of people scattered along the Atlantic coast, in 1783, to fifty millions of people filling the whole continent to-day, he declares that, in wealth and imperial energy as well as in numbers, it far surpasses the mother country from which it sprang; that it has become the main branch of the English people and that the history of that people henceforth is to run along the channel, not of the Thames and the Mersey, but of the Hudson and the Mississippi. [Applause.] And in the same spirit we welcome the fact that those social, political and material barriers that separated the two nations a century ago have now utterly vanished; that year by year we are being drawn closer and closer together, and that this day may be celebrated with equal fitness on both sides of the Atlantic and by all who speak the English tongue. [Applause.]

The Chamber of Commerce, gentlemen,—our noble host of to-night—has its own appropriate method of celebrating great public events. It cares for no grand processions, it delighteth not in long orations [laughter], but I must beg pardon both of Mr. Beecher and General Butler for saying that--I did not mean to tread on either of their corns. [Laughter.] This Chamber indulges in no fireworks, but being made up of none but solid and prosperous men, it comes directly to the point and celebrates at the same time its own virtues and merits [laughter], and the event or the scene which it seeks to commemorate by a glorious and gorgeous banquet such as it has spread before us to-night. Thus it reaches the sympathies of its members [laughter] in a way that could not otherwise be done—through the broad avenue of the stomach [laughter], which Emerson long ago said was with all the branches of the Anglo-Saxon race the direct and shortest cut to their hearts. [Laughter.] This genial method of celebrating, gentlemen, is another charming trait which we have derived with our blood from our remote English ancestors; for a celebrated Venetian traveller, visiting England as long ago as 1500, wrote home to a friend: "The people of this island are so given to hospitality that they really would rather spend ten ducats in entertaining a stranger handsomely than give a single groat to aid any in distress." [Laughter.] But when we remember how promptly the hands of the New York merchants leap to their pockets to relieve distress wherever it appears, it must be said that the race has marvellously developed, and that if these are Englishmen, why, they are Englishmen with all the modern improvements. [Applause.]

This fine method of celebration, gentlemen, derives double strength from the charming power of contrast. It was a very hungry and thirsty day that we now commemorate. New York was pretty nearly starved out by those seven years of hostile occupation. It was to no such bill of fare as this that Washington and Hamilton and Clinton and their compatriots sat down in Fraunces' tavern a hundred years ago to-night. But this I hope, gentlemen, that the same ardent love of liberty and the same undying devotion to country serves as the same relish to both feasts. [Loud applause.]

But I must return to the particular subject of my toast. I am a little off the track. [Laughter.] The Chamber of Commerce, which owns everything in New York, and which always does what it likes, in its own way, thinks what it pleases, says what it pleases, and above all, eats and drinks what it pleases,—the summit of ordinary human ambition—has invited us to-night to celebrate the day that the toast very truthfully describes as the "second birthday" of this great city, in which we live and which this mixed company of Yankees, Germans, Hebrews, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Southerners and Danes, with here and there scattered a lost Knickerbocker [laughter], are proud to call their home.

It has been the misfortune of all the great cities that have preceded us that their origin was lost in the mists of tradition in a time that runs beyond the memory of man. But fortunately the art of printing preceded by nearly two centuries the settlement of New Amsterdam, and every step of its progress is recorded in the imperishable letter of history, so that we can turn to the book and the page for each one of the Red Letter days in its annals. We not only know the day but the hour and the very time of the tide when Hendrick Hudson anchored in the Half Moon inside of Sandy Hook and hoisted the Dutch flag to take the sovereignty of the soil for Holland. We preserve the parchment by which the first settlers purchased from the Indians the whole Island of Manhattan for the sum of twenty-four dollars. We can trace in the veracious history of Washington Irving the truthful details of all the sixty years of the period of the Dutch dominion, until that fatal day when Charles II, exercising that time-honored prerogative of a British monarch to give away what did not belong to him (which he had, you know, from William the Norman who gave away all England without owning one foot of it), handed over the whole City and Province together in a fit of generous liberality to his brother, the Duke of York, who straightway imposed upon the unwilling inhabitants a name which, in time, was to redeem his own from dishonored oblivion. We can trace, too, year by year the annals of the hundred years of English dominion during which the people of this city so learned the principles of English liberty that when the hand of oppression was laid upon them, it merely awoke them to independence, and the best statesmen of England at once conceded that it was impossible to conquer America. [Applause.]

This memorable day, gentlemen, closes the long series of Centennial memories which began in April, 1775, at Lexington and has marked and illuminated each historic spot, each scene of trial and of conflict, each field of victory that together make up our Revolutionary struggle. We should have been base ingrates indeed, if we had neglected any of those golden occasions, to record our gratitude and admiration for the services by which our fathers laid the foundations of that liberty and union which in a single century have brought us where we now stand. But of all the historic jubilees, there is not one which New York can celebrate with greater spirit or more hearty enthusiasm than that day which saw the last remnant of the British and Hessian army embark at the Battery, and Washington and war-worn veterans treading upon their heels to raise upon Fort George for the first time the Stars and Stripes as the emblem of a free nation. [Applause.] People understand this a great deal better than words can describe it, as their swarming millions in the streets to-day have testified. The clouds may lower and the tempest might break upon them, but they defied the elements to do their worst; these could not dampen their ardor nor chill the enthusiasm with which they waited to see and cheer the President of the United States and General Grant at the head of the procession; the President as worthily representing the majesty of that country which they love, and General Grant as the living champion of the struggles that have maintained it. [Applause.]

Although Yorktown two years before had ended the great battles of the war, although the preliminary treaty had been signed a year before, and its final exchange in September, 1783, had formally introduced the thirteen colonies to the world as free, sovereign and independent, yet as long as New York, the great seaport of the country, remained in the hands of the enemy, the fruits of the treaty and of the peace were not realized; and their final departure on the twenty-fifth of November, 1783, was a signal demonstration to the people that peace at last had really returned and that the independence for which they had been struggling and suffering for so many years was at last actually achieved. [Applause.] In April, 1775, Joseph Warren had written: "America must and will be free. The contest may be severe but the end will be glorious." He sealed the words with his blood, and took his place as the first great martyr of the great cause. And now the people saw that the contest, severer far than Warren ever dreamed of, was over, and that the end all glorious as he hoped had come. [Applause.] Of all the thirteen States, New York in the struggles and sacrifices of the war had suffered incomparably more than any of the rest. Its soil had been overrun and occupied in succession by both armies; its rich capital had been seized and made for six long years the base of British operations; the people had been driven from their homes and their property despoiled and destroyed. From the beginning the British Ministry had made the most desperate efforts to debauch them from their loyalty to their brethren of the other colonies. The Royal Council and a Tory Legislature had refused to represent them in the Congress, but the outraged people took their own affairs into their own hands, and, thanks to a free press that could neither be muzzled nor bought and to such men as Jay and Hamilton and Clinton, names never to be forgotten on days like this, they linked their fortunes indissolubly to those of the other colonies. The great majority of the people of the colony were true to themselves and their country; another disproof of the fallacy which the great English critic [Matthew Arnold] is now preaching among us, and to which I believe our friend Governor Butler has recently become a reluctant convert, that majorities are in the wrong. [Laughter and applause.]

On every field of victory or defeat the sons of New York stood or fell with the rest; but their beautiful city, nevertheless, the pride of the whole province and country had been blasted by the ravages of war. Fire had destroyed its fairest portion; its people had been driven from their homes; its population reduced one-half and the remnant had been handed over to foreign soldiers and Tory refugees. And now the day of their deliverance had come, and their homes in ashes and in ruin, as the city was about to be surrendered to its loyal and long-suffering sons. The scene which this day commemorates summed up, as it ended, the whole history of the war. You remember what Lord Chatham said, probably every member of the Chamber of Commerce used to speak it at school: "If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a single foreign soldier remained in my country, I would never lay down my arms." [Applause.] Now, America had been true to that cheering word, and at last, at last, the saving hour had come. Of the departing troops nearly one-half were foreign mercenaries; a signal proof that the war from the beginning to the end was a war of the King and the Ministry and not of the people [applause], and that Chatham and Burke and Conway and their great associates, friends of America, had large backing behind them in the hearts of the English people when they declared that the liberties of England no less than those of America were staked upon our success. Throughout the war from the beginning to the end the Ministry could not find Englishmen enough to fill up the army, but had to depend upon German mercenaries, hired at so much a head from petty princes to do their distasteful and hopeless work. [Applause.]

Who can conceive, then, with what infinite exultation and pride the returning citizens of New York on that glorious day saw the last of these foreign invaders and hirelings depart from these shores which their hostile feet had so long desecrated and profaned? Who can imagine with what gratitude and love they turned on the afternoon of the same day to greet the battered remnant of the Continental army bearing the flags that had triumphed at Lexington, at Bunker Hill, at Saratoga, and at Yorktown?—those veterans whose bronzed and scarred faces told the whole story of the war? And who above all can realize with what boundless enthusiasm and adoration they hastened to welcome Washington—Washington whose great soul had been the beacon-light that had led all America on its way to liberty, from that far-distant day when he first unsheathed the sword under the old elm tree at Cambridge until now that the great goal was reached? [Applause.] He came not in uniform; he came not at the head of the army, but leading a civic procession in the plain clothes of a citizen, in token that there was no more war, no more need of the soldier or of the general; and after seeing the last foot of American soil purged from the presence of the invader he was about to bid a last farewell to his companions in arms, and hasten to Annapolis to lay down his sword and his commission at the feet of that Congress from whom eight years before he had received it. [Cheers.] And Washington came not alone. By his side there marched another hero, whose name no native or adopted citizen of New York can fail to recall whenever her part in the Revolution is remembered—the great war governor, George Clinton [cheers]—whose grateful task it was on that day to represent the sovereignty of the State of New York over its recovered capital.

Very well then and truthfully may we say, as the toast says, that this day we celebrate was the "second birthday" of the city in which we live. All its bright destiny dates from that happy hour of triumph. Its mighty commerce, its boundless wealth, its vast population, its majestic proportions—all trace their origin to the day we celebrate. It is not for me, gentlemen, to relate its subsequent progress. "Then and Now," has been reserved upon your programme for wiser and more eloquent lips than mine. But I may say in conclusion that if wealth and numbers are the end of civilization, New York may rest content; but if, as Mr. Arnold declares, and as every man in his senses must agree. these, great as they are, are but the means for higher ends, then New York has but just begun the great work that lies ready for her hands to do, and has thus far only been laying the foundation of her future greatness. I do not know, Mr. President, how the committee who had the banquet in charge could have better decorated these walls for this occasion than by hanging upon them these striking portraits of George Washington and George Clinton, as now they appear before you, standing side by side, so on that great day they rode into the city, one representing the State of New York and the other the imperial majesty of the United Colonies, soon destined to become the United States of America. [Applause.] As they look down upon this festival in their honor, upon these citizens and the great city which has shared in such rich measure the fruits of their joint labors and sacrifices, upon this scene so fitly graced by the presence of the President of the Republic, which they did so much to found, and by the presence of so many of the Governors of the old thirteen States which they welded into one—could these dignified and majestic lips but speak, how fervently would they thank God for permitting them to labor and to suffer for such results, and how urgently would they exhort us to hand down untarnished and unbroken to posterity the liberty and the union which they so stoutly fought for and maintained. [Applause.]

SONS AND GUESTS OF OLD HARVARD

[Speech of Joseph H. Choate, as presiding officer at the Harvard Alumni dinner, Cambridge, Mass., June 24, 1885.]

BRETHREN OF THE ALUMNI:—Now that you have banqueted upon these more substantial dainties which the Delmonico of Harvard has provided [laughter], I invite you to partake of the more delicate diet of tongues and sounds [laughter]—the favorite dish of every Harvard dinner—where, of course, every alumnus expects to get his deserts. We have assembled for the two hundred and forty-ninth time to pay our vows at the shrine of our Alma Mater, to revel in the delights of mutual admiration, and to welcome to the commencement of actual life 175 new brethren that our mother has brought forth to-day. [Laughter.] Gentlemen, it is your great misfortune, that I have been called upon, on two occasions, to stand here in the place of the president of your choice, and to fill the shoes of a better man, and if I shuffle awkwardly along in them, you will remember that they are several sizes too large for me, and with higher heels than I am accustomed to wear. [Laughter.] On a former occasion, in view of the incompatibility of sentiment among high authorities [laughter], I did what I might to stem the tide of a seemingly irrepressible conflict, and, by your counsel and aid, with apparent success. [Applause.] "Grim visaged war" did smooth "his wrinkled front" [laughter], and peace and harmony prevailed where blood had threatened.

But how, gentlemen, can I hope to fill your just expectations to-day, when you have justly counted upon the most popular of all your divines and the most fervent of all your orators, who should now be leading your council here? But Phillips Brooks, having long ago mastered all hearts at home, has gone abroad in search of new conquests. [Applause.] When last heard from he was doing well in very kindred company; for he was breakfasting with Gladstone, the statesman whose defeat is his mightiest victory [applause]; the scholar and the orator, who would exchange for no title in the royal gift the lustre of his own great name. [Applause.] But, gentlemen, I have no fears for the success of this occasion, notwithstanding the absence we deplore, when I look around these tables and see who still are here. In the first place, you are all here. [Laughter and applause.] And when the sons of Harvard are all together, basking in the sunshine of each other's countenances, what need is there for the sun to shine? And, then, President Eliot is here. [Applause.] I remember that sixteen years ago, we gave him his first welcome to the seat where Quincy, Everett, Sparks and Felton and Walker had sat before him; and, to-day, in your names, I may thank him that he has more than redeemed the pride and promise of the earlier days. While it cannot exactly be said that he found Harvard of brick and left it marble, it can truly be said that he found it a college and has already made it a university [applause]; and let us all hope that his faithful reign over us may continue as long as he has the strength and the courage to carry on the good work that he has in hand. And, then, the governor of the Commonwealth is here [applause], always a most honored guest among the alumni of Harvard. [Applause.] Governor Winthrop attended the first commencement in 1642; and I believe that since that time there has never been any exception to the presence of the chief magistrate.

Then, gentlemen, we are honored with the presence of the Vice-President of the United States.* [Applause.] And now that Harvard has assumed such national proportions, what could be more fit than that we should welcome to our board one of the chief representatives of the national government? He comes to us, gentlemen, fresh from Yale [laughter], and if we may believe the morning papers—a very large *if*, I admit—if we may believe those veracious journals, the eminent Vice-President yesterday at New Haven gave utterance to two brief and pithy sentiments, one of which we shall accept, with absolute, unqualified applause, and the other of which we must swallow, if at all, with a modification. "Yale," said he, in short and sententious words—which are the essence of great men and which we are all so fond of hearing and reporting—"Yale," said he, "is everywhere." Gentlemen, I would say with this modification: Yes, Yale is everywhere, but she always finds Harvard there before her. [Applause.] Gentlemen, the rudeness of your manner broke off my sentence. [Laughter.] She always finds Harvard there before her, or close alongside or very close in her rear; and let us hope that her boys at New London will demonstrate the truth of that tomorrow. [Applause.] The other sentiment that he uttered, gentlemen, and that needs no qualification, is that public office is a public trust. [Applause.] Gentlemen, in saying that, he stole Harvard thunder. That has been her doctrine since the days of John Adams; and I am sure that you will be perfectly delighted to hear from this eminent man that old doctrine of ours reinforced.

But, gentlemen, better than all the rest, once more at home in his old place among us again, is James Russell

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* Thomas Andrew Hendricks.

Lowell. [Applause. All rose for three cheers and nine "rahs."] Eight years ago, gentlemen, he left us for the public service. Men who did not know him wondered how poetry and diplomacy would work together; poetry, the science of all truth, and diplomacy that is thought sometimes to be not quite so true. Well, if you will allow me, I will explain his triumphs abroad by a wise saying of Goethe's, the fitness of which, I think, you will recognize. "Poetry," he says, "belongs not to the noble nor to the people, neither to king nor to peasant; it is the offspring of a true man." Gentlemen, it is not because of the laurels that were heaped upon him abroad, not because he commanded new honor for the American scholar and the American people, and not because his name will henceforth be a new bond of union between the two countries; but we learned to love him before he went away, because we knew that, from the beginning, he had been the fearless champion of truth and of freedom, and, during every year of his absence, we have loved him the more. And so, in your names, I bid him a cordial welcome home again. [Applause.]

You will also be pleased to hear that Dr. Holmes [applause] has been inspired by this interesting feature of the occasion to mount his Pegasus once more and ride out to Cambridge upon his back; and soon you will hear him strike his lyre once more in praise of his younger brother. [Applause.] But, gentlemen, these are not all the treasures that are in store for you. Dr. James Freeman Clarke, after twenty-five years of continuous service on the Board of Overseers, from which he now retires, by the strength of the constitution, will tell you frankly what he thinks about you and about them. And then, to the class of 1835 the crowning honors of this day belong, and I am pleased to say that their chosen spokesman, although pretending to be for the moment an invalid—he wrote to me that he was no better than he should be [laughter]—he is here to speak for them. For us who have been coming up to Cambridge for the last thirty years, I would like to know what a Harvard Commencement without Judge Hoar would be? Who can forget the quips and cranks and wanton wiles with which he has beguiled many an hour that promised to be dull; and how he has, I will not say blighted, but dimmed, some of our lighter moments by words of wisdom and power. So in your name I say: "Long life and a green old age to Judge Hoar and all the members of the class of 1835."

Then, gentlemen, all these new doctors of the law: why, Harvard, returning to an ancient custom, has been graduating them out of her own sons, and to-day it may truly be said that the university has been growing rich and strong by degrees. [Laughter.] You will be glad to hear all of them speak for themselves. Of one of them, Dr. Carter, I will say, from intimate knowledge, that he leads us gallantly at the bar of New York, and all his associates rejoice in his leadership. He has recently rendered a signal service to the jurisprudence of that great State by contributing more than any other man to the defeat of a code which threatened to involve all the settled law of the community in confusion and contempt.

Well, gentlemen, as I have told you who are to speak to you, I should sit down. I believe, however, it is usual for the presiding officer to recall any startling events in the history of the college. Gentlemen, there have been none. The petition of the undergraduates for what they called a fuller civil and religious liberty, in being relieved from compulsory attendance on morning prayers, was happily denied. The answer of the overseers was well-conceived—that, in obedience to the settled rules and regulations of the college, of which that was one, they would find an all-sufficient liberty. That idea was not original with them; they borrowed it from Mr. Lowell, when he said and sung in his sonnet upon the reformers:—

> Who yet have not the one great lesson learned
> That grows in leaves,
> Tides in the mighty seas,
> And in the stars eternally hath burned,
> That only full obedience is free.

The only other incident in the history of the year is the successful effort that has been made in digging out the history of John Harvard; and about that, the President of the college will tell you in good time—who he was, whence he came, and where he got the fortune and the library which he contributed, along with his melodious name, to the college. He gave half of all he had, gentlemen, and out of that modest fountain what vast results have flowed! May no red-handed vandal of an undergraduate ever desecrate his statue that stands at the head of the park. [Applause.] Now, brethren, would you have your statue crowned? Would you, too, become immortal? Would you identify your homes with the glory of the college? The way is open and easy. Follow exactly the example of the founder; give one equal half of all you are worth to the college, and if you wish to enjoy your own immortality, do it to-morrow, while you are alive. [Applause and laughter.] If you shrink from that, die at once and give it to them. [Laughter.] Other people, possibly, will rise up and call you blessed, whatever your own may do [laughter]; so you will relieve the President of more than half the labors of his office.

Gentlemen, I did want to say a word about another matter, the elective system, but President Eliot tells me I had better not. He says that the Board of Overseers of the college are incubating on that question, and that there is no telling what they may hatch out. Now don't let us disturb them, gentlemen; at any rate, while they are on the nest; we might crack the shell, and then the whole work would have to be done over again. And so, gentlemen, as you now seem to be in good mood, let me say one word more about this elective system. I don't care how they settle it; I hope they will give us the means of sustaining and fortifying their decision when they make it. We alumni at a distance from the college are often stung to indignation by the attacks that are made upon us by the representatives of other colleges. One would think, by the way they talk down there at Princeton, that Harvard was going to the everlasting bow-wows; that the fountains of learning were being undermined and broken up; that, as Mr. Lowell said again:—

> "The Anglo-Saxondom's idee's abreakin' 'em to pieces,
> An' thet idee's thet every man doos jest wut he damn pleases."

I suppose that the truth about the elective system is that the world moves on and the college moves with it. In Cotton Mather's time, when he said that the sole object of the foundation of a college was to furnish a good supply of godly ministers for the provinces, it was well enough to feed them on Latin and Greek only. Now that young men when they go out into the world have everything to do about taking part in all the activities of life, I for one say let them have the chance to learn here anything they can possibly want to learn. [Applause.] And I hope that our President will persevere in one direction, at least until he can say truly that whatever is worth learning can be taught well at Harvard. This is well expressed again in an idea of Mr. Lowell's, who always has ideas enough, if divided, to go around even among us :—

> "New occasions teach new duties ; Time makes ancient good uncouth ;
> They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of truth."

Gentlemen, let me say a single word before I sit down. I hope you will be very patient with all the other speakers. I advise them, as the hour is late and the afternoon is short and there are a great many of them in number, each to put a good deal of shortening in his cake. That is a rule that never is applied to the presiding officer, and I am afraid that it never will be.

Now, gentlemen, I give you the health of President Eliot ; long life to him. [Applause.]

TRIBUTE TO GENERAL MILES

[Speech of Joseph H. Choate, as presiding officer at a dinner given, November 11, 1898, in honor of Major-General Nelson A. Miles, by more than seven hundred of the most distinguished citizens of New York. Mr. Choate read a letter from President McKinley, who said that although his engagements prevented his presence, he desired to express his hearty congratulations to the general commanding the United States Army.]

O ye gods, and [with a glance at the boxes] goddesses [laughter] ! we have not come here to talk our distinguished friend to death, but to express our admiration for his lofty character [cheers] ; our appreciation for his splendid career, and our gratitude for the magnificent services he has rendered to his country. [Prolonged cheers.] But he would not forgive me if I omitted to mention the name that is ever first in our hearts, the name of President McKinley. [At the mention of the President's name, every guest arose and stood until the cheering ceased.] It is fitting at this time to mention a few things that have recently taken place. First, the credit and good faith of the country have been placed on an imperishable basis of pure gold; second, a general and reasonable prosperity has come to the whole people of the United States to stay; third, the last vestige of Spanish power has been driven from the last foot of American soil [great cheering]; and so a debt that America has owed humanity for the last fifty years has been fully paid. Lastly, the name and fame of America have been advanced among the nations of the earth so that all pay to her respect, deference and a wholesome apprehension never given her before.

But this is no political occasion. When my eyes rest on Colonel Roosevelt [here cheering broke out again and lasted for a full minute], I, for one, desire to say that I have had enough of politics, and I want to hear no more of them for two years to come. [Laughter and cheers.] We are assembled here to extend a welcome to one of the greatest soldiers of America, whom we all admire. Did we not see him marching down Broadway in 1861 as a lieutenant of the twenty-second Massachusetts volunteers? Did we not learn of his rapid promotion to be lieutenant-colonel of the sixty-first New York volunteers? Has he not been in command of thirty-two regiments of New York soldiers when he was commander of an army corps? Why should not New Yorkers admire him? Have we forgotten Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania, where he imperilled his life and won immortal fame? He is identified more than any other soldier with the volunteers of the country. And were there many Indian campaigns in the last thirty years in which he was not engaged? And in this last war he has rendered such infinite services as only a master of the art of war could render. The Government has availed itself of his counsel, his courage, his loyalty, and his undying allegiance. Am I making any mistake in saying that when he sailed for Cuba everybody knew that safety and courage and wisdom went with him, and that when he appeared upon the soil of Cuba the heart of every officer and soldier upon that soil was cheered? What of that last and bloodless Porto Rican campaign? He was sent to conquer, and was received with open arms as a deliverer instead of a conqueror. He had to send for a vast supply of American flags instead of for more ammunition and troops. [Great cheers.] [In conclusion, Mr. Choate called on the guests to drink the health of General Miles, which was done standing and amid cheers that did not cease entirely until after two or three of General Miles' old comrades had called for "three more."]

PEACE BETWEEN NATIONS

[Speech of Joseph H. Choate, at a banquet given in his honor by the Associated Chambers of Commerce, London, March 15, 1899. The President, Sir Stafford Northcote, was in the chair. The toast, "Our Guests," to which Mr. Choate responded, was proposed by G. T. Harper.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—In the first place let me protest against the unequalled manner in which the response to this toast has been assigned. That I, a total stranger among you, should have been called upon to respond to it in priority to the Lord Chief Justice of England—at whose feet I have sat, at a great distance off [laughter], and whose example I have vainly tried to follow—that I should have been called upon to speak before him overwhelms me with embarrassment. Then another thing I would have you understand, which is that I feel that when the British lion is about to roar, even the American eagle should hold his peace. [Cheers and laughter.] When I received, before I left America, a very kind note from Sir Stafford Northcote, inviting me to attend this banquet of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of England—realizing as I did that this company would embody the whole might of the commerce of Great Britain [cheers], I felt that I ought to accept it in the same cordial spirit in which it was given. [Cheers.] To be sure, I am not at liberty to discuss British commerce; my general instructions from my Government are not to speak about political questions, and only on extraordinarily festal occasions. [Laughter.] I am sure that your manifestations bring this occasion within the latter clause. [Laughter.] I was assured by my President that this Association in all its doings was absolutely non-political.

I have read one or two of your publications—not all through [laughter]—I take the liberty to skip the figures, statistics, and most of the speeches [laughter]—but I read what Lord Salisbury said to you two years ago, that the first duty of the Government for which he then spoke—was the maintenance of British interests and of British obligations; and what is there in that which commerce does not embrace? Truly commerce is the main stay of the British Empire, and I was glad to hear from the rear-admiral that the sole object of maintaining your splendid fleets and splendid armies is to preserve peace for the encouragement of commerce. [Cheers.] But I felt that, anyway, I might properly and with all modesty avail myself of this occasion—the first public occasion to which I was invited on my arrival*—of expressing the appreciation of my country men, of the forbearance, the good-will and the friendship which have been manifested to them so freely by the people of this country. [Cheers.] It is true that peace between the United States and Great Britain is the first interest, not only of these two nations, but of the rest of the world together. [Cheers.] I have to express my gratitude for the cordial greeting which I have received since my landing, from all sorts and conditions of men. [" Hear! Hear! "] Everywhere I have been treated as a friend and brother and as a representative of your friends and brothers. [Cheers.]

I find that England never fails to practise what she preaches; and this open door I have found was broadly open in such a way and to such an extent as would satisfy, I have no doubt, the yearnings even of the rear-admiral who has swung the circuit of the globe to find it. [Cheers and laughter.] I have read carefully the speeches which he made in the various hemispheres which he has visited [laughter], and I find that he is a good deal troubled, not about the open door but about the people inside and behind the open door.

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* To fill the office of American Ambassador to Great Britain.

He has said many times that there is no such great difficulty in getting or holding the door open as there is in managing the people inside the door, who, as he has often said, have really no capacity to take care of themselves [laughter] ; but I have found, so far as my observation and experience go—extending over only two weeks [laughter]—that the people inside or behind the door which has been thrown open to him are not only capable of taking care of themselves but of nearly all the rest of mankind together. [Laughter.] I think I may say, as testimony and as witness of the good feeling which is sought to be encouraged on our side of the water, that the President gave, as I thought, the best illustration of it when he said in my letter of credence that he relied with confidence upon my constant endeavor during my stay in this country, to promote the interests and prosperity of both nations. [Cheers.] And then I want to take issue with Lord Charles Beresford on one further point, and that is that I have found not only the open door, but that I am able to combine with it a new and enlarged sphere of influence [" Hear! Hear!" and laughter]—a sphere of influence in this era of good feeling peculiarly open to the American people and its representatives ; for in this cordial and overflowing demonstration of brotherhood which greets me, what is there that either of us could ask from the other, that we should ask amiss? [Loud cheers.] I beg you not to mistake my meaning in what I have said. I do not believe that although friends we shall ever cease to be rivals in the future as we have been in the past. ["Hear! hear!"] We on our part and you on yours will still press every advantage that we can fairly take, but it shall be a generous and a loyal rivalry, and all questions, disputes, controversies that may arise—may we not all say so, shall be settled by peaceful means [cheers], by negotiation, by arbitration, by any possible and every possible means, except that of war. [Loud cheers.] I want to say one word more about this state of good feeling that prevails among us, and of which we are all so proud. It is not new sentiment ; it is as old almost as the existence of the Republic. It is now 84 years since the last armed conflict between the United States and Great Britain came to an end, and any of you present who are old enough to remember that [laughter] will recall that

that conflict of three years ended by a sort of petering-out process, and that no question upon which either side had taken up arms was settled by means of war; showing that between brothers war is the worst possible means of settling any controversy. [Cheers.] But then, during these eighty-four years, what tremendous questions we have had, what heated words, what threatened demonstrations on both sides, and yet while those questions were such as would inevitably have brought any other two nations into open and frequent conflict, they have all been arranged and adjusted between us without even a resort to arms. [Cheers].

Look at some of those questions—the Oregon boundary, the North-East boundary, the Confederate cruisers, the Trent seizure—what one of those would not between other nations have given rise to war? And even at last this little unpleasantness about Venezuela. [Laughter.] I am glad, gentlemen, that we can laugh at that now. [" Hear! Hear!"] You know that on our side of the water we love occasionally to twist the British lion's tail [laughter], for the mere sport of hearing him roar. [Renewed laughter.] That time he disappointed us—he would not roar at all. [" Hear! Hear!"] He sat as silent and as dumb as the Sphinx itself, and by dint of mutual forbearance, of which I have no doubt you claim the lion's share [laughter]; only by virtue of your national emblem, by our sober second thought aiding your sober first thought, we averted everything but a mere war of words. [Cheers.] And now the Chief Justice of the United States [Melville W. Fuller] and an ex-President of the United States [Benjamin Harrison] are shortly coming over to Paris in connection with similar great representatives of your own jurists to settle that vexed question which has agitated the remote and obscure corners of the world. [" Hear! Hear!"]

Before I sit down I should like to refer to two or three events which have happened since I have been in England, which are illustrations of this era of good feeling. Something happened here that I read a great deal about in the newspapers, which was talked about as a great crisis, and when the first fresh breeze blew away the fog,—which is one of the ornaments of your town [laughter]—that crisis had disappeared by means of peaceful diplomacy. [" Hear! Hear!"] That is what we in America want to imitate and learn; and that is the kind of diplomacy which I, just entering upon the diplomatic career, desire very much to extend. For I am fresh enough to believe that if these two countries labor together for peace and unite their voices in demanding it, it is almost sure in every case. [Cheers.] Peace is our paramount interest, and it is also yours; and I would like to quote my President again, for the last words I heard from him were that the United States were to-day on better terms with every nation upon the face of the earth than they had ever been before. [Cheers.]

I do not know that I ought to say anything more about our country. ["Go on."] America, our young republic, has had a great deal to do during the last hundred years; she has had to subdue a continent, and to convert the wilderness from the Atlantic to the Pacific into a smiling and healthy garden. That business has pretty nearly been finished off. [" Hear! Hear!"] And so last year your Brother Jonathan started out to see the world. [Laughter.] He put on, not his seven-league boots, but his 700-league boots, and planted his footsteps on the islands of the sea. [Cheers.] And what gigantic strides he made! To Hawaii, Manila, and another step would have brought him to Hong Kong. [Laughter and cheers.] Our interests in commerce differ from those of England, not in kind but in degree only. [Cheers.] And it is certainly by a common purpose and a united voice that we can command peace everywhere for the mutual support of the commerce of the two countries. [Cheers.]

Now, gentlemen, let me say one word more—a serious word—in illustration of this happy union which now prevails between our two nations. I should not be satisfied myself if I resumed my seat without referring to that universal expression of grief and disappointment which overcame the American people at the sudden and untimely death of Lord Herschell. Lord Herschell sacrificed his life in the common service of both nations. [Cheers.] I first had the pleasure of meeting him nearly twenty years ago, when he was Solicitor-General, at the house of Lord Frederick Cavendish, who was soon afterwards enrolled in the noble army of martyrs. I have watched his career ever since with that admiration and that adoration which all lawyers, I think, felt for him. The American Bar has followed in his footsteps—has read his opinions, has admired his judicial work; and when he came over as chief representative of England on the Commission, which was to settle all disputes between the two countries, the nation felt that it must put forth its best faculties to meet him, and so the event did prove. [Cheers.] He maintained the trust committed to him with infinite zeal and absolute fidelity, and when he fell the obsequies which were performed over him in the Capitol of Washington, in the presence of the President, and of all the great officials of the nation, were as sincere and as sacred as those which will be celebrated in a few days by his own countrymen in Westminster Abbey. But this union is not confined to these two limited countries, if I may speak of England as a limited country. We have had another event in the last two weeks which has provoked an emotion unspeakable on every continent and in every land where the English language is spoken, and in the heart of every man and woman. I refer to the sudden, startling and almost fatal illness and the happy recovery of Rudyard Kipling. [Cheers.] Somehow or other he had reached the hearts, I think, of more English-speaking men, women and children of the world than any other living writer. He was cherished equally in the palaces of Queens and Emperors, and in the cabins of the poor; and when the sorrowful tidings went out—borne to all quarters of the globe—of his sad condition, the response came back to him, which if he has now been able to read it, must have thrilled his heart with gratitude and pride.

Gentlemen, we are almost one people. [Loud cheers.] What I say is, let our voices always be lifted together for the cause of human progress and the advance of civilization; and take my word for it, if that can always be followed, law and order and peace and freedom—which are the wants of commerce all the world over—will prevail and the cause of humanity will be far advanced. [Loud cheers.]

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

POLITICAL LIFE AND THOUGHT IN ENGLAND

[Speech of Lord Randolph Churchill at a dinner tendered him at Cambridge, England, June 6, 1885, by the University Carlton Club, of which he was President at that time.]

GENTLEMEN:—It may not be uninteresting to many of you to know that the Cambridge Carlton had a very remarkable effect on my own political career, whatever it is and such as it has been. There was a time, last year, when it happened to me to be engaged in something partaking of the nature of a struggle—at any rate, in a difference of opinion—with men of great position, great responsibility, and great experience, as to the form which modern Conservative political organization ought to take. Well, that difference of opinion at one time became very sharp, and I did not know what the result of it might be; and I was getting extremely anxious, more for the sake of the Conservative party than for my own sake. But this matter had attracted a great deal of public attention, and one evening I came home from the House of Commons very anxious and rather discouraged, because at the House of Commons, among people whom I ought to look upon as my political friends, I had met nothing but gloomy looks; and I felt very much inclined to retire from the game, thinking I was doing more harm than good, and rather—to use a slang expression—disposed to cut the whole concern.

However, when I arrived at my house I found there waiting for me a deputation from the University Carlton. Three gentlemen—three, I will venture to say, of the most accomplished and able envoys ever sent out on any mission—were waiting for me; and the only error which they committed—and it was a very serious error—was that, instead of going into my house and waiting for me there, with whatever accommodation that dwelling might afford, they waited for me in the street, and had been waiting for me some time. And they conveyed to me an expression of entire sympathy and agreement from this club with the views which I had then put forth, and they invited me to a banquet to be held in this town under the auspices of this club. I do not think you can imagine the effect that expression of sympathy and that cordial invitation had upon me at the time. Before I received it, I felt that I was very young, very inexperienced, and very much alone, and I did not know to what extent any portion or fraction of public opinion might be with me. But the expression of opinion from your club filled me with hopes that after all I was not going so very far wrong—that I might still persevere a little longer; and though I was not able at that time to come to the banquet to which I was invited, still I did persevere; everything came all right, everything settled down, both to the harmony, and, I think, to the advantage of the Tory party. That was, to my mind, and must always be, so far as I am concerned, a most interesting and memorable incident. It was an encouragement from youth to youth.

I can never fail to take the deepest and most abiding interest in the fortunes of the University Carlton. I cannot say how glad I am that we should meet together at last, and make each other's acquaintance. When I arrived at Brindisi, in April, on my return from India, the only letter which met me from Europe was an invitation from this club to become its President, and to attend the annual dinner. I knew that it would be my duty and my pleasure to obey that invitation, but as the time of the dinner drew near I thought to myself: "What on earth am I going to say at the dinner?" because I knew from experience that a university audience is perhaps more critical than any political audience could possibly be. I thought that the ordinary topics, not to say the commonplaces, of party controversy would be inappropriate to the concentrated essence of intelligence which I see before me, although it is undoubtedly very important at all times to explain, and to enlarge upon, the nature of the differences which exist between the Conservative and the

Liberal party, particularly as regards the present state of things. Still, if I were to take up your time this evening by bringing up the case which the Conservative party have against Her Majesty's Government, I feel that I should be imitating the action of the man who carried coals to Newcastle. I have no doubt that on that subject you can tell me a great deal more than I can tell you. Besides which, really, as regards the position of the Government at the present moment, it is such an intensely wretched position that they have almost passed beyond the scope of blame. No one, not even their worst enemy, can feel anything for them but pity. My own feelings with regard to them are precisely similar to my feelings when I read in the paper of some criminal condemned to death. I imagine one would more appropriately address them as the Judge is generally supposed to address the convict who has been condemned to death: "Unfortunate man, I do not wish by any word of mine to add to the agony of your last moments." I thought, therefore, that, whatever happened, I, at any rate, ought to try to direct your attention to some subject a little less commonplace, and suggest respectfully to your consideration some subject or other not usually brought up at political gatherings.

I was thinking over this, and it suddenly occurred to me how very little time the ordinary politician has for political thought. An English politician of the present day lives in such a giddy hurly-burly of events, incidents flash before his mind with such dazzling rapidity of cause and consequence, and he has at the same time to deal with such a complexity, such a heterogeneous mass of business, that as for sitting down quietly to think out, and getting to the bottom of, any grave political situation—as you would sit down to study a problem of chess—such a process is out of the question and almost impossible. What is the nature of the life of an ordinary member of Parliament? He has to fly up to the House of Commons, and from the House of Commons he has to fly down to a public meeting, at which public meeting he is supposed and expected to discuss an illimitable range of British interests, and the policy of the Government as regards those interests; and having done this, he is again obliged to fly back to the House of Commons, and there perhaps take part either by voting or speaking on some most difficult or complicated question brimming over with serious results, either to himself personally or to his party. Besides that, he has more or less—and generally, I fear, less rather than more—to digest and assimilate an immense quantity of newspaper and periodical literature, and he has to deal with an enormous mass of correspondence; because the great feature of the present day is not only the *cacoëthes loquendi*, but also the *cacoëthes scribendi.*

There are many people nowadays who take a great interest in politics, and everybody who takes a great interest in politics always thinks it necessary, from time to time, to write voluminously, generally in very imperfect caligraphy, to his own particular friend in the House of Commons for whom he happens to have a fancy. That is the nature of the duties of an ordinary member of Parliament. And what must be the nature of the duties of a Minister, who, in addition to all that, has to think of the business of his department, and the condition of his Government, and the prospects of his party? In such a state of things, how can you expect, on any subject, anything like political thought? How can you expect your Government or your public men to avoid blunders? How can you expect the statesmanship of men like Lord Grey, or men like Lord John Russell, or Sir Robert Peel, or Mr. Canning, or, in later years, Lord Beaconsfield? I do not believe that any of these great statesmen whom I have named, in the whole course of their career, attended half a dozen of those public meetings of the nature which some of us have to attend every week or every month. Cabinet Councils were very few, the House of Commons rarely sat late, and the sessions were comparatively short; so that these great men had ample time to devote their abilities to deep consideration of the affairs of their country. Yet you had blunders then, and Governments came to grief; and if that was the state of things then, what can you expect now?

This is essentially an age of action. It does not appear to me to be an age of thought. I doubt very much whether, if Adam Smith, or even Mr. John Stuart Mill, had lived in these days, they would have been able to produce the works which they did produce. Railways and telegraphs, the steam printing-machine, and shorthand writing have done their best to kill political thought. It is essentially an age of action, but action based rather on instinct than on logic, or reason, or experience. Look how suddenly things occur, how very little anything is foreseen, and how very rapidly everything is forgotten. Take even such instances as the death of General Gordon, or the battle of Penj-deh, or even the vote of credit, and Mr. Gladstone's great war speech. These are events which caused intense and immeasurable excitement at the moment. That excitement lasted for about twenty-four hours. Everybody chattered to everybody about that particular subject for that space of time, and then it was decently interred, for all practical political purposes, in the political cemetery of utter oblivion. I do not think this at all an exaggerated or untrue picture of the manner in which we conduct our government and our political affairs. It is a very serious consideration. Yet, strange to say, I suppose there never was a time in the history of England when profound political thought and prolonged political study were more essential to the interests of England.

The process of government has never approached even the nature of an exact science. It has always been purely empirical, and still continues to be so; and yet the difficulties of government now grow greater and greater every day, and experience seems to become less useful. I suppose there is not a man in England more experienced in the public service—I doubt whether there has ever been a man of greater experience in the public service—than Mr. Gladstone; and yet look at the extraordinary ill-luck, to put it in the mildest way, which has attended his Government every single day. There are a great many people—I dare say there are people in this university—who will tell you that, if you want to be able to judge the present, and forecast the future, you must study history. Well, I apprehend that the study of history in our present case is almost useless. The study of history to the Russian politician is very useful, because it will tell him what must be the inevitable and speedy end of a grinding and cruel despotism. The study of history to the German may be useful, because it will tell him that a military oligarchy, acting under the semblance of a constitutional form, is a political system of ephemeral duration. The study of history to the Frenchman is useful, because it will tell him that the transition from a republic to absolute and irresponsible power in one man is alike easy and regular. But, in our case, the study of history to an English politician affords very little guide whatever, because the state of things you have to deal with in England, at the present moment, is unparalleled in history.

What are the duties of the English Government at the present moment? They have to provide for the security, and, as best they can, to minister to the happiness of some three hundred millions or more of human beings, and these three hundred millions are scattered over every quarter of the world, and they comprise every imaginable variety of the human race, of custom, of religion, of language and dialect. And what is the nature of the Government which has to discharge these extraordinary and unparalleled duties? You have an hereditary monarchy, exercising an immense influence indirectly, but hardly any influence directly—almost precisely the reverse of what was the nature of an hereditary monarchy two hundred years ago. You have an hereditary Chamber possessing executive and legislative powers; and you have a representative Chamber controlling these two forces and seeking to acquire, and gradually acquiring, into its own hands almost all executive and legislative authority. All these three institutions are institutions of extremely ancient origin, and they are all institutions intensely conservative in their constitution and their procedure. Because, mind you, if the House of Commons were to be elected in November, and were to be composed almost entirely of the Radical party, still you may take it for certain, the spirit and the procedure of that House would be intensely conservative.

What is the foundation of this very curious and ancient structure? The foundation is totally new, purely modern, absolutely untried. You have changed the old foundation. You have gone to a new foundation. Your new foundation is a great seething and swaying mass of some five million electors, who have it in their power, if they should so please, by the mere heave of the shoulders, if they only act with moderate unanimity, to sweep away entirely the three ancient institutions which I have described, and put anything they like in their place, and to alter profoundly, and perhaps for a time ruin altogether, the interests of the three hundred million beings who are committed to their charge. That is, I say, a state of things unparalleled in history.

And how do you think it will all end? Are we being swept along a turbulent and irresistible torrent which is bearing us towards some political Niagara, in which every mortal thing we now know will be twisted and smashed beyond all recognition? Or are we, on the other hand, gliding passively along a quiet river of human progress that will lead us to some undiscovered ocean of almost superhuman development? Who can tell? Is it not, gentlemen, an age—is not this a moment—when political thought, and deep political thought, is necessary? To what extent do you think these five million electors will be controlled, or influenced, by law or custom, by religion or by reason? I can understand—it is not difficult to understand—that five million people may govern themselves with more or less success; but to what extent will these five million people be able to control and direct the destinies—and in what manner will they do so—of the three hundred millions whom they have in their power? And to what extent will the five million electors be exempt from the ordinary human influences of passion and caprice? This is a problem totally new. It is a problem upon which history throws no light whatever, and moreover it is a problem which comes at a time when the persons who are chiefly responsible for the government of our country are precluded by the very circumstances of their life from giving it the deep attention which it absolutely requires.

I believe that a club like yours can give much assistance in this direction. You are not yet drawn into that political machine which kills thought and stifles reflection. I dare say many of those whom I see before me soon will be, but some of you perhaps may not. At any rate, all I would say to you, filling the honorable position of President, to which you have so kindly elected me, is to give time while you have time to political thought, and to the present consideration of these questions, and to questions analogous to those which I have tried to set before you. Discuss them and write about them, and lecture about them, and endeavor, in your respective spheres, to stimulate also political thought among the masses of your fellow-countrymen. But you can do more than this, because, by able summaries of statistical information, by precise investigation into sharply opposing arguments, and by original conclusions all put together in an agreeable and attractive literary form, you may be able to do much to restrain politicians from acting hastily and heedlessly at critical moments and upon important subjects. In all probability, you possess enormous advantages for this task. You represent the most perfect centre of higher education, practical and theoretical, which any country can show. You possess mental powers at the present moment in their highest degree of energetic efficiency. Because, depend upon it that the mental powers of a man of twenty-one for getting at the bottom of any difficult question, or for arriving at the truth on any much-contested subject, are worth double and treble the mental powers of a man of thirty-five or forty, who, harassed and exhausted by ten or fifteen years of active political life, and by the circumstances of that life, is precluded from giving to the subject the concentrated attention you can give it. Do you suppose that a man at thirty-five or forty could go in for the higher mathematics of this university with any chance of success? Why, he would be mad; every undergraduate in the schools would beat him hollow. And yet, the difficulties of the extraordinary problems of higher mathematics are as nothing compared with the mystery, darkness, and confusion that surround some of our great political questions at the present day. I am quite certain that it is impossible for any of you to overestimate the benefits you can confer upon society, and your country generally, by devoting and applying your best energies to the development and popularization of high and deep political thought.

I have shown—very cursorily, indeed, but in a manner which your own intellects will fill up—the extraordinary, unparalelled and complicated nature of the political problems with which political parties in England have to deal; and I have asked you, on my own behalf and on behalf of other politicians busily engaged, for your assistance. At the same time, gentlemen, I do not wish you to suppose, for a moment, that I am alarmed as to the future. My state of mind when these great problems come across me—which is very rarely—is one of wonder, or, perhaps, I should rather say of admiration and of hope, because the alternative state of mind would be one of terror and despair. And I am guarded from that latter state of mind by a firm belief in the essential goodness of life, and in the evolution, by some process or other which I do not exactly know and cannot determine, of a higher and nobler humanity. But, above all, my especial safeguard against such a state of mental annihilation and mental despair is my firm belief in the ascertained and much-tried common sense which is the peculiarity of the English people. That is the faith which, I think, ought to animate and protect you in your political future; that is the faith of the Tory democracy in which I shall ever abide; that is the faith which your club can, and I hope will, widely and wisely propagate; and that is the faith which, dominating our minds and influencing our actions on all occasions, no matter how dark and gloomy the horizon may appear to be, will contribute to preserve and adapt the institutions of our country and to guarantee and to consolidate the spreading dominions of the Queen. [Applause.]

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS

(MARK TWAIN)

NEW ENGLAND WEATHER

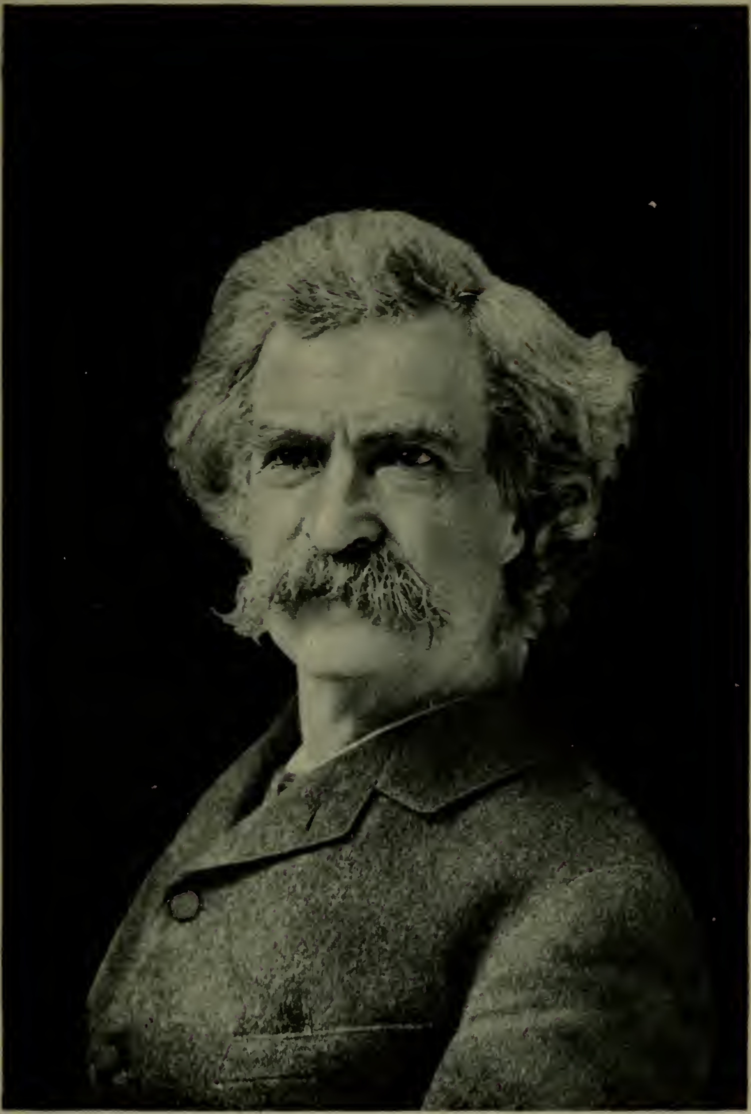
[Speech of Samuel L. Clemens at the seventy-first annual dinner of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1876. The President, William Borden, was in the chair and announced the eighth regular toast as follows: "The Oldest Inhabitant—The Weather of New England."

"Who can lose it and forget it?
Who can have it and regret it?"
"Be interposer twixt us TWAIN."
Merchant of Venice.]

GENTLEMEN:—I reverently believe that the Maker who made us all, makes everything in New England—but the weather. [Laughter.] I don't know who makes that, but I think it must be raw apprentices in the Weather Clerk's factory, who experiment and learn how in New England for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it. [Laughter.] There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. [Laughter.] The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. [Laughter.] But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours. [Laughter.] It was I that made the fame and fortune of that man that had that marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS
(MARK TWAIN)

Photogravure after a photograph from life



Centennial that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all the climes. I said: "Don't you do it; you come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do, in the way of style, variety, and quantity. [Laughter.] Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. [Laughter.] As to variety—why, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity—well, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare; weather to hire out; weather to sell; to deposit; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor. [Laughter and applause.]

The people of New England are by nature patient and forbearing; but there are some things which they will not stand. Every year they kill a lot of poets for writing about "Beautiful Spring." [Laughter.] These are generally casual visitors, who bring their notions of spring from somewhere else, and cannot, of course, know how the natives feel about spring. And so, the first thing they know, the opportunity to inquire how they feel has permanently gone by. [Laughter.]

Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy, and thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the papers and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be on the Pacific, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region; see him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England, and then—see his tail drop. [Laughter.] He doesn't know what the weather is going to be in New England. He can't any more tell than he can tell how many Presidents of the United States there's going to be next year. [Applause.] Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something about like this: Probable nor'-east to sou'-west winds, varying to the southard and westard and eastard and points between; high and low barometer, sweeping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning. [Loud laughter and applause.] Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the programme may be wholly changed in the mean time." [Loud laughter.]

Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it, you are certain there is going to be plenty of weather [laughter]—a perfect grand review; but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling-pot, and ten to one you get drowned. [Applause.] You make up your mind that the earthquake is due; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know, you get struck by lightning. [Laughter.] These are great disappointments. But they can't be helped. [Laughter.] The lightning there is peculiar; it is so convincing! When it strikes a thing, it doesn't leave enough of that thing behind for you to tell whether—well, you'd think it was something valuable, and a Congressman had been there. [Loud laughter and applause.]

And the thunder. When the thunder commences to merely tune up, and scrape, and saw, and key up the instruments for the performance, strangers say: "Why, what awful thunder you have here!" But when the baton is raised and the real concert begins you'll find that stranger down in the cellar, with his head in the ash-barrel. [Laughter.]

Now, as to the size of the weather in New England—lengthways, I mean. It is utterly disproportioned to the size of that little country. [Laughter.] Half the time, when it is packed as full as it can stick, you will see that New England weather sticking out beyond the edges and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring States. [Laughter.] She can't hold a tenth part of her weather. You can see cracks all about, where she has strained herself trying to do it. [Laughter.]

I could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the New England weather, but I will give but a single specimen. I like to hear rain on a tin roof, so I covered part of my roof with tin, with an eye to that luxury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rains on the tin? No, sir; skips it every time. [Laughter.]

Mind, in this speech I have been trying merely to do honor to the New England weather; no language could do it justice. [Laughter.] But after all, there are at least one or two things about that weather (or, if you please, effects produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with. [Applause.] If we had not our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries—the ice-storm—when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top—ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice-beads, frozen dew-drops, and the whole tree sparkles, cold and white, like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. [Applause.] Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms, that glow and hum and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again, with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold; the tree becomes a sparkling fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence! One cannot make the words too strong. [Long-continued applause.]

Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice-storm comes at last, I say: "There, I forgive you now; the books are square between us; you don't owe me a cent; go and sin some more; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world!" [Applause and laughter.]

A "LITTERY" EPISODE

[Speech of Samuel L. Clemens at the "Whittier Birthday Dinner," at the Hotel Brunswick, Boston, Mass., December 17, 1877, given by the publishers of the "Atlantic Monthly," in celebration of the seventieth anniversary of John Greenleaf Whittier's birthday, and the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the magazine. The subjects of Mark Twain's wit—Emerson, Longfellow, and Holmes—were of the large company present, and all three took his humorous thrusts with supreme good nature.]

MR. CHAIRMAN:—This is an occasion peculiarly meet for the digging up of pleasant reminiscences concerning literary folk; therefore, I will drop lightly into history myself. Standing here on the shore of the "Atlantic," and contemplating certain of the biggest literary billows, I am reminded of a thing which happened to me fifteen years ago, when I had just succeeded in stirring up a little Nevadian literary ocean-puddle myself, whose spume-flakes were beginning to blow thinly California-wards. I started on an inspection tramp through the southern mines of California. I was callow and conceited, and I resolved to try the virtue of my *nom de plume*. I very soon had an opportunity. I knocked at a miner's lonely log-cabin in the foot-hills of the Sierras, just at nightfall. It was snowing at the time. A jaded, melancholy man of fifty, barefooted, opened to me. When he heard my *nom de plume* he looked more dejected than before. He let me in pretty reluctantly, I thought,—and after the customary bacon and beans, black coffee, and a hot whiskey, I took a pipe. This sorrowful man had not said three words up to this time. Now he spoke up and said, in the voice of one who is secretly suffering: "You're the fourth—I'm a-going to move." "The fourth what?" said I. "The fourth littery man that's been here in twenty-four hours—I'm a-going to move." "You don't tell me!" said I. "Who were the others?" "Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Emerson, and Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—dad fetch the lot!" [Laughter.]

You can easily believe I was interested. I supplicated—three hot whiskys did the rest—and finally the melancholy miner began. Said he: "They came here just at dark yesterday evening, and I let them in, of course. Said they were going to Yosemite. They were a rough lot—but that's nothing—everybody looks rough that travels afoot. Mr. Emerson was a seedy little bit of a chap—red-headed. Mr. Holmes was as fat as a balloon—he weighed as much as three hundred, and had double chins all the way down to his stomach. Mr. Longfellow was built like a prize fighter. His head was cropped and bristly—like as if he had a wig made of hair-brushes. His nose lay straight down his face, like a finger with the end-joint tilted up. They had been drinking—I could see that. And what queer talk they used! Mr. Holmes inspected this cabin, then he took me by the buttonhole, and says he:—

'Through the deep caves of thought
I hear a voice that sings:
Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!'

[Laughter.]
Says I, 'I can't afford it, Mr. Holmes, and, moreover, I don't want to.' Blamed if I liked it pretty well, either, coming from a stranger, that way. However, I started to git out my bacon and beans, when Mr. Emerson came and looked on awhile, and then *he* takes me aside by the buttonhole and says:—

'Give me agates for my meat;
Give me cantharids to eat;
From air and ocean bring me foods,
From all zones and altitudes.'

[Laughter.]
Says I, 'Mr. Emerson, if you'll excuse me, this ain't no hotel.' [Renewed laughter.] You see it sort of riled me,—I wasn't used to the ways of littery swells. But I went on a-sweating over my work, and next comes Mr. Longfellow and buttonholes me, and interrupts me. Says he:—

'Honor be to Mudjikeewis!
You shall hear how Paw-Puk-Keewis'—

But I broke in, and says I, 'Begging your pardon, Mr. Longfellow, if you'll be so kind as to hold your yawp for about five minutes and let me get this grub ready, you'll do me proud.' [Continued laughter.] Well, sir, after they'd filled up I set out the jug. Mr. Holmes looks at it, and then fires up all of a sudden, and yells :—

> 'Flash out a stream of blood-red wine!
> For I would drink to other days.'

[Great merriment.]

By George, I was getting kind o' worked up. I don't deny it, I was getting kind o' worked up. I turns to Mr. Holmes, and, says I, 'Looky here, my fat friend, I'm a-running this shanty, and if the court knows herself, you'll take whisky-straight, or you'll go dry.' [Laughter.] Them's the very words I said to him. Now I didn't want to sass such famous littery people, but you see they kind o' forced me. There ain't nothing onreasonable 'bout me; I don't mind a passel of guests a-tread'n on my tail three or four times, but when it comes to *standin'* on it, it's different, and if the court knows herself, you'll take whisky-straight, or you'll go dry.' Well, between drinks, they'd swell around the cabin and strike attitudes and spout. [Laughter.] Says Mr. Longfellow :—

> 'This is the forest primeval.'

Says Mr. Emerson :—

> 'Here once the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world.'

Says I: 'Oh, blackguard the premises as much as you want to—it don't cost you a cent.' [Laughter.] Well, they went on drinking, and pretty soon they got out a greasy old deck and went to playing cut-throat euchre at ten cents a corner—on trust. I begun to notice some pretty suspicious things. Mr. Emerson dealt, looked at his hand, shook his head, says :—

> 'I am the doubter and the doubt'

—and calmly bunched the hands and went to shuffling for a new lay out. Says he :—

> 'They reckon ill who leave me out;
> They know not well the subtle ways
> I keep, I pass, and deal *again!*'

[Laughter.]

Hang'd if he didn't go ahead, and do it, too! O, he was a cool one! Well, in about a minute, things were running pretty tight, but of a sudden I see by Mr. Emerson's eye that he judged he had 'em. He had already corralled two tricks, and each of the others one. So now he kind o' lifts a little in his chair, and says :—

'I tire of globes and aces!
Too long the game is played!'

—and down he fetched a right bower. Mr. Longfellow smiles as sweet as pie, and says :—

'Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught.'

—and dog my cats if he didn't down with another right bower! Well, sir, up jumps Holmes, a-war-whooping as usual, and says :—

'God help them if the tempest swings
The pine against the palm!'

—and I wish I may go to grass if he didn't swoop down with another right bower! [Great laughter.] Emerson claps his hand on his bowie, Longfellow claps his on his revolver, and I went under a bunk. There was going to be trouble; but that monstrous Holmes rose up, wobbling his double chins, and says he: 'Order, gentlemen! The first man that draws, I'll lay down on him and smother him!' [Laughter.] All quiet on the Potomac, you bet you!

"They were pretty how-come-you-so now, and they begun to blow. Emerson says, 'The bulliest thing I ever wrote was "Barbara Frietchie."' Says Longfellow, 'It don't begin with my "Biglow Papers."' Says Holmes, 'My "Thanatopsis" lays over 'em both.' [Laughter.] They mighty near ended in a fight. Then they wished they had some more company, and Mr. Emerson pointed at me and says :—

'Is yonder squalid peasant all
That this proud nursery could breed?'

[Laughter.]
He was a-whetting his bowie on his boot—so I let it pass. [Laughter.] Well, sir, next they took it into their heads

that they would like some music; so they made me stand up and sing 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home', till I dropped—at thirteen minutes past four this morning. That's what *I've* been through, my friend. When I woke at seven they were leaving, thank goodness, and Mr. Longfellow had my only boots on, and his own under his arm. Says I, 'Hold on there, Evangeline, what you going to do with *them?*' He says, 'Going to make tracks with 'em, because—

> 'Lives of great men all remind us
>   We can make our lives sublime;
> And departing, leave behind us
>   Footprints on the sands of time.'

[Laughter.]

"As I said, Mr. Twain, you are the fourth in twenty-four hours—and I'm going to move—I ain't suited to a littery atmosphere."

I said to the miner, "Why, my dear sir, *these* were not the gracious singers to whom we and the world pay loving reverence and homage: these were impostors."

The miner investigated me with a calm eye for a while, then said he, "Ah! impostors, were they?—are *you?*" I did not pursue the subject; and since then I haven't traveled on my *nom de plume* enough to hurt.

Such was the reminiscence I was moved to contribute, Mr. Chairman. In my enthusiasm I may have exaggerated the details a little; but you will easily forgive me that fault, since I believe it is the first time I have ever deflected from perpendicular fact on an occasion like this. [Laughter and applause.]

THE BABIES

[Speech of Samuel L. Clemens at a banquet given by the Army of the Tennessee at Chicago, Ill. November 13, 1879, in honor of General Grant on his return from his trip around the world. Mark Twain responded to the toast: "The Babies: As they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities."]

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—"The Babies!" Now, that's something like. We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies; we have not all been generals, or poets, or statesmen ; but when the toast works down to the babies, we stand on common ground—for we've all been babies. [Laughter.] It is a shame that for a thousand years the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby, as if he didn't amount to anything! If you, gentlemen, will stop and think a minute—if you will go back fifty or a hundred years, to your early married life and recontemplate your first baby—you will remember that he amounted to a good deal—and even something over. [Laughter.]

You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. He took entire command. You became his lackey, his mere body-guard; and you had to stand around, too. He was not a commander who made allowances for the time, distance, weather, or anything else: you had to execute his order whether it was possible or not. And there was only one form of marching in his manual of tactics, and that was the double-quick. [Laughter.] He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect, and the bravest of you did not dare to say a word. You could face the death-storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow; but when he clawed your whiskers and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose you had to take it. [Laughter.] When the thunders of war sounded in your ears, you set your faces towards the batteries and advanced with steady tread; but when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoop [laughter], you advanced in—the other direction, and mighty glad of the chance, too. When he called for soothing syrup did you venture to throw out any remarks about certain services being unbecoming to an officer and a gentleman? No; you got up and got it! If he ordered his pap-bottle and it wasn't warm, did you talk back? Not you; you went to work and warmed it. You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff yourself to see if it was right!—three parts water to one of milk, a touch of sugar to modify the colic, and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccoughs. I can taste that stuff yet! [Uproarious laughter.]

And how many things you learned as you went along! Sentimental young folks still take stock in that beautiful old saying, that when the baby smiles in his sleep it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but "too thin"—simply wind on the stomach, my friends. [Laughter.] If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour—half-past two in the morning—didn't you rise up promptly and remark (with a mental addition which wouldn't improve a Sunday-school much) that that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself? Oh, you were under good discipline. And as you went fluttering up and down the room in your "undress uniform" [laughter], you not only prattled undignified baby-talk, but even tuned up your martial voices and tried to sing "Rock-a-bye-baby on the tree-top," for instance. What a spectacle for an Army of the Tennessee! And what an affliction for the neighbors, too, for it isn't everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three o'clock in the morning. [Laughter.] And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise, and proposed to fight it out on that line if it took all night—"Go on! What did you do?" You simply went on till you dropped in the last ditch. [Laughter.]

I like the idea that a baby doesn't amount to anything! Why, one baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself; one baby can furnish more business than you and your whole interior department can attend to; he is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities; do what you please, you can't make him stay on the reservation. Sufficient unto the day is one baby. As long as you are in your right mind don't you ever pray for twins. Twins amount to a permanent riot; and there ain't any real difference between triplets and insurrection. [Great laughter.]

Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land, are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things if we could know which ones they are. For in one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething. Think of it! and putting a word of dead earnest, unarticulated, but justifiable, profanity over it, too; in another, the future renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining Milky Way with but a languid interest, poor little chap, and wondering what has become of that other one they call the wet-nurse; in another, the future great historian is lying, and doubtless he will continue to lie until his earthly mission is ended; in another, the future President is busying himself with no profounder problem of State than what the mischief has become of his hair so early [laughter]; and in a mighty array of other cradles there are now some sixty thousand future office-seekers getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with that same old problem a second time! And in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind, at this moment, to trying to find out some way to get his own big toe into his mouth, an achievement which (meaning no disrespect) the illustrious guest of this evening also turned his attention to some fifty-six years ago! And if the child is but the prophecy of the man there are mighty few will doubt that he succeeded. [Laughter and prolonged applause.]

UNCONSCIOUS PLAGIARISM

[Speech of Samuel L. Clemens at the "Holmes Breakfast" in Boston, December 3, 1879, given by the publishers of the "Atlantic Monthly" to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes upon his seventieth birthday, for which occasion the Autocrat wrote his poem, "The Iron Gate," closing with the tender lines:—

" And now with grateful smile and accents cheerful,
And warmer heart than look or word can tell,
In simplest phrase—these traitorous eyes are tearful—
Thanks, Brothers, Sisters, Children—and Farewell! "]

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I would have travelled a much greater distance than I have come to witness the paying of honors to Dr. Holmes. For my feeling toward him has always been one of peculiar warmth. When one receives a letter from a great man for the first time in his life, it is a large event to him, as all of you know by your own experience. You never can receive letters enough from famous men afterward to obliterate that one, or dim the memory of the pleasant surprise it was, and the gratification it gave you. Lapse of time cannot make it commonplace or cheap.

Well, the first great man who ever wrote me a letter was our guest—Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was also the first great literary man I ever stole anything from [laughter], and that is how I came to write to him and he to me. When my first book was new a friend of mine said to me, "The dedication is very neat." Yes, I said, I thought it was. My friend said: "I always admired it, even before I saw it in the 'Innocents Abroad.'" I naturally said, "What do you mean? Where did you ever see it before?" "Well, I saw it first some years ago as Dr. Holmes's dedication to his 'Songs in Many Keys.'" Of course, my first impulse was to prepare this man's remains for burial [laughter], but upon reflection I said I would reprieve him for a moment or two, and give him a chance to prove his assertion if he could. We stepped into a bookstore, and he did prove it. I had really stolen that dedication, almost word for word. I could not imagine how this curious thing had happened; for I knew one thing, for a dead certainty,—that a certain amount of pride always goes along with a teaspoonful of brains, and that this pride protects a man from deliberately stealing other people's ideas. That is what a teaspoonful of brains will do for a man,—and admirers had often told me I had nearly a basketful, though they were rather reserved as to the size of the basket. [Laughter.]

However, I thought the thing out and solved the mystery. Two years before I had been laid up a couple of weeks in the Sandwich Islands, and had read and reread Dr. Holmes's poems until my mental reservoir was filled up with them to the brim. The dedication lay on top and handy [laughter], so by and by I unconsciously stole it. Perhaps I unconsciously stole the rest of the volume, too, for many people have told me that my book was pretty poetical, in one way or another. Well, of course, I wrote Dr. Holmes and told him I hadn't meant to steal, and he wrote back and said in the kindest way that it was all right and no harm done; and added that he believed we all unconsciously worked over ideas gathered in reading and hearing, imagining they were original with ourselves. He stated a truth, and did it in such a pleasant way, and salved over my sore spot so gently and so healingly, that I was rather glad I had committed the crime, for the sake of the letter. I afterward called on him and told him to make perfectly free with any ideas of mine that struck him as being good protoplasm for poetry. [Laughter.] He could see by that that there wasn't anything mean about me ; so we got along right from the start.

I have met Dr. Holmes many times since ; and lately he said,—however, I am wandering wildly away from the one thing which I got on my feet to do : that is, to make my compliments to you, my fellow-teachers of the great public, and likewise to say I am right glad to see that Dr. Holmes is still in his prime and full of generous life ; and as age is not determined by years, but by trouble and infirmities of mind and body, I hope it may be a very long time yet before any can truthfully say, " He is growing old." [Applause.]

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

[Speech of Samuel L. Clemens, at the " Ladies ' Night " banquet of the Papyrus Club, Boston, February 24, 1881.]

Ladies and Gentlemen :—I am perfectly astounded at the way in which history repeats itself. I find myself situated, at this moment, exactly and precisely as I was once before, years ago, to a jot, to a tittle, to a very hair. There isn't a shade of difference. It is the most astonishing coincidence that ever—but wait, I will tell you the former instance and then you will see it yourselves.

Years ago I arrived one day at Salamanca, Pa., eastward bound, must change cars there, and take the sleeper-train. There were crowds of people there, and they were swarming into the long sleeper-train and packing it full, and it was a perfect purgatory of rush and confusion and gritting of teeth, and soft, sweet, and low profanity. I asked the young man in the ticket office if I could have a sleeping section, and he answered " No ! " with a snarl that shrivelled me up like burned leather. I went off smarting under this insult to my dignity and asked another local official, supplicatingly, if I couldn't have some poor little corner somewhere in a sleeping car, and he cut me short with a venomous "No, you can't; every corner's full—now don't bother me any more." And he turned his back and walked off. My dignity was in a state now which cannot be described. I was so ruffled that—well, I said to my companion: "If these people knew who I am they——" But my companion cut me short there, and said: "Don't talk such folly! If they did know who you are, do you suppose it would help your high mightiness to a vacancy in a train which has no vacancies in it? Ah, me! if you could only get rid of 148 pounds of your self-conceit, I would value the other pound of you above the national debt."

This did not improve my condition any to speak of. But just then I observed that the colored porter of a sleeping-car had his eye on me; I saw his dark countenance light up; he whispered to the uniformed conductor, punctuating with nods and jerks toward me, and straightway this conductor came forward, oozing politeness from every pore, and said: "Can I be of any service? Will you have a place in the sleeper?" "Yes," I said, "and much obliged, too; give me anything—anything will answer." He said, "We have nothing left but the big family stateroom, with two berths and a couple of armchairs in it; but it is entirely at your disposal, and we shall not charge you any more than we should for a couple of ordinary berths. Here, Tom, take these satchels aboard." He touched his hat, and we and the colored Tom moved along. I was bursting to drop just one little remark to my companion, but I held in and waited.

Tom made us comfortable in that sumptuous great apartment, and then said, with many bows and a perfect affluence of smile: "Now, is dey anything you want, sah?—'case you kin have jes' anything you wants, don't make no difference what it is." I said, "Can I have some hot water and a tumbler at nine to-night—blazing hot, you know—about the right temperature for a hot Scotch punch?" "Yes, sah, dat you kin; you can 'pen' on it; I'll get it myse'f." "Good; now that lamp is hung too high; can I have a big coach candle fixed up just at the head of my bed, so that I can read comfortably?" "Yes, sah, you kin; I'll fix her up myse'f, an' I'll fix her so she'll burn all night, an' I'll see dat she does, too, 'case I'll keep my eye on her troo de do'; yes, sah, an' you kin jes call for anything you wants—it don't make no difference what it is—an' dis yer whole railroad'll be turned wrong eend up an' inside out for to git it for you—dat's so!" And he disappeared.

Well, I tilted my head back, hooked my thumbs in my armholes, smiled a smile on my companion, and said gently: "Well, what do you say now?" My companion was not in a humor to respond—and didn't. The next moment that smiling black face was thrust in at the crack of the door, and this speech followed: "Law bless you, sah, I knowed you in a minute! I told the conductah so. Laws, I knowed you the minute I set eyes on you." "Is that so, my boy (handing him a quadruple fee); well, who am I?" "General McClellan!" [great merriment]—and he disappeared again. My companion said, vinegarishly, "Well, what do you say now?"

Right there comes in the marvelous coincidence I mentioned a week ago, viz., I was—speechless. And that is my condition now. Perceive it? [Laughter and applause.]

WOMAN, GOD BLESS HER!

[Speech of Samuel L. Clemens, at the 77th anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1882. Joseph M. Fiske, President of the Society, was in the chair. Mr. Clemens spoke to the toast "Woman, God bless her!"]

The toast includes the sex, universally; it is to Woman comprehensively, wheresoever she may be found. Let us consider her ways. First comes the matter of dress. This is a most important consideration, and must be disposed of before we can intelligently proceed to examine the profounder depths of the theme. For text let us take the dress of two antipodal types—the savage woman of Central Africa and the cultivated daughter of our high modern civilization. Among the Fans, a great negro tribe, a woman when dressed for home, or to go out shopping or calling, doesn't wear anything at all but just her complexion.

[Laughter.] That is all; it is her entire outfit. [Laughter.] It is the lightest costume in the world, but is made of the darkest material. [Laughter.] It has often been mistaken for mourning. [Laughter.] It is the trimmest, and neatest, and gracefulest costume that is now in fashion; it wears well, is fast colors, doesn't show dirt, you don't have to send it down-town to wash, and have some of it come back scorched with the flat-iron, and some of it with the buttons ironed off, and some of it petrified with starch, and some of it chewed by the calf, and some of it rotted with acids, and some of it exchanged for other customers' things that haven't any virtue but holiness, and ten-twelfths of the pieces overcharged for and the rest of the dozen "mislaid." [Laughter]. And it always fits; it is the perfection of a fit. [Laughter.] And it is the handiest dress in the whole realm of fashion. It is always ready, always "done up." When you call on a Fan lady and send up your card, the hired girl never says, "Please take a seat, madame is dressing; she'll be down in three-quarters of an hour." No, madame is always dressed, always ready to receive; and before you can get the door-mat before your eyes she is in your midst. [Laughter.] Then, again, the Fan ladies don't go to church to see what each other has got on; and they don't go back home and describe it and slander it. [Laughter.]

Such is the dark child of savagery, as to every-day toilet; and thus, curiously enough, she finds a point of contact with the fair daughter of civilization and high fashion —who often has "nothing to wear;" and thus these widely-separated types of the sex meet upon common ground. Yes, such is the Fan woman as she appears in her simple, unostentatious, every-day toilet; but on state occasions she is more dressy. At a banquet she wears bracelets; at a lecture she wears earrings and a belt; at a ball she wears stockings—and, with true feminine fondness for display, she wears them on her arms [laughter]; at a funeral she wears a jacket of tar and ashes [laughter]; at a wedding the bride who can afford it puts on pantaloons. [Laughter.] Thus the dark child of savagery and the fair daughter of civilization meet once more upon common ground, and these two touches of nature make their whole world kin.

Now we will consider the dress of our other type. A large part of the daughter of civilization is her dress—as it should be. Some civilized women would lose half their charm without dress; and some would lose all of it. [Laughter.] The daughter of modern civilization dressed at her utmost best, is a marvel of exquisite and beautiful art and expense. All the lands, all the climes, and all the arts are laid under tribute to furnish her forth. Her linen is from Belfast, her robe is from Paris, her lace is from Venice, or Spain, or France; her feathers are from the remote regions of Southern Africa, her furs from the remoter home of the iceberg and the aurora, her fan from Japan, her diamonds from Brazil, her bracelets from California, her pearls from Ceylon, her cameos from Rome; she has gems and trinkets from buried Pompeii, and others that graced comely Egyptian forms that have been dust and ashes now for forty centuries; her watch is from Geneva, her card-case is from China, her hair is from—from—I don't know where her hair is from; I never could find out. [Much laughter.] That is, her other hair—her public hair, her Sunday hair; I don't mean the hair she goes to bed with. [Laughter.] Why, you ought to know the hair I mean; it's that thing which she calls a switch, and which resembles a switch as much as it resembles a brickbat or a shotgun, or any other thing which you correct people with. It's that thing which she twists and then coils round and round her head, beehive fashion, and then tucks the end in under the hive and harpoons it with a hairpin. And that reminds me of a trifle: any time you want to, you can glance around the carpet of a Pullman car, and go and pick up a hairpin; but not to save your life can you get any woman in that car to acknowledge that hairpin. Now, isn't that strange? But it's true. The woman who has never swerved from cast-iron veracity and fidelity in her whole life will, when confronted with this crucial test, deny her hairpin. [Laughter.] She will deny that hairpin before a hundred witnesses. I have stupidly got into more trouble and more hot water trying to hunt up the owner of a hairpin in a Pullman car than by any other indiscretion of my life.

Well, you see what the daughter of civilization is when she is dressed, and you have seen what the daughter of savagery is when she isn't. Such is woman, as to costume.

I come now to consider her in her higher and nobler aspects—as mother, wife, widow, grass-widow, mother-in-law, hired girl, telegraph operator, telephone helloer, queen, book-agent, wet-nurse, stepmother, boss, professional fat woman, professional double-headed woman, professional beauty, and so forth and so on. [Laughter.]

We will simply discuss these few—let the rest of the sex tarry in Jericho till we come again. First in the list of right, and first in our gratitude, comes a woman who—why, dear me, I've been talking three-quarters of an hour! I beg a thousand pardons. But you see, yourselves, that I had a large contract. I have accomplished something, anyway. I have introduced my subject. And if I had till next Forefathers' Day, I am satisfied that I could discuss it as adequately and appreciatively as so gracious and noble a theme deserves. But as the matter stands now, let us finish as we began—and say, without jesting, but with all sincerity, "Woman—God bless her!" [Applause.]

GROVER CLEVELAND

TRUE DEMOCRACY

[Speech of Ex-President Grover Cleveland, at a banquet given in Philadelphia, January 8, 1891, by the Young Men's Democratic Association of that city. The event signalized the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans. Samuel Gustine Thompson, the President of the Association, was in the chair, and proposed the toast to which Mr. Cleveland spoke: "The principles of True Democracy; they are enduring because they are right, and invincible because they are just."]

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—As I rise to respond to the sentiment which has been assigned to me, I cannot avoid the impression made upon my mind by the announcement of the words "True Democracy." I believe them to mean a sober conviction or conclusion touching the political topics which, formulated into political belief or creed, inspires a patriotic performance and the duties of citizenship. When illusions are dispelled, when misconceptions are rectified, and when those who guide are consecrated to truth and duty, the ark of the people's safety will still be discerned in the keeping of those who hold fast the principles of true democracy.

These principles are not uncertain nor doubtful. They comprise equal and exact justice to all men; peace, commerce, and hence friendship with all nations—entangling alliance with none; the support of the State Governments in all their rights; the preservation of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigor; a jealous care of the right of election by the people; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public expenses; the honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith; the encouragement of agriculture and commerce as its handmaid, and freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and freedom of the person.

The great President and intrepid democratic leader whom we especially honor to-night found his inspiration and guide in these principles.

Not all who have followed the banner have been able by a long train of close reasoning to demonstrate as an abstraction why democratic principles are best suited to their wants and the country's good; but they have known and felt that as their government was established for the people, the principles and men nearest to the people and standing for them could be the safest trusted.

Jackson has been in their eyes the incarnation of the things which Jefferson declared; if they did not understand all that Jefferson wrote, they saw and knew what Jackson did. Those who insisted upon voting for Jackson after his death felt sure that whether their candidate was alive or dead, they were voting the ticket of true democracy.

The devoted political adherent of Jackson, who after his death became involved in a dispute as to whether his hero had gone to heaven or not, was prompted by democratic instinct when he disposed of the question by declaring: "I tell you, sir, that if Andrew Jackson has made up his mind to go to heaven, you may depend upon it, he is there."

Under anti-democratic encouragement we have seen a constantly increasing selfishness attach to our political affairs. The departure from the sound and safe theory that the people should support the Government for the sake of the benefits resulting to all has bred a sentiment, manifesting itself with astounding boldness, that the Government may be enlisted in the furtherance and advantage of private interests, through their willing agents in public places. Such an abandonment of the idea of patriotic political action on the part of these interests has naturally led to an estimate of the people's franchise so degrading that it has been openly and palpably debauched for the promotion of selfish schemes. Nothing could be more hateful to true and genuine democracy than such offences against our free institutions.

In several of the States the honest sentiment of the party has asserted itself in the support of every plan proposed for the ratification of this terrible wrong. I may perhaps be permitted to express a hope that the State of Pennsylvania will not long remain behind her sister States in adopting an effective plan to protect her people's suffrage.

It remains to say that in the midst of our rejoicing and in the time of party hope and expectation we should remember that the way of right and justice should be followed as a matter of duty and regardless of immediate success. Above all things, let us not for a moment forget that grave responsibilities await a party which the people trust; and let us look for guidance to the principles of "True Democracy" which "are enduring because they are right, and invincible because they are just."

WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN

OUR CONSTITUTIONAL SYSTEM

[Speech of William Bourke Cockran, at the tenth annual banquet of the New England Society in the City of Brooklyn, December 21, 1889. Willard Bartlett, President of the society, occupied the chair, and introduced Mr. Cockran to respond to the toast, "Our Constitutional System as tested by a Century," as follows: "About a quarter of a century ago, gentlemen, when I was at the Polytechnic with such boys as Seth Low, and George Abbott, and other unknown citizens, there used to be a story about a student who got himself into disgrace at the time of examination in endeavoring to give the solution of a certain problem and state the reasons for the solution which he gave. He wrote on his paper that there were 222,222 reasons, but he had time to state only one. Now, gentlemen, there are almost an equal number of reasons why New England should pay a debt of gratitude to Ireland. I will not endeavor to state them all to-night; I will state three: the first is that, indirectly, we owe the beautiful poem of Mrs. Hemans upon the landing of the Pilgrims to Ireland, for the poet was of Irish parentage. In the second place, the New England of the present day owes a great deal to Ireland in the willingness of her sons to take possession of the farms which the descendants of our New England forefathers deem unworthy of their further occupation, and Irishmen have turned many of those farms into a land flowing with milk and honey. The third reason you will discover after you have heard my friend from New York, the Hon. William Bourke Cockran." In this speech Mr. Cockran alludes to two previous speeches, "The Navy," delivered by Benjamin F. Tracy, and "The Pilgrims in Holland," delivered by Rev. Dr. A. J. F. Behrends.]

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY:—I might be permitted to add a fourth reason, which the Irish race will soon establish, for the gratitude of New England. Your Chairman has told you that they have already taken possession of the vacant farms, and I promise you that in the future they will be ready to take possession of the vacant offices.

This is the second time that it has been my fortune to be honored by an invitation to a dinner of the New England Society, and each time that I have attended the festival I have become impressed with a more enlarged notion of the splendid destiny which lies before this Republic. I have watched with some attention and curiosity the distinguishing features of this feast, as contrasted with those of the one at which I was permitted to assist in New York; and I feel bound to add my expression of wonder to the feeling that might fairly be attributed to a returned New Englander, if he were permitted to assist at this banquet to-night. As I watched the color of the liquid in your glasses, I have become firmly persuaded that such is the strength of your devotion to your New England ancestors you have become fully resolved that, until you can return to that spring which the gentleman from Massachusetts described to-night, you will never slake your thirst with water. [Laughter.] I have been highly edified with much that has been said here this evening. As I listened to the distinguished Secretary of the Navy, I was filled with admiration for the chivalrous spirit which prompted him to recognize the good work of the late administration, as well as to celebrate the good work of this, in the rebuilding of our navy. [Applause.] I became deeply imbued with the conviction that these leviathans of the deep lately constructed by American genius will not be the only vessels which will leave our shores bearing the American flag into foreign climes. The same spirit, the same genius and the same industry which have created these marvels of marine architecture will, I fondly believe, resurrect our merchant marine [applause], and within a few years restore our vessels to the bosom of the deep, refreshing our patriotism as we once more feel that the white sails of American commerce are being wafted by every breeze that blows across the ocean; that the prows of our vessels are parting the waters of every harbor, from the Brama-Pootra to the Hudson; and that the American flag, flying from the masthead of American ships, will be as familiar a sight within the shadow of St. Sophia as it is within the shadow of Trinity Church, in your neighboring city. [Applause.]

And I may say that, as I listened with the utmost interest to the eloquent speech of Rev. Dr. Behrends, and followed the retrospect which he made of the history of the world, from the eruption of the Northern barbarian across the provinces of Europe, through all the mutations of the warfare of the Crusades, through the Reformation, and down to the French Revolution, I became profoundly impressed with the force of that maxim which has been laid down by the greatest of English historians, "That all human institutions are but phantoms, disappearing at cock-crow; if not at the crow of this cock, then at the crow of that cock;" and that the governments that seem to us the most durable and the strongest are destined some day to disappear in noise, disaster and confusion, into that womb of time in which are engulfed the Merovingian kings, the dynasties that sprung into existence upon the dissolution of the Carlovingian Empire, and all the kingdoms and the principalities that even one hundred years ago covered the face of Western Europe. Now, like all maxims of similar character, this is to some extent sound, and to some extent unsound. Governmental forms are indeed perishable. Nations change their names, their boundaries, their creeds and their languages. The altars of yesterday are but the curios of to-day. The temples that have been raised to the worships that have now disappeared from the face of the earth but move our wonder that beliefs so simple and so transparent should have nerved the minds of men to raise such marvels of architecture. But though creeds and dynasties and languages are ephemeral, the principles of justice are eternal; and this Government, founded and built upon them, will, I believe, last to the end of time. [Applause.]

I have been given to-night the toast of "Our Constitutional System as tested by a Century." What is this Constitutional System? Does it consist of executive officers, clothed with extraordinary powers, beside which the meagre prerogative of constitutional monarchs shrink into insignificance? Does it consist of a judiciary armed with power over life, limb and property? Does it consist of legislators, that they may be enabled and authorized to prefix the title "Honorable" to their names? Does it consist of the mere parchment upon which certain figures may be traced and certain words may be read? No! Our Constitutional System consists of the application of the eternal principles of justice to the relations of men to each other under our social compact. [Applause.] In the provisions that no man can be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; that all men shall take an equal part in the affairs of government; that the privilege of *habeas corpus* shall never be denied; that no private property shall be taken for public uses without proper compensation, you have the essence of our Constitutional System, and you have the principles of justice made the birthright of the American citizen, beyond the reach of any disturbance from any source whatever. [Applause.] You have the rule of equity applied to your every-day existence. You have rights guaranteed to every citizen which the strongest may not invade, which the weakest is free to invoke for his own protection.

And these principles are not of yesterday, they are not of recent discovery. Their origin cannot be traced by history. Their source is lost in the mists of antiquity. Those same principles flourished under the ancient English common law, and 'twas but the declaration of them that was contained in the great charter extracted from John at Runnymead. Through the darkness of years we can discern the harbinger of the common law, when Alfred reconstructed, a thousand years ago, the ancient English system of jurisprudence, and defended it from foreign invasion and domestic tumult. These principles existed and were recognized among the rugged inhabitants of the Northern forests, when dastard rulers had denied their existence and refused them recognition in the crowded cities and in the palaces of Europe. They lived, they flourished, they came across the impassable frontiers of the northern morass; they were borne into the farthest parts of Europe; against King and Court they were asserted, and they lived to nerve the arms and fire the hearts of the oppressed till they achieved triumph amid the wreck of dynasties and the falling heads of tyrants.

If I were asked what it is that is significant in your festival to-night I would answer that it was the commemoration of the carrying of these eternal principles of justice and sound government across the sea and the planting of them in American soil. I would tell you that that first agreement in the cabin of the "Mayflower," that first charter which was established as the rule which would govern these Pilgrims upon their landing on the bleak and desolate shore of Massachusetts, was the germ of our Constitutional System—was the seed which, though cast in a rocky and forbidding soil, has grown and flourished until it has become a tree whose branches and shade have overspread this continent, whose fruits are culled by the eager hands of the patriotic all over the world, that they may be planted in other soil, and bear fruit in other climes. [Applause.]

The significance of this festival is, then, the birth of our "Constitutional System." But, sons of New England, constitutions are more than paper documents. I doubt if there has been an invention of human genius more often copied than our Constitutional System. I doubt if there has been anything which has been so often created, and so often violated, as a new constitution in other countries. We have seen well within the lines of recent history a great nation honestly bent on achieving independence and free institutions, conducting a heroic and successful struggle against a despotism of 800 years; emancipating itself, against odds which no man thought at the beginning could be overcome, when liberty was in its hands framing a constitution with more elaborate declarations of rights even than ours possess; and yet, within a few years the whole system went down in ruin, disaster, tyranny and universal distress.

It is not any constitutional system that may be reduced to paper that is the genius of our Constitution. The noblest, the strongest declaration of rights may be mere maxims discarded at pleasure. It is the genius of a people that makes a constitutional system. That spirit which took expression in the cabin of the "Mayflower" is the spirit which has dominated this land to this day, and given us this Republic, the marvel of the world, destined to be the source of enlightenment to all Christendom, for all generations to come. We have, under our Constitutional System, achieved greatness; but more than that, we have achieved rational freedom. We have made a majority all powerful for every salutary purpose. In the powers that we confer, we keep alive the spirit of liberty. In the limitations which we place upon that power, we do even more to preserve the genius of freedom to our people.

If we are asked what have been the practical effects of this Constitutional System, we have but to tell our questioner to look around him. In the sight which will meet his eye will be found the answer to his question. On every hand we see liberty and order, prosperity and happiness. We see fields radiant with prosperity, homes on every hillside, where the fires of liberty are kept alive on the hearthstones; neither fortress nor arsenal casting its grim shadow across the highway; laws dictated by public opinion and obeyed by universal consent. A nation is reunited after a terrible conflict; and were our soil to be molested by foreign invasion, throughout the whole country, in the North and in the South, in village and in hamlet, a million citizens would become soldiers, a million swords would leap from their scabbards; a million breasts would be bared to the shot of the foe; a million hands would be prepared to wipe out in blood any insult that might be offered to the integrity of our flag.

Nor is it alone in material prosperity that the triumph of our Constitutional System is apparent. It is equally proven by the moral development of our people. Wealth has been enjoyed by other nations, and wealth belongs to this Republic. Freedom, too, has been known in this world, and freedom is the corner-stone of our Government. But here alone have we solved the problem that freedom and wealth are consistent; that property may be secure while the largest power is confided to the hands of the masses; that the virtue of the people is a better shield for the security of the citizen than armed force or uniformed troops, and that the American spirit is the truest protection to life and to property.

I have listened with surpassing pleasure to the liberal sentiments which were expressed by Rev. Dr. Behrends, when he was discussing this banquet even as a Protestant festival, and I may say in reply to him that I believe I voice the sentiment of every person who kneels before any altar in this country when I say that, however different may be the roads on which we start, we all believe that we may hope to come together at the gates of Heaven. I may say that, no matter what the character of the edifice whose doors will be opened for worship to-morrow, whether the services be conducted by robed priest or by plainly-dressed preacher; whether the petitions rise from marble altar or from plain reading-desk, wherever through stained-glass windows the sun of Heaven shall shine down upon the heads of worshippers to-morrow, one prayer will rise to God alike from the hearts of all, and that prayer will be for the safety, security and prosperity of this Government, of this land, and of its Constitutional System. [Cheers.]

It may be that all things human are ephemeral; it may be that this Government, which we love so well and in whose future we believe so deeply, will be found at the dawn of some day to have disappeared. And yet I feel justified in believing that, as the principles of justice are eternal, the government which is founded upon them will last forever. Not as she stands to-day; I know that nothing in nature can remain inert; but I believe she will live to the end of time, forever progressive, ever freer, ever greater, ever stronger, ever more durable. [Applause.] I believe that with each successive force which is liberated from nature; with each new development of science; with each new element that may enter into the daily lives of men, creating vast additions to our wealth, annihilating space and multiplying the fields of industry, our Constitutional System will be found elastic enough to include them, strong enough to regulate them, and that here in these two cities, lying side by side, at the very gateway of Western commerce, linked together now by physical bonds as well as by common ends and aims, will ever flourish the truest and strongest types of American democracy, maintaining institutions which will forever stimulate patriotism, strengthen virtue and illuminate the world with the light of freedom, revealing liberty, hand in hand with order and prosperity. [Cheers.]

JOSEPH BULLOCK COGHLAN

THE BATTLE OF MANILA

[Speech of Captain Joseph B. Coghlan, at a banquet of the Union League Club of New York City, April 21, 1899. The banquet was given in honor of Captain Coghlan and the officers of the U.S. Cruiser "Raleigh." Elihu Root presided, and said in introducing Captain Coghlan: "Behind the men at Manila were the ideas of liberty, justice and equal rights to all people. They did their duty, not thinking of theories or future governments ; they had their orders, orders that led into the jaws of death, and they went in to do their work thinking of their work alone. But behind them were the great ideas that America represents in the progress of mankind. Greater than we know or realize was the work done by the brave sailors who followed Dewey in the harbor of Manila. And now I ask you to join me in drinking the health of Captain Coghlan and the officers of the 'Raleigh.'"]

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Union League :—I thought I came here on the condition that I was to do no talking. I get scared to death when called upon to speak, and sometimes I don't say what I want to. So you will excuse me for everything out of the way that I say to-night. I was almost breathless as I listened to your President's speech. The more he spoke the more I thought : "For God's sake, can he mean us ?" [Laughter.] As he went on and I recognized the name of our beloved chief, Admiral Dewey [applause], I knew he was simply patting the admiral over our shoulders, and I thought to myself : "He can't do too much of that to suit me." [Applause.] We feel that we may be congratulated on our home-coming ; not for what we have done, but for having served under Admiral Dewey. We love him and give him all the credit for what was done by the American fleet at Manila. If we thought it was possible by accepting this kind reception to-night to take away from him one iota of this credit, we would feel that we were doing wrong. [Applause.]

We were with Dewey from the start to the finish, and on each day we learned more to love and respect him. The more we knew him, the more we knew that our country's honor was safe in his hands and that nothing in which he was engaged but would redound to the credit of our country. [Applause.] During the days after the great fight was over, he suffered the most outrageous nagging; on, on it went, day after day, rubbing clean through the flesh to the bone, but he always held himself and others up. I tell you it was magnificent. [Prolonged applause.] I must tell you of an incident which I think will be of interest. Our friend [sarcastically], Admiral von Diedrichs, sent an officer to complain of the restrictions placed upon him by Admiral Dewey. I happened to be near by at the time, and I overheard the latter part of the conversation between this officer and our chief. I shall never forget it, and I want the people of the United States to know what Admiral Dewey said that day. "Tell your admiral," said he, "his ships must stop where I say." "But we fly a flag," said the officer. "Those flags can be bought at half-a-dollar a yard anywhere," said the admiral, and there wasn't a bit of fun in his face when he said it either. "Any one can fly that flag," he continued. "The whole Spanish fleet might come on us with those colors if they wanted to. Therefore I must and will stop you. Tell your admiral I am blockading here. I am tired of the character of his conduct. I have made it as lenient as possible for him. Now the time has arrived when he must stop. Listen to me. Tell your admiral that the slightest infraction of these orders by himself or his officers will mean but one thing. Tell him what I say—it will mean war. Make no mistake when I say that it will mean war. If you people are ready for war with the United States, you can have it in five minutes." [Tremendous applause, followed by more cheers for Dewey.]

I am free to admit that the admiral's speech to that officer took my breath away. As that officer left to go back to his ship, he said to an American officer whose name I do not recall: "I think your admiral does not exactly understand." "Oh, yes he does," said the American officer. "He not only understands, but he means every word he says." That was the end of that bosh. After that the

Germans didn't dare to breathe more than four times in succession without asking the admiral's permission. I don't know what I can talk to you about that will interest you unless I tell you some of our experiences at Manila, and I guess you know most of that already. [Cries of "Tell us about the fight!"]

Well, I will. We held our last consultation at the dinner hour the night before the fight, and the admiral said that we were going in that night. I don't think any of us ate much dinner. We went in in a calm sea, although we were not so calm ourselves. About midnight we became a little anxious because we had arrived at a point where we had been informed there were lots of torpedoes anchored for us. Now torpedoes are all very well for the storehouse, but they are bad things to have floating round a ship. I've shot some myself, and they sometimes show an inclination to turn round and come back after you've started them. They're a loving sort of animal, and seem to hate to leave you. [Laughter.] But when we got to the entrance and the "Olympia" went through without being blown up, we felt better; we felt positively brave when the "Baltimore" went through all right, and were ready to go right through a graveyard ourselves then. You see the men at the batteries were sleeping some four miles away that night, and they didn't get to their posts until the poor old "Raleigh" came along. I saw a flash and turning to an officer I said: "Hallo, what's that?" He told me that was the second time he had noticed it, and asked if he should fire. I told him not to, as it was probably our friends the insurgents signalling to us; but when a shot came along a moment later, I knew better. Then a second shot came, and it was in response to this that the "Raleigh" fired her first gun. It was the first shot fired by an American ship at Manila, and there is the man sitting over there that fired it. [Captain Coghlan pointed to Ensign Provost Babin who sat several chairs away from him. Ensign Babin was obliged to stand up and bow several times in response to prolonged applause.]

I tell you we were all on the *qui vive* that night; our orders were to go in and anchor, eat breakfast at daylight, and wipe the Spanish fleet off the face of the earth; but in the darkness we overran our reckoning, and at daylight we found ourselves right under the batteries of Manila. In the tropics the daylight comes like a flash, and this was a most beautiful morning. Our friends the enemy on shore opened upon us, and instead of the anticipated signal to take breakfast, the signal came from the flag-ship " Engage the enemy." This is where the old man came in. His whole pre-arranged plan had to be changed in a second. We all turned and stood towards the Spanish fleet, taking the fire of the batteries, without response, for thirty-seven minutes. When we finally got into the position we wanted, we opened up and you know what followed. We kept at it for two hours and a half, and at the end of that time there was no Spanish fleet. [Applause.]

This is a good time for me to correct a statement which I understand has been most persistently spread here at home, that we were short of ammunition. It was reported to Admiral Dewey that certain classes of guns were short. He asked me about it, because there were many guns of this class on my ship. I told him that we hadn't used thirty-five per cent. of this ammunition in the whole fight, and Captain Gridley—rest his soul!—reported the same thing. We were not short of ammunition at any time. The report that we were has gone out; but the proof that we were not has never been told. Why, we could have fought two battles that day without inconvenience. Well, the end of the battle found us in fine shape. The admiral told us we had better go in and clean up the rest of our work, so we steamed toward the shore and simply wiped out the batteries. After it was all over we felt " bully;" though I cannot say the same for the poor devils on the other side. It was at this time that to our utter amazement we saw Admiral Dewey steaming alone right under the batteries. I tell you when I saw him there in that position I went right after him with the " Raleigh " as fast as I could. [Applause.] Fortunately nothing happened. I agree with our President that it is given to every man to be brave; but I tell you given to few men is the bravery of our admiral. He not only has the physical courage but also the moral courage to do anything in God's green world that he thinks will advance the interests of our country. [Prolonged applause.]

When he wished us to do anything, he did not hamper us with written orders—he just told us to do it, and we did it. He had the courage to try anything that was possible to be done; and we had the courage to try to do anything he said could be done. The North and South fought together at Manila Bay, as they did in Cuba; and I tell you together they are invincible. Not only is our country one to-day, but I tell you the English-speaking race is one also. [Applause.] The English people are with us heart and soul, and they were with us before we went to Manila, as I will show you. On the wharves at Hong Kong before we started for Manila, strange officers met us and introduced themselves, which you will agree is a very un-English proceeding. They wished us all manner of luck. One said to me: "By Jove, if you fellows don't wipe them out, don't come back to us, because we won't speak to you." Afterward when we went back to Hong Kong, one of those English officers said to me: "By Jove, we never gave you credit for style, but my! you can shoot!" [Laughter and applause.]

And now that is all that I have to say, except to ask a favor. I want you to join me in drinking the health of our chief, Admiral Dewey.

[At the close of his speech, Captain Coghlan was called upon to recite a burlesque poem entitled "Hoch! der Kaiser." His compliance with this request resulted in some diplomatic comment afterwards. In its original form (as appended herewith) the poem contains thirteen stanzas, but eight only were recited on the above occasion, the omitted portions being stanzas 2, 6, 7, 8 and 9. The verses were written under peculiar circumstances in Montreal in October, 1897. They were inspired by a speech of William II, Emperor of Germany, upon the divine right of kings and his own special mission upon earth. At that time A. M. R. Gordon, a Scotchman by birth, whose real name was A. McGregor Rose, was a member of the "Montreal Herald" staff. He had been in the habit of writing verses upon different subjects, and was looked upon as a bright fellow. The city editor, turning to him, said:

"Give us a poem, Gordon, on the Emperor." In less than an hour's time, he turned out thirteen verses, which were entitled by him, "Kaiser & Co." not "Hoch! der Kaiser." The matter was sent to the printer just as it was written. By some mistake the foreman of the composing-room picked up only eight stanzas in type, leaving the other five on the galley. Gordon, who was very particular about his matter being strictly correct, got one of the first copies off the press. He at once saw the mistake and the form was recast, not, however, before a few hundred had been sent into the mailing room for the foreign mails. This is why only eight verses were copied in the papers which printed the poem at the time. In the second edition it was given in full and signed, A. M. R. Gordon.]

HOCH! DER KAISER.

Der Kaiser of dis Faterland
Und Gott on high all dings command,
Ve two—ach! don'd you understand?
Meinself—und Gott.

He reigns in Heafen und always shall,
Und mein own Embire don'd vas shmall.
Ein noble bair I dinks you call
Meinself—und Gott.

Vile some men sing der power divine
Mein soldiers sing "Die Wacht am Rhein,"
Und drink der health in Rhenish wine,
Of Me—und Gott.

Dere's France—she svaggers all aroundt,
She's ausgespielt, of no aggoundt,
To much ve dinks she don'd amoundt,
Meinself—und Gott.

She vill not dare to fight again,
But if she shouldt, I'll show her blain,
Dot Elsass, und (in French) Lorraine
Are mein—by Gott!

Von Bismarck vas a man of might
Und dought he was glear oud of sight,
But ach! he vas nicht goot to fight
Mit Me—und Gott.

Ve knock him like ein man of sdraw,
Ve let him know whose vill vas law,
Und dot ve don'd vould sdand his jaw,
Meinself—und Gott.

Ve send him outdt in big disgrace,
Ve gif him insuldt to his face,
Und put Caprivi in his place,
Meinself—und Gott.

Und ven Caprivi get svelled hedt
Ve very bromptly on him set,
Und toldt him to get up and get,
Meinself—und Gott.

Dere's Grandma dinks she's nicht shmall bier,
Mit Boers und such she interfere,
She'll learn none owns dis hemisphere
But Me—und Gott.

She dinks, good frau, some ships she's got,
Und soldiers mit der scarlet goat,
Ach ! we could knock 'em—poof ! like dot.
Meinself—und Gott.

In dimes of beace brepare for wars,
I bear der helm und shpear of Mars,
Und care not for den dousand Czars,
Meinself—und Gott.

In fact, I humor efery vhim,
Mit aspect dark und visage grim
Gott pulls mit me, und I mit Him,
Meinself—und Gott.

LORD COLERIDGE

HENRY IRVING'S VERSATILITY

[Speech of John Duke Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England, at a banquet given to Henry Irving [now Sir Henry Irving] London, July 4, 1883, in view of his impending departure for a professional tour of America. Lord Coleridge occupied the chair.]

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen:—We are about, as you know, to send our honored guest, Mr. Irving, on a tour through the great Republic of America, and we have invited him to dinner on the fourth of July, the day, now more than a hundred years ago, when the American Republic broke away from this country, and rejected the yoke which the Ministers of George the Third attempted to impose upon the necks of a free people. [Cheers.] I hope that it is not an unbecoming toast; I hope it is not an unwelcome tribute to a great and friendly nation [cheers], that it is on its birthday we should drink its health; a birthday, like most birthdays, full of pain and sorrow to its mother, but of pain and sorrow which have long since passed away, to be followed by feelings of unmingled pride in the magnificence of the offspring and in the yet more magnificent development which the future will undoubtedly reveal. [Cheers.]

We know that that great nation has as its head an elected president—a man, for the time that he fills the office, more powerful than the most despotic monarch, because he represents the irresistible will of the great nation which has elected him [cheers]; the chief, for the time, of a vast English-speaking people, the friend of our sovereign [cheers]; the successor of a man whose life was pure, whose aims were noble, whose death bound together, in the ties of a common honor and of a common sorrow, the hearts of America and England. [Cheers.] I give you the "American Republic, and the President of the United States." [Cheers.]

My lords, ladies and gentlemen, I have now to ask you to drink the toast for the purpose of drinking which we have all come together here to-night. [Loud cheers.] And for your misfortune and my own it is necessary that the toast should be prefaced by what is called a speech. [Laughter.] An after-dinner speech, according to a well-known recipe, should be made up of a joke, a platitude, and a quotation. [Laughter.] As for jokes, I am too old and have got too dull to make them. [Laughter.] As for platitudes, you will have plenty of them before I have done. [Laughter.] And then for a quotation. Well, I think I must introduce you to one that none of you have ever heard—quite absolutely new [laughter], entirely unhackneyed [laughter], from out of the unknown play of an obscure poet:—

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts."

[Laughter and cheers.]

If it be true that all men and women are players, by a slight inaccuracy of logic it follows that all players are men and women [laughter], and that therefore a great player ought to be a great man. [Cheers.] At all events, it is certain that he ought to be able to appreciate great qualities; to delineate, so that men may understand and admire, a great character; to be able to give fit and appropriate expression to great thoughts. But more than that. A master of music, a Mozart or a Beethoven, is dead and done without artists to interpret him; and so a dramatist, be he ever so great, is half dead and altogether done if he cannot find a master to breathe life into the creations of his brain, and make them live and walk across the stage. [Cheers.]

What does the world know—I do not speak of students of literature, of course—but what does the world know of most dramatists except Shakespeare, and perhaps, at a great distance, Sheridan? And yet Ben Jonson, Massinger, Webster, Marlowe, and Fletcher were all great men [cheers];

but they are almost unknown to the world at large, because their productions are so seldom acted. So, if you will reverse the picture, a great actor will frequently keep alive, by a few scenes of a play, or by a single play or two out of a great number, men inferior to those I have mentioned, although, nevertheless, great men—such as Macklin, Farquhar, Milman, and Tennyson.

But more than that. A great actor shares in the earthly immortality which he so much helps to create. I do not know that I can accept as true the marvellous verse in Westminster Abbey in which we are told that Shakespeare and Garrick:—

> "Like twin stars shall shine,
> And earth irradiate with beam divine."

But however absurd and extravagant these lines may be, it is nevertheless certainly true that the names of great actors live almost as long as those of great dramatists. The name of Garrick, for example, will live nearly as long probably as the name of Shakespeare. Roscius is certainly as well known as Terence, and Racine is hardly better known than Talma. But more than that. The genius of a great actor elevates him into absolute equality with the first personages of his time. Pericles was the intimate friend of Sophocles and Euripides, Roscius lived in the closest intimacy with Cicero and Cæsar, Garrick was the chosen friend of Burke and Dr. Johnson, Kemble lived in intimacy with Sir Walter Scott and the King, Henry Irving is the friend of this great country. [Loud cheers.] To us he is the last, because we are the last. We shall have successors, and so will he; but to us he is the last of a great list of great names—Quin, Betterton, Booth, Garrick, Kean, the Kembles, Young, Macready. [Cheers.] The list is inexhaustible, and if it were not, I have no power, no knowledge, to exhaust it.

And what is true of actors is, of course, true of actresses too. [Loud cheers.] England has a race of great actresses of which any nation may be proud: and if on this occasion I select from this "dream of fair women" one image, and name one name, and that the name of Ellen Terry [enthusiastic cheers], it is not that I forget Mrs. Siddons, or Miss

O'Neill, or Mrs. Glover, or Mrs. Stirling [loud cheers], or many other great women living and passed away ; but because Ellen Terry has been associated so closely with many of Mr. Irving's successes, and because to her genius, I am sure, he would be the first to say, he owes not a little of some of his brightest triumphs. [Loud cheers.]

I wish, my lords, ladies and gentlemen, that I had the time or the power to detain you, with Charles Lamb, among some of the old actors, but I have not. I simply refer you to that inimitable paper, so-called—if you have never read it, don't go to bed without reading it [laughter]—and if you have read it, read it again to-morrow morning. [Renewed laughter.]

Passing from that, let me ask what it is that we owe to Mr. Irving. What is it, stated shortly and simply, that has brought this magnificent gathering together to-night? We all know that it is the result of the magnificent presentation of some of the plays of Shakespeare—" Richard III," " Macbeth," " Much Ado About Nothing " [loud cheers], " Romeo and Juliet " [cheers], " The Merchant of Venice." [Cheers.] I know not whether I have exhausted the catalogue [cries of " Hamlet ! "], but those, at any rate, are some. [Cheers.] But it is not only in the plays of Shakespeare that Mr. Irving has exerted his genius and has employed his unrivalled powers of presentation upon the stage. ["Hear! Hear ! "] He has done much for us in other matters. He has done what careful and accomplished acting, what beneficent and wise and intelligent expense in presenting a play will do. [Cheers.] For the plays of other men, of whom it is no disparagement to say they are inferior to those of the greatest dramatist that ever lived, Shakespeare [cheers], but who themselves are considerable persons—" Charles I " [cheers], " The Bells," " The Cup," " The Belle's Stratagem," " The Lyon's Mail "—all these are things that we owe to Mr. Irving. [Cheers.] And for these, and for the manner in which he has presented the greater and the lesser plays to us, as it has been unexampled in our time, so we owe him a very great debt of gratitude, because, although it may be that the effort of acting, and the labor of presentation, have been less in these latter plays, at any rate the success has been absolute and complete. [Cheers.]

Moreover, as far as the example and influence of one man can do it, he has done much, to use the expression of the Bishop of Durham, "to purify and exalt the dramatic art." [Cheers.] On this point let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean to say that in this particular matter Mr. Irving has stood alone. ["Hear! Hear!"] It would be unjust and ungenerous to say so. It would be unfair praise—it would be praise that I am sure Mr. Irving would reject, and, if I know anything of him, would resent. But, at any rate, he has followed the best traditions, he has helped, so far as he could, his contemporaries, and he has made the matter easier for those who may come after him. [Cheers.] For, never let us forget that the profession of an actor is surrounded, as many other professions are surrounded, with difficulties, dangers, and temptations peculiar to itself. ["Hear! Hear!"] It is true that in the case of an actor the difficulties and the temptations are more open and more obvious than in many professions, but I do not know that they are for that reason any the more easy to resist and to overcome, because they are founded upon the strongest and commonest passions of mankind. ["Hear! Hear!"] I do not here speak of those commoner, coarser, fouler forms of vice which when I was a young man were the disgrace and the dishonor of the playhouses of London, playhouses in which the actors and actresses were frequently men and women of not unspotted character. Reform in that matter was begun by a man I am proud to think of as a friend—it was begun by Mr. Macready. [Cheers.] It was carried on with some self-sacrifice, but with great and successful results. Every respectable manager, I believe, since his time has followed the example of Mr. Macready, and of course I need not say Mr. Irving among them. [Cheers.]

But I mean something more than that. I mean that the general tone and atmosphere of the theatre, wherever Mr. Irving's influence is predominant, has been uniformly higher and purer. The pieces which he has acted, and the way he has acted them, have been always such that no husband need hesitate to take his wife, no mother to take her daughter, where Mr. Irving is the ruling spirit. [Cheers.] He has, I believe, recognized that in this matter there lies upon him, as upon every one in his position, a grave responsibility.

He has felt, possibly unconsciously, that the heroic signal of Lord Nelson ought not to be confined in its application simply to men of arms, but that England expects every man to do his duty when it lays upon him a duty to do, and to do it nobly. [Cheers.]

Moreover, I believe that what has brought us together to-night, besides that feeling, is the remembrance of the generosity and unselfishness of Mr. Irving's career. [Cheers.] He has shown that generosity, not only in the parts he has played, but in the parts he has not played. He has shown that he did not care to be always the central figure of a surrounding group in which every one was to be subordinated to the centre, and in which every actor was to be considered as a foil to the leading part. He has been superior to the selfishness which now and again has interfered with the course of some of our best actors, and he has had his reward. He has collected around him a set of men who, I believe, are proud to act with him [cheers], men whose feeling towards him has added not a little to the brilliant success which his management has achieved; men who feel that they act, not merely under a manager, but under a friend; men who are proud to be his companions, and many of whom have come here to-night to show by their presence that they are so. [Cheers.] I confess that, being a professional man myself, I honor alike his feeling and his wisdom. What to the professional man can compensate for the good feeling, the affection and regard of those among whom his life is passed? [Cheers.] Surely, such feelings are worth more, are worth far, far more, than the little added triumph which an undeviating and steady self-assertion may sometimes secure. [Cheers.] My lords and gentlemen, I think it is because we believe that those high aims have been pursued by Mr. Irving, and because we admire his character in so pursuing them, that this unexampled gathering has come together to-night. [Loud cheers.] It is the desire to say to him in public, as we have often and often said of him in private, that we admire his character, we respect his course, and we heartily wish him success in all his undertakings. [Loud cheers.] It is plain that no man could come to such a meeting as this, and could bring together such an association of men as I see before me, unless he had great and remarkable qualities as an artist. [Cheers.] These alone would not be sufficient, because there has been many a great artist who has never had such a recognition as this. But it is undoubtedly true, it is in vain to dispute it, that no one could have produced so great an effect upon the cultivated mind of England, who was not himself an accomplished, a cultivated, and a thorough artist. [Cheers.]

It does not become me—indeed, I have not the skill or power—to analyze critically Mr. Irving's genius, to weigh it in the balance of results, and to say that in this it exceeds or in that it is deficient. To me it is sufficient to be certain that he has an exceptional and unusual power of distinctly realizing to himself an intellectual conception of the part which he acts. [Cheers.] He has the power of expressing to me and to others, and of making us comprehend what his own distinct intellectual conviction is, and that to me is most profoundly interesting. It does not become me, where some is good and so much is more than good—is excellent—as an occasional playgoer, to pick out and praise this or that particular thing; but if I may be permitted to say in what, in my judgment, the genius of Mr. Irving has culminated, I should, merely as a matter of personal opinion, pick out the play scene in "Hamlet," and the intense malignity of the felon in "The Lyons Mail." [Cheers.] But I do not pretend to be a critic. All I can say is, that I have found great delight in Mr. Irving, and that I have found great cause for wonder and admiration in the versatility of his powers. In this he appears to me to be a thorough artist. He not only plays good tragedy but he plays good comedy and he plays good farce. [Cheers.] It has been said—I know not with how much truth—of Garrick, that he played in one and the same night "King Lear" and "Abel Drugger." I do not know whether Mr. Irving ever played in one night "Hamlet" and "Alfred Jingle," but I know that he has played both and played them well. I am content simply to admire, and I say that in these things Mr. Irving has shown himself a thorough and accomplished artist. [Cheers.]

In conclusion let me say that as America sent Booth to us, so we send Irving to America, and as Irving and England received Booth with open arms,so I am convinced that that great and generous country will receive our first-rate and admirable actor. [Cheers.] At all events, we tell America that we send her one of our best [cheers], on this her birthday as a birthday present [cheers]; and that we send her a man to whom I may fitly and properly adapt the words of the great Roman orator spoken of his predecessor—I mean Mr. Irving's predecessor—"*Summus artifex et, mehercule, semper artium in republica tanquam in scena optimarum,*" which I may venture to translate roughly, for the benefit of the one or two people here who do not understand Latin [laughter], that he is a consummate artist; and, by Jove! capable of the best arts both on the stage and off it. [Loud and prolonged cheers.]

IN GOLDEN CHAINS

[Speech of Lord Coleridge at a banquet given by the City of Boston, at the Parker House, September 8, 1883, to "visiting representatives to the Foreign and Domestic Exhibition" then in progress. Lord Coleridge was heartily welcomed by the large company present, and his remarks, with his clever references to American authors and American affairs, were received with cheers.]

MR. MAYOR, YOUR EXCELLENCY AND GENTLEMEN:—I assure you that I rise to return thanks on this occasion with feelings of the most unfeigned gratitude—gratitude to you, sir, for the gracious manner in which you have been pleased to propose this toast; to you, gentlemen, for the cordial manner in which you have been pleased to accept it. It is true that on more than one occasion during my very short sojourn in America I have been compelled to inflict a speech upon long-suffering American audiences. [Laughter.] In the stately City of Albany; in the cheerful, picturesque, homely, delightful City of Portland, the charms of whose men and whose women I shall never forget, and once more, to-day, in this city. And yet I can truly say that never in my life till now, or not more than now, rising to return thanks to this toast in this splendid and magnificent city, have I so earnestly and unfeignedly desired that some more adequate example of my dear old country was before you; that there was some more competent and adequate exponent of the learning and eloquence and the refinement of Englishmen than an old and weary lawyer, who, although by some accident he chances to have attained and to hold all but the very highest and proudest station in the great profession to which it is his pride and privilege to belong, has never ceased to wonder how he came to hold it. [Laughter and applause.] Nevertheless, the kindness and cordiality of this greeting will be remembered. *Dum memorisse mei, dum spiritus kos regit artus.* [Applause.]

I am quite conscious that such a greeting as you have been pleased to extend to-night is made to my country, and not to me ; or, if made to me, because I am an Englishman, and because I represent to you in some faint measure the great country from which I come. [Applause.] I knew enough, from newspapers and other authentic modes of information [laughter], of the kindly and cordial feeling entertained in American cities toward my beloved sovereign, not to be surprised when I heard "God Save the Queen." But I will confess to you, gentlemen, in spite of all I have heard of American cordiality and American hospitality, I was for a moment surprised to hear "Rule Britannia" played on these shores of the Atlantic. Upon that great ocean, heretofore, the two great nations have contended, with equal courage, I hope I may say, but not always (in the nature of things it could not be) with equal success. If we could point to the battle of the "Chesapeake" and the "Shannon," you can point to the battle of the "Java" and the "Constitution," and your victory in that combat is, through the medium of mezzotint engravings, one of the earliest recollections of my childhood, because, although it was long before I was born, yet a near relative of my own was an officer in the "Java" and for some time a prisoner in America, and I can testify that he never forgot to his dying day either the gallantry of American seamen or the kindness of American people. [Applause.]

Gentlemen, the welcome that has been extended to me since I landed at New York has followed me here. I am here as the guest of this ancient and famous Commonwealth —ancient, I say, as far as things in America can be ancient —as I have said, the guest of this Commonwealth, at the hands of your Excellency, the Governor of this State. [Applause.] And I must say that his Excellency has spared no pains, no trouble, no thoughtful care, to make my stay in this place happy and cheerful, and, to use an English word, thoroughly comfortable. I thank you and I thank him most cordially and warmly for this welcome. I thank him for another thing. He has changed sticks with me, gentlemen [laughter], and he has given me in return for one of no intrinsic value a very valuable and excellent stick. In the "Iliad," when Glaucus exchanged his golden armor for the mail of Diomede, ill-natured people said he was afraid. I think no man, ill-natured or good-natured, will say your Governor is afraid of me. But, as I have told him in private, so I say in public, he sends me back to Europe with this proud and consolatory feeling that I am the only man in the world who ever got the better of General Butler. [Loud laughter and applause.]

Gentlemen, passing away from the kindness and cordiality and generosity of General Butler, how am I to rise to the heights which the recollections of Massachusetts and of Boston would fain invite me to aspire to? I speak in the neighborhood of Bunker Hill, in the neighborhood of "T wharf," which, a friend of mine has told me since I came into this room, has nothing to do with the Boston tea-fight. I scorn such strictly historic accuracy. I believe faithfully that that admirable beverage, which you have brewed ever since, has been improved since the fight at "T wharf." I have seen your old State House, with the lion and unicorn upon it. I have seen your noble building in which your two houses assemble, with General Burgoyne's cannon in the ante-chamber. I have seen Faneuil Hall, a plain but most magnificent building. I have seen that most magnificent building within a few miles of this place—the Memorial Hall of Harvard University. Gentlemen, these things are full of interest and history; and I don't believe men who tell me you have no history. It may be that you have a short history, because you cannot help it; but you have a great history. You have a history of which any commonwealth may justly and rightly be proud. [Applause.]

You know—forgive my vanity if I say I know, too—that you bred Benjamin Franklin, and Daniel Webster, and Joseph Story, and Theodore Parker: Daniel Webster, whose hand I was privileged as a boy at Eton to press, when he was in England as your representative, and whose eloquence I have humbly studied ever since; Story, a household word with every English lawyer; Parker, perhaps one of your highest and greatest souls. [Applause.] Hawthorne, if you will forgive me the expression of a foreigner, is, perhaps, taken altogether, almost your foremost man of letters [applause]; Longfellow, the delight and darling of two hemispheres; Holmes, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table [applause]; the autocrat, if he chose, of every dinner table, too—but there I am told he is content to play the part of a constitutional sovereign. Emerson, as broad and as strong as one of your long rivers, and as pure; Lowell, I am proud to say, my own honest friend [applause], your representative at this moment in my own country. Like Garrick in Joshua Reynolds's picture, he excels in either tragedy or comedy, and is delightful whether as Hosea Biglow or as James Russell Lowell, skilled with equal genius to move the hearts of his readers whether to smiles or tears. And Howells, the last of your American invaders who have taken England by storm. [Applause.] These are your glories, these are the men who make your history. These are the men, forgive me for saying, of whom you ought to be proud, if you are not heartily proud. [Applause.]

Gentlemen, in the person of a very humble Englishman on the one side, and of this great company on the other, let me think that England and America have met together to-night, that they have come together and may ever stay together. [Applause.] Gentlemen, we are one, as Washington Allston said, and most truly said,—the great painter and the poet who worked in this city, and who lies not far off in the Cambridge churchyard,—we are one in blood, we are one in language, we are one in law, we are one in hatred of oppression and love of liberty. [Cries of "Good," and loud applause.] We are bound together, if I may reverently say so, by God Himself in golden chains of mutual affection and mutual respect, and two nations so joined together, I am firmly convinced, man will never put asunder. [Loud and prolonged applause and cheers.]

PATRICK A. COLLINS

IRELAND'S DREAM OF NATIONALITY

[Speech of Patrick A. Collins at the banquet of the Charitable Irish Society of the City of Boston. The banquet took place in Boston, March 17, 1899. Mr. Collins had lately returned from his service abroad as United States Consul-General at London.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN :—I have been so long a truant to these gatherings that I appreciate all the more your kindness in assigning me to respond to this time-honored sentiment—"The day we celebrate." For more than 160 years some one has stood in this place to say what the day means to this society, what it means to us and ours, and all the men and women of our race in every land, as well as Ireland. For everywhere on the earth our kindred are scattered, and on all the seas, speaking the speech of all men, and found in all their activities ; and wherever they are, they group and gather to-day to honor saint and motherland.

The festival is religious, national, Irish. Fourteen hundred years ago a simple, sublime young man, with the atmosphere of heaven about him, walked through Ireland, preaching and baptizing, and when his footsteps had ended, the pagan land he saw at first had become Christian forever; and not only Christian itself, but destined for ages to give letters and light to Pict and Briton and Frank, and to send St. Gall to set the cross high on the Alps in the canton that still bears his name.

Christian and reverent Ireland became in that far-away time, and Christian and reverent it has remained, through all the troubled centuries, down to this hour. So, reverently, we honor the memory of the saintly Pict or Frank, who brought the light to Ireland, the light that shall last there till all the lights of the world go out; and so our kindred celebrate the day, and will throughout the ages.

Seven hundred years after St. Patrick went into Ireland to do God's enduring work, an English King sent missionaries there to do another kind of work—and that work is not yet done. It never will be done; it simply never can be done while England is England and Ireland stands.

For these last 700 years the ghastly story runs of England's attempt to force her rule, and for more than two centuries to force her newly-acquired creed, upon a people who loved their religion with all the fervor taught by their own apostle, and who loved liberty with a passion never yet comprehended by a tyrant. The eye sweeps the island in those dreadful times, and sees nothing but flame and blood, desolation, ruin and misery. It rests upon the statute book, and reads nothing but infamy.

The coldest-blooded English historian admits that after four centuries of wasteful wars, the policy of his country changed from conquest to extermination. But as the people declined to submit, they also declined to die. A triumphant chapter in Kingsley's "Westward Ho" describes the murder by an English army of a host of unarmed Irish men, women and children, not far from my early home, so that the story should be spread and terror seize the province. Elizabeth's lieutenant, when he thought his work was done, wrote to his mistress that "now all that is left of the ancient Irish is carcasses and ashes." But the prolific, unconquered race rose from its carcasses and ashes, survived the butcheries of Elizabeth and Cromwell, the perfidy of William, the banishment or murder of their leaders, the awful agony of penal terms, the ruin or plunder of their last chapel, and the loss of their last acre of land, ever resisting as best they could, till they lived at last to see the victor of Waterloo surrender to O'Connell.

In our own days, a pale young man from Ireland rose in the alien Parliament and declared that no more business for the empire should be done till the case of his country was heard. And no more business was done until modern Irish reform began and the awful burden of the poorest people in Europe began to be lifted.

The poorest people they yet remain, crushed by a weight that only long companionship with misery can bear; but the burden lightens year by year, and we may hope to see in the next generation better material conditions than Ireland has known since her land was stolen and her industries suppressed. More than that, another generation will see the land of Ireland practically owned by those who till it, or held on terms that allow them to live. Of course, there is no restitution, no return of the stolen land, any more than there is of stolen churches. St. Patrick could not say mass in the cathedral that bears his name, and that his followers built. But the people who occupy the land stolen from their ancestors are at last permitted to buy it from the descendants of those who stole it, and to pay for it by fifty years or more of painful toil and nameless privation; but at last the land will be theirs and forever, after ages of struggle and woe and misery, such as no other people ever endured. So ends the fight over Irish land.

And as in the meantime the Irish will till their own lands, so will they some time make their own laws and fly their own flag. For the Irish question, like the Irish man, has a soul as well as a body, and the soul of the Irish question is not land, but liberty. "Three acres and a cow" and fellowship with the earth may satisfy all the longings of swinish men, but the Irish Celt, next to God, loves liberty—for himself and for all men—and next to God he loves his country. For liberty and for country he has struggled through these dreary centuries, suffered and endured all hate and wrong, died on the field and swung from the gibbet, and he and his people are as Irish to-day as when Henry's horde came in to conquer—and to fail.

Do you think that this people, with a history so full of passionate aspiration and heroic fortitude, so full of courage, of sacrifice and glory, will surrender or fail at last? Not so, while they dream the dream of nationality, and still believe in a God that made them Celts, not Saxons, and has ever watched over them. Whether that dream shall become a reality in our day or in a later one, it will come true, by some fair chance to fight for it in the coming clash and smash of nations, or if England can get eyes to see that her Irish experiment has been and ever will be a failure, and conclude a lasting peace with her neighbor—come soon or late, in one form or in another—the Irish question will be settled at last, and settled upon Irish lines. Till then many things for England, great and powerful as she is, remain unsettled; when that question is settled many things that appear dark will be made plain, many things that vex England's councils and her politicians will pass away.

But in any case, time and the age and the progress of mankind fight for Ireland. What she has suffered she will endure no more. All her gains are permanent. Every step is forward. Every throb of her great heart makes more life and blood and energy. God watch and ward the old land and keep the hearts of its mothers as pure and sweet as they are to-day, and the arms of her sons as strong, till the faith that never faltered is justified, till the passionate longing is satisfied at last. [Applause.]

WILKIE COLLINS

AMERICAN HOSPITALITY

[Speech of Wilkie Collins at a reception given by the Lotos Club, in his honor, New York City, September 27, 1873. Whitelaw Reid, in introducing Mr. Collins, said: "We have met to-night to greet a visitor from the other side, of whom nothing is unknown to us but his face. May he give us long and frequent opportunity for better acquaintance with that. Thackeray once closed a charming paper on an American author with words which we may fitly take up and apply in turn to our English guest: 'It has been his fortunate lot to give great happiness and delight to the world, which thanks him in return with an immense kindliness, respect, affection.' [Applause.] And as Thackeray's great companion in work and fame, our guest's name is a familiar association with his, in America, for we had come to prize him as the friend and literary associate of Charles Dickens, even before we had learned to honor him yet more for his own sake."]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—Many years ago, more years than I now quite like to reckon—I was visiting Sorrento, in the Bay of Naples, with my father, mother and brothers, as a boy of thirteen. At that time of my life, as at this time of my life, I was an insatiable reader of that order of books for which heavy people have invented the name of "light literature." [Laughter.] In due course of time I exhausted the modest resources of the library which we had brought to Naples, and found myself faced with the necessity of borrowing from the resources of our fellow-travellers, summer residents of Sorrento like ourselves.

Among them was a certain countryman of yours, very tall, very lean, very silent, and very melancholy. Under what circumstances the melancholy of this gentleman took its rise, I am not able to tell you. The ladies thought it was a disappointment in love; the men attributed it to a cause infinitely more serious than that—I mean indigestion.

Whether he suffered in heart or whether he suffered in stomach, I took, I remember, a boy's unreasonable fancy to him, passing over dozens of other people, apparently far more acceptable than he was. I ventured to look up to the tall American—it was a long way to look up—and said in a trembling voice: "Can you lend me a book to read?" He looked down to me—it was a long way to look down—and said: "I have got but two amusing books; one of them is 'The Sorrows of Werther,' and the other is 'The Sentimental Journey.' [Laughter.] You are heartily welcome to both these books. Take them home and when you have read them, bring them back and dine with me, and tell me what you think of them."

I took them home and read them, and told him what I thought of them, much more freely than I would now, and last, not least, I had an excellent dinner crowned with a cake, which was an epoch in my youthful existence, and which, I may say, lives gratefully and greasily in my memory to the present day. [Applause.]

Now, Mr. President and gentlemen, I venture to tell you this for one reason. It marks my first experience with American kindness and American hospitality. In many different ways this early expression of your kindness and hospitality has mingled in my after-life, now in England, now on the Continent, until it has culminated in this magnificent reception from the Lotos Club. I am not only gratified but touched by the manner in which you have greeted me, and the cordiality with which the remarks of your President have been received. I venture to say that I see in this reception something more than a recognition of my humble labors only. I think I see a recognition of English literature, liberal, spontaneous and sincere, which I think is an honor to you as well as an honor to me. In the name of English literature, I beg gratefully to thank you. On my own behalf, I beg to assure you that I shall not soon forget the encouragement you have offered to me, at the outset of my career in America. Permit me to remind you that I am now speaking the language of sincere gratitude, and that is essentially a language of very few words. [Applause.]

ROBERT COLLYER

SAXON GRIT

[Speech of Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer at the seventy-fourth anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1879. The President of the Society, Daniel F. Appleton, was in the chair, and called upon Dr. Collyer to respond to the following toast: "The Saxon Grit—which in New England as in Old England has made a race of men to be honored, feared and respected."]

GENTLEMEN:—When your President sent me word about the sentiment to which he wanted me to respond—Saxon Grit—and I began to think the ground over, and to see what Saxon grit meant, it seemed so great a thing to talk about, so wide in its sweep, and so noble in its ingathering, that knowing just the sort of men I was to meet, and how scant the time must be, I came near illustrating the fact that I had no Saxon grit in me by running away. [Laughter.] It is a grand subject, and demands a grand handling, and to do it any justice I should need to take some such time as a minister once took who came to preach for my people, on an exchange. I said to one of the deacons, on Monday, "How did you like the sermon?" "Well," he said, "the first three hours and a half I liked pretty well, but after that I began to get discouraged." [Laughter.] For you see Saxon grit is the story of a thousand years. It is the story of the struggle of millions of men, on battlefields in two worlds. It is the story of men like Alfred, and Cromwell, and Washington, and Lincoln, and Grant [applause], and of others who were just as brave and true, and "as positive as the earth is firm," but who had to be content with the feeling that they had done their duty, and take that for their reward. [Applause.] It takes in the mighty conquests of peace as well as war, the stand made for the great Charter, the open Bible and a free mind to read it, the fight over ship money, the "tempest in a tea-pot" in Boston Harbor which could only be content with a reach of the Atlantic for the brewing; and it includes the honest dollar. [Applause.]

These are the lines a man must follow who would speak of the Saxon grit; and to trespass so upon your time would be a gross intrusion that I could not expect you to pardon and again tender me an invitation to a New England dinner. [Laughter and applause.] I like a good dinner and good company too well to run that risk. And so I thought I would try and compress what I had to say into a very small compass, and as I found my thought going off in a sort of swing and taking the shape of an old ballad, I concluded to "drop into poetry," which, Mr. Wegg says, "comes more expensive" than prose; and so for this reason, for want of a better, you will have to put up with all the less of it. [Cheers.]

Worn with the battle by Stamford town,
  Fighting the Norman by Hastings Bay,
Harold the Saxon's sun went down
  While the acorns were falling, one autumn day.
Then the Norman said, "I am lord of the land;
  By tenor of conquest here I sit;
I will rule you now with the iron hand"—
  But he had not thought of the Saxon grit.

He took the land, and he took the men,
  And burnt the homesteads from Trent to Tyne,
Made the freemen serfs by a stroke of the pen,
  Eat up the corn, and drank the wine,
And said to the maiden pure and fair,
  "You shall be my leman, as is most fit,
Your Saxon churl may rot in his lair"—
  But he had not measured the Saxon grit.

To the merry green wood went bold Robin Hood,
  With his strong-hearted yeomanry ripe for the fray,
Driving the arrow into the marrow
  Of all the proud Normans who came in his way;
Scorning the fetter, fearless and free,
  Winning by valor or foiling by wit,
Dear to our Saxon folk ever is he,
  This merry old rogue with the Saxon grit.

And Kett the tanner whipt out his knife,
  And Watt the smith his hammer brought down
For ruth of the maid he loved better than life,
  And by breaking a head made a hole in the Crown.
From the Saxon heart rose a mighty roar,
  "Our life shall not be by the King's permit;
We will fight for the right, we want no more"—
  Then the Norman found out the Saxon grit.

For slow and sure as the oaks had grown
  From the acorns falling that autumn day,
So the Saxon manhood in thorpe and town
  To a nobler stature grew alway,
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
  Sanding by law and the human right,
Many times failing, never once quailing,
  So the new day came out of the night.

Then rising afar in the Western sea,
  A new world stood in the morn of the day,
Ready to welcome the brave and free
  Who could wrench out the heart and march away
From the narrow, contracted, dear old land,
  Where the poor are held by a cruel bit,
To ampler spaces for heart and hand—
  And here was a chance for the Saxon grit.

Steadily steering, eagerly peering,
  Trusting in God, your fathers came,
Pilgrims and strangers, fronting all dangers,
  Cool-headed Saxons with hearts aflame.
Bound by the letter, but free from the fetter,
  And hiding their freedom in Holy Writ,
They gave Deuteronomy hints in economy,
  And made a new Moses of Saxon grit.

They whittled and waded through forest and fen,
  Fearless as ever of what might befall;
Pouring out life for the nurture of men;
  In faith that by manhood the world wins all.
Inventing baked beans, and no end of machines;
  Great with the rifle and great with the axe—
Sending their notions over the oceans,
  To fill empty stomachs and straighten bent backs.

Swift to take chances that end in the dollar,
  Yet open of hand when the dollar is made,
Maintaining the meet'n, exalting the scholar,
  But a little too anxious about a good trade;

This is young Jonathan, son of old John,
Positive, peaceable, firm in the right;
Saxon men all of us, may we be one,
Steady for freedom, and strong in her might.

Then, slow and sure, as the oaks have grown
From the acorns that fell on that old dim day,
So this new manhood, in city and town,
To a nobler stature will grow alway;
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
Slow to contention, and slower to quit,
Now and then failing, but never once quailing,
Let us thank God for the Saxon grit.

[Prolonged applause.]

TRIBUTE TO EDWIN BOOTH

[Speech of Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer at a complimentary breakfast given to Edwin Booth by his friends and admirers, just previous to his departure for Europe, New York City, June 15, 1880. Judge John R. Brady presided.]

Gentlemen:—I do not want to commence my speech by remarking that I do not know about the theatre and the stage, because, if I said that, I should not tell the truth. I go to the theatre whenever I can get a chance. And I never go when a man like our friend is playing that I am not filled with it. I forget myself and laugh and cry at the beck of the actor, and cannot help it. [Applause.] I feel that I have no business to stand outside of the business of the evening, and criticise it. What I have got to do is to enter into the spirit of the play, and have what I call a "good time." And I have had more grand times, I suppose, listening to Mr. Booth and watching him than to any other actor living. [Applause.]

I recognize in the greatest that we ministers can do, and in the greatest our friend can do, that we are together in this great work of impressing the human heart and soul. The word he utters, the word we utter when we are lifted to the height of a great occasion, goes to the same place and goes on the same errand, and while "I magnify mine office," and believe that on the earth there is no higher and no better, I feel at the same time, when a man like our guest interprets some mighty mystery of life,—the shadow of it, and the shine, the laughter and the tears, sin and sorrow and repentance, if it please God; there is no grander coadjutor of the minister than a man of this profession, who can teach the thought he carries hidden in his heart by the mightiest genius of the world. [Applause.] When our friends on the other side have been touched by the genius of our guest, as we have been touched so many times, then they will understand that there is something loved and cherished in the hearts of America besides the "almighty dollar." [Loud cheers.]

THE CHURCH AND THE STAGE

[Speech of Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer at a banquet in honor of Tommaso Salvini, New York City, April 26, 1883.]

MR. CHAIRMAN:—I feel a little touch of fear, sir, that, in answering to this sentiment, "The Church and the Stage," if my speech does not seem to you a "Comedy of Errors" it may still seem to me to be "Love's Labor's Lost," by reason of the wide distance between my good-will and my ability to do justice to such a theme.

This is one of those times when the Church should give you the best she has, and you should have found a bishop glad and proud to give the right hand of fellowship to your noble guest, and bid him God-speed. But, speaking for the Church, so far as a heretic may, what can I say better than that the Church is the mother and the Stage is the daughter, and that, after so long an estrangement, they should kiss and be friends?

The mystery plays, to which the Church gave birth in the Middle Ages, are different only from the great dramas of the present, as the "infant muling and puking in the nurse's arms" is different from the splendid persons dowered with all beauty and aglow with the choicest genius—men like Mr. Salvini—who mirror forth our time.

Let us make sure that we are of one blood, and then we may come together again. The mother has scorned, and the daughter has scoffed. We would not see your play, and you would not hear our sermons. It is all a sham, we have said, your pretence of passion. And you have been of the mind of a manager who would not let a minister have his theatre for a Sunday evening service, saying: "No, sir, I will not have so poor an actor on my stage. It will demoralize the place." Is it not time all this was ended? And if the Church says: "Why should I mingle my gold with such dross?" the answer is that some very good Churchmen have not thought it dross.

I was greatly charmed last summer, sir, by a sight in the mountains of four stately chestnuts growing from one root. I loved to sit in the shadow first of one and then of another, and to watch them swaying in the wind and kissing each other through the interlacing branches. So I have thought it is with the drama, the finer arts, and music, and with religious aspirations,—each separate in some sense from the other, and yet, down in the deepest one, blossoming alike and bearing fruit, shooting up into the light together, and glorifying the land where they grow.

I love mine best; you love yours best; but I can see in all that there is the same spirit at work, to make men wiser and better. I thank God for them all, and look for the time to come when the whole world will hold them at their true worth.

ROSCOE CONKLING

THE STATE OF NEW YORK

[Speech of Roscoe Conkling at the sixty-ninth anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1874. The President of the Society, Isaac H. Bailey, presided, and introduced Senator Conkling in these words: "Gentlemen, the third regular toast is,—'The State of New York,—her boundless resources, her world-wide commerce, and the steady virtue of her people will ever maintain her proud rank as the Empire State of the Union.' The gentleman who will respond to this toast has a right to speak for the State of New York, for the State of New York has spoken for him on two occasions. I introduce to you Senator Conkling."]

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society:—The annals of this honored association, resplendent as they are with so much that is illustrious and remarkable, record no instance, to my knowledge, in which a guest at a New England dinner ever labored under embarrassment or diffidence. Always to say, and say readily and easily, the right thing at the right time, has till now been the gift of all embraced in your boundless hospitality. [Applause.] At last selection has grown careless or perverse, and one has been bidden wanting in all that beseems the feast. This is not the worst of it. Bent on hurrying over everything dangerous to the enjoyment of the occasion, and usurping powers not conferred on him by your constitution or by-laws, the autocrat of the table gave me timely warning to be brief. I will not tell you how little is the drop of time poured out to me. It is not half so large as to hold half my thanks for a greeting so cordial. [Applause.] Being thus tethered on an isthmus not wider than a hair, I was blandly and generously given an empire for a theme, and told to feel perfectly free to range over all space. [Laughter.] This wonderful invention for contracting time, and expanding its use—a sort of intro-convertible scheme of financiering—impressed me the more because it revealed a trace of ingenuity and frugality notoriously foreign to the New England character. [Laughter.] It is but just to your President, however, to acquit him of all feeling toward me in this effort to abridge the right of free speech. He acted, no doubt, strictly on the principle which led the Puritans to oppose bear-baiting—not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the people. [Applause.]

The toast is a State—pardon me if I say in some respects the first Republican State in Christendom—that great Commonwealth whose interests, whose honor, and whose destiny are so dear to all of us, whether we first breathed the air of New England, or the ashes of our fathers hallow the vales of New York. What trains of memories and hopes such a sentiment ushers in! We have no pyramids from which forty centuries look down upon us. Two centuries ago the agents of a Greenland company disputed with Henry Hudson whether they or he caught the first glimpse of rocks and sedges afterward bartered for a trunk of beans—rocks and sedges ranged by wild beasts and wild men, now the home of a mighty people, and the site of a world-trod city, in whose streets eighty-four languages and dialects are spoken.

Three-quarters of a century ago, progress had not yet made such headway as to dig a canal for drainage in this city, where now the pavements of Canal Street are worn by the feet of millions, and trampled by a traffic conspicuous in the ledgers of the world. In the lifetime of men still living, in three-quarters of the State, untrodden and trackless forests, unknown lakes and rivers, and undiscovered fields and mines, were wrapt in solitudes where now temples of charity and religion, temples of learning, and temples of mammon outglitter each other in the splendor of a wondrous civilization. A wondrous civilization, not merely because its energy has sent out the restless foot of adventure to traverse every continent, visit every island, vex every sea—not merely because of its opulence and enterprise, which for seventy years nourished the nation with ninety per cent. of the nation's revenues, and, while an income tax was gathered, poured into the treasury, from one eleventh of the population of the United States, one-third of the total tax. A civilization wondrous, not merely because the men it marshalled and the wealth it had amassed saved the nation in a conflict described by a British statesman, the other day, in a speech in this city, as the greatest war of the century—he might have said in some respects, the greatest war that ever shook the world. [Applause.] I say, saved the nation—is it too much to assert that the State of New York could not have been spared in the struggle for the Union? [Applause.]

War, in our times, is, in great part, a problem of money. The battles which the Crusaders fought and the troubadours sang were all before the invention of the ponderous machinery and costly appliances of modern warfare. Valor and devotion alone cannot equip and maintain armies now, and at last the question is, who can pay, and feed, and clothe, and arm the most men? When that fact is ascertained, the fight is over. Thus it comes to pass, the last issues of war must be resolved by taxation, by credit, and by money; and I claim for the soldiers and seamen of New York, and for her taxpayers and capitalists, a share in the glory, the liberty, and the nationality, which, without them, could not have been won. [Applause.] A civilization, wondrous, not merely because its brief career is luminous with the names of heroes, patriots, sages, statesmen, and jurists, whose memorials the world will not willingly let die, but, above all, because it has lifted higher and higher the standard of liberty, humanity, morality and right. [Applause.]

Many would smile at the idea that, as a rule, men in our day have grown better. Many insist that decadence, and not improvement, in morality is the tendency of our times. I will not argue this. Curious witnesses might easily be called. I recently met with a report, made in 1695 to the Lord Bishop of London, by Rev. John Miller, a chaplain in the army, after a residence of some years in the Province of New York. He seems to have been a God-fearing man; it is not comforting to believe him a truth-telling man. [Laughter.] I read from this book as the lawyer read Blackstone to the justice of the peace—not to show that the justice was wrong, but only to show what an old fool Blackstone was. [Laughter.] He sets forth this list of shortcomings falling under his own observation: "First. Wickedness and irreligion in the inhabitants. Second. Want of ministers. Third. Difference of opinion in religion. Fourth Civil dissension. Fifth. The heathenism of the Indians. Sixth. The neighborhood of Canada." He portrays all six of these sins vividly. Five of them need not be noticed, they are so nearly obsolete. No sane man in this presence dare pretend that we are still "wanting in ministers." [Laughter.] As to "differences of opinion in religion," we have none to speak of. [Laughter.] As to "civil dissension," there will be none till the next election, and then, if they be only "civils," we will cure them by the ballot—a safe and sovereign remedy for such disorders—invented since good Mr. Miller wrote. The "heathenism of the Indians" has nearly died out in this State; soon even Christian Indians will be few, and found only far toward the setting sun. "The neighborhood of Canada," to be sure, remains a case for moral suasion, and if it had proved as easy to change the map of America as it has been found to change the map of Europe, we might do away with Canada altogether. [Applause.]

But hear a few words of what this witness says about the prevailing bad morals of his day. Evidently the generation he knew, died, "no son of theirs succeeding." They may have gone back to England, or gone West. Decidedly they left no descendants here or hereabouts. This pious scribe thus descants: "The first is the wickedness and irreligion of the inhabitants, which abounds in all parts of the province, and appears in so many shapes, constituting so many sorts. In a soil so rank as this, no marvel if the Evil One find a ready entertainment for the seed he is minded to cast in; and from a people so inconstant, and regardless of heaven and holy things, no wonder if God withdraw His grace, and give them up a prey to those temptations which they so industriously seek to embrace; hence it is, therefore, that their natural corruption, without check or hindrance, is, by frequents acts, improved into habits most evil in the practise, and difficult in the correction. One of which, and the first I am minded to speak of, is drunkenness, which, though of itself a great sin, is yet aggravated in that it is an occasion of many others. 'Tis in this country a common thing, even for the meanest persons, as soon as the bounty of God has furnished them with a plentiful crop, to turn what they can, as soon as may be, into money and that money into drink, at the same time when their families at home have nothing but rags to protect their bodies from the winter's cold; nay, if the fruits of their plantations be such as are by their own immediate labor convertible into liquor, such as cider, perry, etc., they have scarce the patience to stay till it is fit for drinking, but, inviting their pot companions, they all of them, neglecting whatsoever work they are about, set to it together, and give not over till they have drunk it off. And to these sottish engagements they will make nothing to ride ten or twenty miles, and at the conclusion of one debauch another generally is appointed, except their stock of liquor fail them. Nor are the country people only guilty of this vice, but they are equalled, nay, surpassed, by many in the City of New York, whose daily practise is to frequent the taverns, and to carouse and game their night employment. This course is the ruin and destruction of many merchants, especially those of the younger sort, who, carrying over with them a stock, whether as factors or on their own account, spend even to prodigality, till they find themselves bankrupt ere they are aware."

He goes on to speak of cursing and swearing, of open and shameless immorality, of dishonesty, of sloth, and profligacy among high and low, rich and poor, as comprising the body of the times. Unfortunately the witness is not solitary, and when we abate and jest away all we may, does not something in this quaint production seriously tell us that progress has been made in lifting society from the groveling instincts and low desires of an earlier age?

But I have dwelt on the past and the present, when I should have spoken of the future. States cannot live on the past, more than political parties. Chancellor Kent says, speaking of families, that they "must repose upon the virtue of their descendants for the perpetuity of their fame." The leader of an Arctic band said to his followers: "Whoever sits down will sleep, and whoever sleeps will perish."

So will it be with States. [Applause.] This is a law of matter, mind and heart. At this moment the times are full of signs and warnings for New York, threatening her commercial and material primacy. I speak to those who know better than I the many things which might here be said; let me remind you of one of them: "Clinton's Ditch" was dug to bring the products of one part of this one State to another. Soon this great work of statesmanship and forecast transcended its mission, and bore to the sea from far Western States a traffic greater than that of the River Rhine, flowing through seven sovereignties in the heart of Europe. The Erie Canal, enriching and draining vast regions, poured like a golden river into the City of New York. Railways came and railways doubled, but there came also, at the rate of a State a year from distant lands, men and women to till that fertile basin between the two watersheds of the continent, stretching 2,000 miles north, and south, and 1,400 miles east and west. There in the valley of the Mississippi is, and is to be, the granary of the world; there is the food of the nations; it is not wanted where it grows, and it is bound to get out and go where it is wanted. The value of property in this country is not in what it is, but in where it is. Speak the cereals of the West into the port of New York without cost in moving them, and the national debt would be like dust in the scales. [Applause.]

This cannot be done, but it can and will be done—nay, it is being done in part. Transportation can be cheapened! it will be cheapened, and the tracks will be marked anew for a colossal commerce. Shall New York have it? Shall Canada have it? Shall Pennsylvania and Maryland have it? Who shall have it? Men hear me who will do much to decide the question. Terminal facilities in this city, elevators, harbor accommodations, sea-going opportunities—these are factors in the problem, as well as canal and railway policy and advantages of route. Here is a huge, unfinished work for this State and this city, and he who lives for five years will see a vast stake won or lost by what shall yet be done or left undone. [Applause.]

This subject urges itself upon us in a double aspect. Laying aside the inquiry who shall profit by handling an untold traffic, the matter of cheap transportation touches the prosperity of the West; and whatever touches the prosperity of any section or State of the Union touches the prosperity of New York. [Applause.] Nothing affecting the welfare of any community in the nation can be without influence on this metropolis. "All roads lead to Rome," and mad and guilty as sectional hate or jealousy must be everywhere in our land, nowhere could it be so besotted as here. The capital of New York is planted from sea to sea—from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf. There is not a State or city in all our borders which can be blighted without shrivelling us. The bonds of every State, the bonds of cities, the bonds of the railways that gridiron the West and the South, are held in great sums in the East and in the North. Whatever wounds any member of the Union we feel also; whatever fertilizes and enriches the most distant field, invigorates this commonwealth from Buffalo to Montauk. [Applause.] Whenever help is needed, it is the highest policy for New York to help, whether in one quarter or another, as far as prudence points a way. The South cannot sit in the ashes of a fire kindled by herself, and not enfeeble every Northern State. The South cannot grope in the desolation of shattered institutions, without unbalancing the healthful forces of all the nation. When she can see and feel this, and know that every patriot in the land longs for her resurrection, longs for the time when in all her borders the Constitution and laws, and right, and order, and peace, and common-sense, shall reign, then, if she can rule her own spirit, her wealth will be our wealth, her welfare our welfare. [Applause.]

But prosperity, like charity, begins at home. Who would have the rose themselves must grasp the thorn. Every community must trim its own vineyard. [Applause.] Rapid transit on Manhattan Island would instantly kindle new life here and send it through a circuit sweeping far beyond this State. [Applause.] Regeneration in finance, sound and wholesome methods in business, thorough and frugal management of public affairs, State and Municipal—these are some of the matters in which New York should lead. [Applause]

The drama of the Western Hemisphere is only begun; the scene thus far enacted might be entitled "breaking the way for future ages." Let those now on the stage act well their parts, and when the portals are closed behind us, New-England dinners will be celebrated in New York amid a grandeur yet more worthy of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—a grandeur which will endure when dynasties have decayed and diadems have crumbled. [Applause.]

FREDERIC RENÉ COUDERT

THE CITY OF NEW YORK

[Speech of Frederic R. Coudert at the seventy-ninth anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1884. Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, President of the society, was in the chair, and said, in introducing the speaker: "The teachers of our old politics taught that from the farms the safety of the future grew. The conditions of our progress show, by the sure figures of the census, that more than one-quarter of the people of this State, and nearly one-quarter of our Legislature, is chosen from the cities of the State. As in the Italy of old times, so in the New York of to-day, the liberty of the past is to be kept by the cities of the present, and that leads by New England logic to our next toast: 'Our City of New York. Great are its responsibilities, immense is its power.' None better than our own New York citizen, Mr. Coudert, could respond to the toast of the 'City of New York.'"]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—It is not to be reckoned among the smallest privileges of the City of New York that the New England Society should once in every year pat it on the back and say—or cause to be said—a good word in its favor. If our city has done anything to deserve this annual praise, it has not been overtaxed, misgoverned, and maligned in vain. On this one day she may forget the tribulations of the other three hundred and sixty-four, and comfort herself with the reflection that the descendants of the Puritans, having taken her under their patronage, find her fair enough to admire and to praise. [Applause.] There is something in the City of New York worthy of commendation after all. In her composition the most various elements of the world have entered. Dutch, English, French, Irish, Germans, have been boiled in the cauldron of her progress; they simmered together in the process of harmonious assimilation, until the diverse and discordant elements have become thoroughly welded and fused into unity. The product resulting there-from is unique in our history or in any history, and yet the result has been a logical and providential one. Cities, like States, must develop according to the laws of their origin, and no city founded by our Dutch forefathers, and impressed with the stamp of their honest independence and stubborn patriotism, could fail to produce a result which would benefit mankind. [Cheers.] Other nations came in to pursue the task that they had commenced ; but the foundations were laid by them, and upon these the structure was built.

New York has ever been the chosen spot and home of the stranger. She erected no barriers to exclude him, and whether he came alone or with an army at his back, he was always cordially received. New York, indeed, never made strenuous objections to being captured, and she seems rather to have prided herself upon the graceful ease with which she accomplished her various surrenders. The Dutch surrendered to the English, and the English to the Dutch ; and then again the Dutch to the English, and the English to the Americans, and the Americans to—but no, the Americans never surrendered to any one [laughter] ; and if certain changes have taken place in the distribution of power, it is due to a friendly acquiescence in the quiet assumption with which friends from abroad, under the lawful form of the ballot, relieved the native population from the dangers, cares, temptations and tribulations of office.

It is only just to say, however, that none of these surrenders were accomplished without compensation—to wit, the honors of war. The Dutch kindly accorded them to the departing Briton ; the latter, a few years later, to the surrendering Dutchman,—who surrendered, but never departed. The English received the honors of war from the Americans, and all appeared satisfied that the fullest requirements of the situation had been adequately met. The only exception that I can find is in the case of General Washington, who—after an unpleasant and unsatisfactory debate with the British on Long Island—passed through New York on his way to Westchester County. The urgency of his pending engagements and the insufficiency of the town accommodations compelled him to leave in some haste. [Laughter.] Hence his failure to receive the honors of war, which would no doubt have been accorded had he chosen to await them. But there were occasions when the Cunctator displayed great alacrity. This was one.

If we look back into history, and examine the various nations that flourished in the world—I mean at the time that our city was founded—we will be disposed to agree that of all the great ones of the earth, none could have suited us so well as ancestors as the Dutch. [Laughter.] The English were too full of business to take proper care of our young city. Besides, they were a bit arrogant and proud. Although they had not done much toward building up Boston, they had, no doubt, some premonition of the brilliant success that awaited them in that direction. Ireland had not yet become one of the ruling nations of the globe, and was not fully educated at that time to the point of ruling any given city (out of Ireland) on the most favorable terms. Germany and Spain were full of war, religion, blood and bluster. They had more land than they knew what to do with. France was struggling to found and preserve those vast colonies which still retain, after a century of separation, her language, religion, traditions and affection. Besides, all these countries spoke a language more or less intelligible to some one. As for the Dutch—well, Boston tried to pick a quarrel with old Petrus, the one-legged Governor, but it was of no avail. The grim Dutchman wrote the Bostonian a despatch in alleged Low Dutch. That ended the quarrel. [Laughter.] How can you fight a man whose missive may be full of respect and affection? Oh! you may say an interpreter might have been procured. Precisely—that is what the Englishman tried to do. He did procure one, but the interpreter swore that he would not (and probably he could not) translate the despatch. War was averted, and Boston was saved from annihilation. [Applause and laughter.]

The Dutch, then, planted the tree, but all the nations that I have mentioned watered the young sapling. The strangers of other lands who came to our midst brought with them those traditions of their own which are best worth preserving. Whether it is that the exile's heart is too full of home and regret and misgivings of the future to contain anything not worth preserving; whether it be that the fire of persecution and of tribulation burns out of his nature all but the best of that nature, I know not; but certain it is that whether English or Dutch, or Scotch or Irish, or German or French, they all brought with them those traditions and practices which were most calculated to enrich and strengthen our young city. And from these elements a new combination was formed, which has made the City of New York the greatest and best of the continent. [Loud applause.]

I am aware that other cities have claimed—I know that one provincial town especially does claim, in entire good faith—the precedence if not the monopoly of early patriotism and of early self-denial in the good cause. New York City is so rich in present goods and past glories that she has, perhaps with excessive indulgence, looked smilingly upon the earnest advocates of these untenable claims. But historic truth cannot afford to be thus blinded. She will tell you that this island city was the first to throw down the gauntlet to royal armies and to royal fleets. Rhode Island and Maryland, especially the latter, may have worn before her the crown of religious toleration; but even in the early days, when religious freedom was almost unknown to the best and wisest men, this soil upon which we stand to-night was open to the persecuted of all climates. I shall not speak of the sectaries of Massachusetts, driven from their homes by persecutions which it is not pleasant to think of now; but Jews and Dissenters the world over, fleeing from the cruelties which they endured for conscience' sake, found here a home and safety. [Cheers.]

We hear much of the famous Boston tea-party, the commemoration of which is as necessary to a New England banquet as the conventional soup or the traditional salad. New York, it is true, did not dramatize the performance or emphasize its importance with the adjuncts of Indian disguises and a moonlit night. No, our practical fathers objected to the odious tea, and manifested their objection by quietly moving it into the stream, in the broad light of day, in the ordinary accoutrements of business men, and there dumped it into the harbor with as little ceremony or concealment as our own people of to-day dump other and more objectionable material into the same waters. [Laughter.] It will be some satisfaction to remember, if our noble harbor is ever choked up by these repeated invasions, that the foundation was laid with expensive material and patriotic purpose. [Laughter and cheers.]

But why dwell upon this? Pray tell me in what particular our city has not been the first to sound the clarion of rebellion against tyranny; to speak in loud tones for civil liberty and political independence? More than two hundred years ago the merchants of New York declared that they must have a voice and a vote in the administration of public business; and they meant it, and showed their good faith by stubborn resistance until final success. Who maintained the liberty of the press by first consecrating its importance through the verdict of a jury? Who first opposed by arms the odious claim that citizens could be impressed by force into the military and naval service? Who led the battle against the Stamp Act, and declared it to be the duty of the colonies to consider as an act of tyranny any violation of her rights and privileges? New York, ever New York! [Ringing applause.] To sum all up, who first shed the blood of her citizens in defence of America, if not New York? And more than all this, with prophetic vision looking to the necessities of the city that they were founding and building up, while writs were still issued in the king's name, she taught us that the true secret of prosperity, dignity and freedom lay in the vigilance of the citizens; and then and there the citizens of New York established a "Committee of One Hundred," which worked effectually and well, and, having overturned the king's authority, established free government in its stead. How history repeats itself!

But the glory of New York in the past was but the promise of the fruit that was to ripen in the future. [Applause.] She stands to-day firm in the enjoyment of those great truths and blessings which cost so much blood and treasure to secure. All the noble tendencies of her origin have been developed. No city exceeds her in wealth, education, intelligence and prosperity. None approaches her in that which best proves her excellence—I mean her charity. [Cheers.] To enumerate the manifold channels in which that ever-flowing charity pursues its daily course would far exceed my limits. It covers every form of human suffering. It embraces every nationality and creed—it knows no limitation. The great heart of our city has a throb of pity for every form of wretchedness. Nay, going beyond this sympathy with human misfortune, one of our citizens was the first to discover that the dumb beast appealed to the humanity of man, and that his duty was not complete until he heeded that appeal. [Cheers.] The helpless child who was elsewhere left to the cruel mercies of the law, or to the isolated exercise of religious or individual bounty, became the object of new and enlightened solicitude. Our thrifty citizens, quite ready to scrutinize with jealous care the expenditure of their money in taxation, have ever grumbled and still grumble with Anglo-Saxon heartiness at all tributes that are unreasonable and extravagant. But where the education of our people is concerned, their voice is silent, except to urge renewed and increased expenditure. The descendants of the men who shed blood to resist a petty exaction because it was against their rights, spend four millions and more every year that all may be bountifully supplied with intellectual food. Her rapidly increasing wealth is surpassed by the rapidly accumulating monuments of her generosity. Libraries, hospitals, drinking-fountains, art associations, relieve, enlighten, encourage and delight those on whom fortune has never smiled. Freely has she received and freely does she give, remembering that of all virtues charity is the greatest. That there are no dark spots in the picture, who will pretend? But we all know and feel that we may build much hope for the future on the glories of the past and the greatness of the present. No hand is strong enough to destroy our city, except that of her own children. [Prolonged applause.]

OUR CLIENTS

[Speech of Frederic R. Coudert at a dinner given to Benjamin Silliman by the Bar of New York and Brooklyn to commemorate the sixtieth anniversary of his admission to the Bar. The banquet was given in New York City, May 24, 1889. Mr. Coudert responded to the toast, "Our Clients."]

MR. PRESIDENT AND OTHER VENERABLE GENTLEMEN :— I am grateful to you for this undeserved honor. I have few reminiscences. I do not know anything about the past, very little about the future, and less about the present. I had hoped that I would have some comfort in the companionship of my brother Carter [James C. Carter], but when he got up claiming to be sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything, when he invoked the favor of the audience and placed his plea wholly upon age, I felt that I was alone here to plead the privilege of infancy and to invoke the benefit of the statute. [Laughter.]

I do not know, I repeat, a great deal about the great men who have passed before us. I have no opinion to speak of. In fact, my opinion on that subject is vague, and its value easily susceptible of illustration. One gentleman to-night mentioned a great advocate, George Wood. I can remember, looking back to early boyhood, that venerable figure and recall speaking to one of his contemporaries about him. He said, " Yes ; a client of mine got an opinion from him once." " Well," I said, " how was it done ; how much did he charge ? "—for even in those early days the professional instinct asserted itself. [Laughter.] " Well," he said, " my client went to him and said, Mr. Wood, I would like to have your opinion on these papers." " Give me the papers ; come back to-morrow." And he went back the next day and Mr. Wood said, " Fifty dollars," and nothing more. The client was intelligent, and assumed that he should pay him that sum, which he did. " What about my papers ? " he said. " They are not worth a damn," said he. [Laughter.]

If this is a sample of the methodical business practices of the ancient Bar, I am not surprised that our learned and distinguished brother should have attained prosperity and distinction both together. I attribute it rather to that, than to the happy accident of his sleeping in the solitudes of Brooklyn of which you have spoken.

That this is a great day for Brooklyn we all realize. The hordes of Brooklyn men who have appeared to-night, drawn by the prospects of this feast and the allurements,—they were bound to be deceived,—the allurements of a speech apiece, are such as have never been known before. The first arrangement for the programme of this evening's speech-making was the best. I understood that our distinguished friend was to be partitioned. You will observe that out of respect to him I adopt the word usually applied to large communities. One was to have "Our Brother, his Mental Qualities," another his "Moral Qualities," another his "Stomach," and so on. It was found that there was enough of him to go around, but the difficulty was that every Brooklyn man wanted at least twenty minutes and a computation of at least eighty speeches at twenty minutes could easily be made. Thus it had to be abandoned, and the desultory course which we have taken to-night was perforce selected. You now understand the unhappy faces of our Brooklyn friends, and may give them your sympathy. [Laughter.]

Let me tell them, however, that the manufacture of a speech is never in vain. Either they can find a client who will take it upon reasonable terms, or they may discharge it on some future occasion.

I read but recently a story in Plutarch's "Morals," a work that I have no doubt Mr. Silliman reads in his leisure moments. There was a certain officer of Thrace, who, taking a dislike to a dog, fired a stone at him. He missed the object, but struck his mother-in-law. [Laughter.] "It was not so bad a shot," he philosophically exclaimed. I leave my Brooklyn friends to draw the moral.

As to speaking for our clients, I cannot be dictated to in that fashion. What have our clients done for us to-night that we should do this for nothing for them? If there be a weak spot in the constitution and mental organization of Mr. Silliman, I fancy it had been an undue yielding to the caprices of clients. Let us be braver and bolder and stronger than he. Let them get all they are entitled to, and very little of that. [Laughter.] They are certainly not entitled to be admitted to our secret rites, nor to pervade this hall and its atmosphere with their uninvited and gratuitous presence.

Much has been said to-night to show that our profession of to-day, and our Bar, are equal to the profession and the Bar of the past. But, is it claiming more than we are entitled to if we insist that the Bar never has had as much honor, as much talent, as much industry, considering the vastly increased numbers in its ranks and the vastly increased temptations of to-day? It is idle to talk of a great body remaining stationary and immovable. The Pyramids of Egypt may do that, but no living organization ever will. We are improving or we are going back. It was a beautiful thought of Pascal that the human race was like a child, always growing, but never growing old. So of every large and organized body of learned and intelligent men.

And so especially it is with our profession, the profession of professions—if we do not keep ahead of the times we go back. The examples that we have in these older men, all stimulate us to nobler effort, perhaps, and teach after all, that in the record of an upright and honorable life, there is much to stimulate even the baser motives of self-interest. But as the great mass of our people are being instructed, so should we rise with and above the rest, and although each one of us will not deserve, as few of us ever can, the eulogies that pour from our hearts through our lips to-night in the presence of a beloved and honored brother, each man may do his best in his own sphere at least, so that some of us who may remain behind him shall not be unworthy to stand by the monument that shows where he rests, and say one kindly and loving word for him.

I am exceeding my time, but no one will follow more sincerely the echo of what was said to-night of Mr. Silliman. I am not prepared like Brother Carter to recite, in advance, his obituary notice. Far distant be that day! Many of us will fall by the wayside before he is gathered to his fathers. But we will continue to honor and to love him, and to honor and love those younger brethren who grow in honor by our side, for we know the increased and accumulated weight of daily temptations that press upon their shoulders. For him I can only say, in closing, that I know that I am giving voice to what you all feel—Deal with him gently, gentle Time. [Great applause.]

SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX

SMITH AND SO FORTH

[Impromptu speech of Samuel Sullivan Cox, at the 120th annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. The banquet was given in New York City, November 20, 1888. Mr. Cox, after much reluctance, responded to the call for an address.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce :—I have no particular toast to speak to, but in my emergency, I may select a subject fruitful to many a student, and especially as we are at the festive climax of our entertainment. In looking around this audience I feel like generalizing, and in a nebulous way, therefore, allow me to select as a subject that of Smith. [Laughter.] We have two representatives of the family here to-night.* Both are near to me. And, if you will look in the New York Directory, you will find 2,000 other names, members of the same Smith family. As a politician, not unused, " on the occasion sudden," to cultivating the graces, I will never utter a syllable against the Smith family. [Laughter.] Why, in the early days of Grecian history, they were demigods and founders of states. The only place where they were not is recorded in Samuel—the chapter and verse I will not recall, for I am not certain about them. But it will not hurt you to search for the verse yourself from Genesis to Revelation. [Laughter.] The words are: " There was no Smith in all Israel." [Loud laughter.] Whenever the children of Israel wanted to sharpen their spears, or polish their ploughshares or cutlasses, or close up the rivets in their armor, they had to go down to Tyre or Sidon, and call in the Smiths of that locality.

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* Charles S. Smith, President of Chamber; Professor Goldwin Smith.

The Smiths have progressed and multiplied ; they are everywhere, including Canada. [Laughter.] The Registrar-General of Great Britain says, that in England and Wales there are three-quarters of a million of Smiths. Oh, sir, it is a great family. [Laughter.] In the early chronicles of Norseland, it is said, the Smiths were honored by being admitted to the royal presence. They drank mead with the king. I never saw a Smith in my life that would ever refuse to take a drink. [Roars of laughter, in which President Smith and Professor Goldwin Smith heartily joined.] It mattered not what kind of liquor. [Laughter.] Why, when the Smith family predominated in every country, liberty also triumphed ["Good! good!"]—commercial, personal and public liberty. [Cheers.] The age of iron was the age of the Smith. The age of iron has always ruled. It means to-day speedy locomotion and transportation. [Cheers.] It means commerce, with its chambers of influence. Iron does not mean the mere furtherance of trade between one state and another—between one country and another, between Canada and the United States—between Mexico and our country. It means the largest liberty of interchange between all the chambers of political power, as well as the chambers of commerce.

I dare to say to you, to-night, as a representative of New York City, not altogether in the minority—[Renewed laughter, which drowned the remainder of the sentence.] I believe my friend, Warner Miller, is gone. [Laughter.] I wanted to sympathize with him. [Cheers and laughter.] For I noticed that when your President Smith called upon our late candidate for Governor to speak, he did not ask you to fill your glasses to the Millers. High license and other sumptuary laws would have prevented that. [Laughter.]

Nevertheless my party is in one sense in the minority, along with the Millers. I am not one of those that repine because we are thus situated. It has its compensations. For one, I am used to it. [Laughter and cheers.] I have been there before. [Renewed merriment.] I am about the only Democrat here this evening that is called upon to speak. I feel lonesome [laughter], as this is a non partisan association. [Laughter.] But still, out of my solitude I want to say to you, gentlemen, that, in this great whirling, swirling City of New York, our party still has a majority of one hundred thousand to back up its commercial interests, freedom and unity. I join the sagacious and eloquent gentleman from Canada (Mr. Smith), who has addressed you on this question of enlarged interchange. I may not live to see the time when the Democratic party may resume power. [Laughter.] I am getting to be old [" No ! No ! "] —and when I sat here this evening, and heard the victors reviving and rejoicing over their recent victories,* I gathered some consolation from the verse of Virgil. When Dido asks Æneas to recount the miseries of the siege of Troy, he responds :

" *O Regina, jubes renovare infandum dolorem.*"

Every syllable is a tear ; but there is a prism of hope in its every hue. [Cheers and laughter.] It is not altogether a dead language. It is not Turkish, either. [Laughter.]

When my friend, Mr. Miller, talked about the advantages of this magnificent port, and its early history, as the goal and home of adventure and trade—when he spoke about the natural advantages we enjoy, which your enterprise has enhanced in a marvellous manner—my heart burned within my body, as if some divine truth had inspired him. I felt that our defeat was negative success ; for had it not converted him to the main issue of the recent election ? I felt that our triumph may be such a victory as Wendell Phillips called a minority of one with God ! [Laughter.] Wait till the time rolls round, when, perhaps, there are bad crops here and good crops abroad—and the stress for a larger education falls upon the land—then the bucolic element will rise up and recall to power the party which favors agricultural cultivation and commercial freedom between the nations.

I have been interested in hearing all the gentlemen who have spoken ; and, politics aside, I am proud to know that since our elections are over—after one party has been more or less in the ascendant—a little more " more " than " less " [laughter]—that under our institutions and liberalities, we can accept the result in a manner creditable to our good feeling and our best interests. Why do we thus acquiesce ?

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* The Presidential election of 1888 when Benjamin Harrison defeated Grover Cleveland.

It is because we have a constitutional and political order, and an educational discipline in this country, which is beyond all praise, as it is without a precedent or a peer. The Constitution, with its refinement of theory and practice of administration, is never greater than when its majesty asserts itself through popular and electoral majorities. Greater than our Washingtons, Jeffersons and Madisons; greater than our Jacksons, Lincolns and Grants; greater than all civic and military personalities, is the Constitution, which gives to us that personal liberty and religious freedom, that autonomy of State and unity of federation; that great and glorious ægis, brighter, more resplendent and more far-reaching than all other politics which have come through all the ages of mankind, and, we hope, more enduring than any other system ever devised by the prudence of man.

I remember once when I resided in Turkey, as its representative, to have seen the Sultan coming down from his star palace of Yildiz, at the season of Bairam, to visit the mosque in Stamboul, where the banner of the prophet was preserved. Forty thousand soldiers guarded his passage over the Golden Horn, and a hundred thousand of the Faithful welcomed him as he passed by on his sacred mission. As he moved on toward the mosque of his devotion, to kiss the hallowed ensign of his religion, I heard the multitude salute him with acclamations: "Long live Abdul Ahmed the Second! Long live the Padishah of the Ottoman! Great is our Sultan! Great is the Caliph of Islam! But there is One—One greater than he—Allah il Allah! Allah il Allah!" These salutations were carried along the route, with an ecstasy that proclaimed at once the loyalty of his subjects, and the fidelity of the devotees of an unseen God!

So I say to you, that although, in our elections, we may have designated and proclaimed this and that man to be our chief and vice-magistrates—and although the historic Muse points with significant gesture to our statesmen and heroes who are great—yet there is something greater than they all, and that is, the Constitution of the United States, and its representative element and order. Irrespective of parties and their vicissitudes, it stands unassailable and splendid—amidst all the passionate forces and fiery ordeals by which it has been tried by a benignant Providence! [Applause.]

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

LIBERTY UNDER THE LAW

[Speech of George William Curtis at the seventy-first anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1876. The President of the Society, William Borden, presided. The toast to which Mr. Curtis responded was, "Forefathers' Day—we best celebrate the day by imitating the virtues of the men who made it glorious." The conclusion of this speech contains one of the earliest suggestions of the eventual solution of the Tilden-Hayes Presidential election controversy known as the "Electoral Commission law of 1877."]

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society:—It was Izaak Walton in his "Angler" who said that Dr. Botelier was accustomed to remark "that doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless He never did." And I suppose I speak the secret feeling of this festive company when I say that doubtless there might have been a better place to be born in than New England, but doubtless no such place exists. [Applause and laughter.] And if any skeptic should reply that our very presence here would seem to indicate that doubtless, also, New England is as good a place to leave as to stay in [laughter], I should reply to him that, on the contrary, our presence is but an added glory of our mother. It is an illustration of that devout, missionary spirit, of the willingness in which she has trained us to share with others the blessings that we have received, and to circle the continent, to girdle the globe, with the strength of New England character and the purity of New England principles. [Applause.] Even the Knickerbockers, Mr. President—in whose stately and splendid city we are at this moment assembled, and assembled of right because it is our home—even they would doubtless concede that much of the state and splendor of this city is due to the enterprise, the industry, and the genius of those whom their first historian describes as "losel Yankees." [Laughter.] Sir, they grace our feast with their presence; they will enliven it, I am sure, with their eloquence and wit. Our tables are rich with the flowers grown in their soil; but there is one flower that we do not see, one flower whose perfume fills a continent, which has blossomed for more than two centuries and a half with ever-increasing and deepening beauty—a flower which blooms at this moment, on this wintry night, in never-fading freshness in a million of true hearts, from the snow-clad Katahdin to the warm Golden Gate of the South Sea, and over its waters to the isles of the East and the land of Prester John—the flower of flowers, the Pilgrim's "Mayflower." [Applause.]

Well, sir, holding that flower in my hand at this moment, I say that the day we celebrate commemorates the introduction upon this continent of the master principle of its civilization. I do not forget that we are a nation of many nationalities. I do not forget that there are gentlemen at this board who wear the flower of other nations close upon their hearts. I remember the forget-me-nots of Germany, and I know that the race which keeps "watch upon the Rhine" keeps watch also upon the Mississippi and the Lakes. I recall—how could I forget?—the delicate shamrock; for there "came to this beach a poor exile of Erin," and on this beach, with his native modesty, "he still sings his bold anthem of Erin go Bragh." [Applause.] I remember surely, sir, the lily—too often the tiger-lily—of France [laughter and applause] and the thistle of Scotland; I recall the daisy and the rose of England; and, sir, in Switzerland, high upon the Alps, on the very edge of the glacier, the highest flower that grows in Europe, is the rare *edelweiss*. It is in Europe; we are in America. And here in America, higher than shamrock or thistle, higher than rose, lily, or daisy, higher than the highest, blooms the perennial Mayflower. [Applause.] For, sir and gentlemen, it is the English-speaking race that has moulded the destiny of this continent; and the Puritan influence is the strongest influence that has acted upon it. [Applause.]

I am surely not here to assert that the men who have represented that influence have always been men whose spirit was blended of sweetness and light. I confess truly their hardness, their prejudice, their narrowness. All this I know: Charles Stuart could bow more blandly, could dance more gracefully than John Milton; and the cavalier King looks out from the canvas of Vandyke with a more romantic beauty of flowing love-locks than hung upon the brows of Edward Winslow, the only Pilgrim father whose portrait comes down to us. [Applause.] But, sir, we estimate the cause beyond the man. Not even is the gracious spirit of Christianity itself measured by its confessors. If we would see the actual force, the creative power of the Pilgrim principle, we are not to look at the company who came over in the cabin of the "Mayflower"; we are to look upon the forty millions who fill this continent from sea to sea. [Applause.] The "Mayflower," sir, brought seed and not a harvest. In a century and a half, the religious restrictions of the Puritans had grown into absolute religious liberty, and in two centuries it had burst beyond the limits of New England, and John Carver, of the "Mayflower," had ripened into Abraham Lincoln, of the Illinois prairie. [Great and prolonged applause.]

Why, gentlemen, if you would see the most conclusive proof of the power of this principle, you have but to observe that the local distinctive title of New Englanders has now become that of every man in the country. Every man who hears me, from whatever State in the Union, is, to Europe, a Yankee, and to-day the United States are but the "Universal Yankee Nation." [Applause.] Do you ask me, then, what is this Puritan principle? Do you ask me whether it is as good for to-day as for yesterday; whether it is good for every national emergency; whether it is good for the situation of this hour? I think we need neither doubt nor fear. The Puritan principle in its essence is simply individual freedom. From that spring religious liberty and political equality. The free State, the free Church, the free School—these are the triple armor of American nationality, of American security. [Applause.] But the Pilgrims, while they have stood above all men for their idea of liberty, have always asserted liberty under law and never separated it from law. John Robinson, in the letter that he wrote the

Pilgrims when they sailed, said these words, that well, sir, might be written in gold around the cornice of that future banqueting-hall to which you have alluded: "You know that the image of the Lord's dignity and authority which the magistry beareth is honorable in how mean person soever." [Applause.] This is the Puritan principle. Those men stood for liberty under the law. They had tossed long upon a wintry sea; their minds were full of images derived from their voyage; they knew that the will of the people alone is but a gale smiting a rudderless and sailless ship, and hurling it a mass of wreck upon the rocks. But the will of the people, subject to law, is the same gale filling the trim canvas of a ship that minds the helm, bearing it over yawning and awful abysses of ocean safely to port [Loud applause.]

Now, gentlemen, in this country the Puritan principle in its development has advanced to this point, that it provides us a lawful remedy for every emergency that may arise. [Cheers.] I stand here as a son of New England. In every fibre of my being am I a child of the Pilgrims. [Applause.] The most knightly of all the gentlemen at Elizabeth's court said to the young poet, when he would write an immortal song, "Look into your own heart and write." And I, sir and brothers, if, looking into my own heart at this moment, I might dare to think that what I find written there is written also upon the heart of my mother, clad in her snows at home, her voice in this hour would be a message spoken from the land of the Pilgrims to the capital of this nation—a message like that which Patrick Henry sent from Virginia to Massachusetts when he heard of Concord and Lexington: "I am not a Virginian, I am an American." [Great applause.] And so, gentlemen, at this hour, we are not Republicans, we are not Democrats, we are Americans. [Tremendous applause.]

The voice of New England, I believe, going to the capital, would be this, that neither is the Republican Senate to insist upon its exclusive partisan way, nor is the Democratic House to insist upon its exclusive partisan way, but Senate and House, representing the American people and the American people only, in the light of the Constitution and by the authority of the law, are to provide a way over which a President, be he Republican or be he Democrat, shall pass unchallenged to his chair. [Vociferous applause, the company rising to their feet.] Ah! gentlemen [renewed applause]—think not, Mr. President, that I am forgetting the occasion or its amenities. [Cries of "No, no," and "Go on."] I am remembering the Puritans; I am remembering Plymouth Rock, and the virtues that made it illustrious. But we, gentlemen, are to imitate those virtues, as our toast says, only by being greater than the men who stood upon that rock. [Applause.] As this gay and luxurious banquet, to their scant and severe fare, so must our virtues, to be worthy of them, be greater and richer than theirs. And as we are three centuries older, so should we be three centuries wiser than they. [Applause.]

Sons of the Pilgrims, you are not to level forests, you are not to war with savage men and savage beasts, you are not to tame a continent, nor even found a State. Our task is nobler, is diviner. Our task, sir, is to reconcile a nation. It is to curb the fury of party spirit. It is to introduce a loftier and manlier tone everywhere into our political life. It is to educate every boy and every girl, and then leave them perfectly free to go from any schoolhouse to any church. [Cries of "Good," and cheers.] Above all, sir, it is to protect absolutely the equal rights of the poorest and the richest, of the most ignorant and the most intelligent citizen, and it is to stand forth, brethren, as a triple wall of brass, around our native land, against the mad blows of violence or the fatal dry-rot of fraud. [Loud applause.] And at this moment, sir, the grave and august shades of the forefathers whom we invoke bend over us in benediction as they call us to this sublime task. This, brothers and friends, this is to imitate the virtues of our forefathers; this is to make our day as glorious as theirs. [Great applause, followed by three cheers for the distinguished speaker.]

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

[Speech of George William Curtis at the Harvard Alumni dinner at Cambridge, Mass., June 29, 1881. Mr. Curtis received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Harvard University this year.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN :—In the old Italian story the nobleman turns out of the hot street crowded with eager faces into the coolness and silence of his palace. As he looks at the pictures of the long line of ancestors he hears a voice,—or is it his own heart beating?—which says to him, *noblesse oblige*. The youngest scion of the oldest house is pledged by all the virtues and honor of his ancestry to a life not unworthy his lineage. Mr. President, when I came here I was not a nobleman, but to-day I have been ennobled. The youngest doctor of the oldest school, I, too, say with the Italian, *noblesse oblige*. For your favor is not approval only; it is admonition. It says not alone, "Well done," but "Come up higher." I am pledged by all the honorable traditions of the noble family into which I am this day adopted and of which this spacious and stately temple is the memorial. *Christo et Ecclesiæ*. That is your motto. And yet, as I look around this hall upon the portraits of your ancestry, as I think of the eminent men, your children; and above all when I read in yonder corridor, rank upon rank, in immortal lines, the names of the heroic youth, *Integer vitæ scelerisque puris*, these cold stones burn and glow; and as I think of our great legend "Fair play for all men," imperishable because written in their hearts' blood, I feel that to your motto one word might well be added, *Christo et Ecclesiæ et Civitati*,—To Christ, to the Church, to the Commonwealth. [Applause.]

A complete and thorough education, Milton tells us, is that which fits a man for the performance of all public and private duties in peace and in war. That, sir, is the praise of this college. For as the history of religious liberty in America shows what Harvard College has done for the Church, not less do the annals of the continent attest what it has done for the State. There was never a good word to be spoken, nor a strong blow to be struck, nor a young life to be sacrificed for political or civil liberty, that Harvard College in the person of her children was not there. [Loud applause.] That is the lesson which I read in your pages to-day. From your Samuel Adams in Faneuil Hall, your James Otis in the courts of law, your Joseph Warren upon Bunker Hill, through all the resplendent succession down to your Charles Sumner in the forum, your Reveres, your Shaw, and the shining host of their brethren in the field, attest the glory of Harvard in the persons of her children.

> "The applause of listening senates to command,
> The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
> To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land
> And read their history in a nation's eyes."

And, sir, I say this the more gladly that I am here officially, the representative of another university. The University of the State of New York is composed of all the chartered collegiate institutions of that great commonwealth, and as a regent of that university I offer the right hand of fellowship to Harvard College of all the colleges of the Empire State. [Applause.] We delight to believe, gentlemen, in the State of New York, that at least the origin of our public school system is one with yours. Religious heroism founded New England; commercial enterprise settled New York. But the Pilgrims brought to Plymouth and the Dutch traders brought to the island of Manhattan the schoolmaster, the birch—the birch, Mr. Chairman, which your tingling memory, I am sure, records as being so much better in its bark than in its bite. [Laughter.] The birch of the first schoolmaster on the shores of the Hudson was cut from the same tree with that of your Master Cheever and your Master Moody on the shores of Essex, training Yankee boys for Harvard College. [Laughter and applause.] And although, sir, with the magnanimity of New York, we freely admit that twenty years before there was a Latin school in that city New England already had this college, and although as late, I think, as 1658, the nearest place to which a young Dutchman could be sent for training in the Latin language was the town of Boston; yet we remember, also, that if New York lagged a little in her Latin she was stoutly the defender of the English tongue; and it is among our proudest traditions in that State that New York first maintained the freedom of the English press upon this continent against European power. [Applause.]

And yet, sir, to make my story quite complete, and to adhere strictly to the truth of history, I am obliged to add that the royal governor bitterly complained that those who asserted the freedom of speech in New York were tainted with Boston principles. [Laughter and applause.]

Yet, gentlemen, I assure you that we have our extreme consolations. Our earliest annals in the State of New York inform us that one sachem of the five nations of New York was in the habit of driving a whole tribe of New England Indians before him [laughter]; and it is even recorded, despite the observations and implications of his excellency the Governor, that one New York sachem had been known to be reverenced throughout Massachusetts Bay. [Laughter.] I am afraid, sir, that the bay has lost quite all its reverence for the New York sachem [loud laughter]; and happily for us, sir, as your President knows, the most ferocious of our native tribes in the City of New York, the tribe of Tammany, now confines itself to internecine war. [Laughter.] And yet, when I look upon the President who fills this chair to-day; when I think of that other gentleman who will fill the chair at the Phi Beta Kappa dinner to-morrow; when I look here and there upon those gorgeous feathers and that war paint which has gathered to these council fires from beyond the Connecticut, I cannot but feel that the New York braves are here to-day in some force. [Laughter and applause.] And when I recall that event to which our President has alluded, that foray of the New York sachems upon the New England tribe known as the Overseers, and how they returned to their city dancing—if you will permit me the expression—jigs of joy and brandishing their Harvard club in triumph [laughter], I cannot help feeling that history is reproducing itself, and that we have seen the New York sachems in most civilized warfare, not wielding the scalping-knife, but simply brandishing a bellows [laughter and applause], and blowing their enemy away. [Applause.] And even this day, sir, as our tribes upon the shore of the Hudson look across to Massachusetts, it is no longer, as I have said, with the scalping-knife in their hands; but they shake their heads sorrowfully, even in Tammany hall, and as they see you, they repeat unconsciously the sentiment of the English statesman, "That damned morality is sure to be the ruin of everything." [Loud laughter and applause.]

When the first deputation came from the new Netherlands to the new Plymouth, the historian tells us it was like the meeting of friends and comrades. We are assisting here and now at the last meeting of these two colonies, and your smiling presence attests that it is still a meeting of friends and comrades. If our Cornell sometimes modestly excels with the oar [laughter]; if our Columbia, not in some unknown New London of a New England, but in the neighborhood of old London, in old England, teaches the crews of English colleges a boating skill like the Thames upon which it was displayed—"strong without rage, without o'erflowing full;" if our Knickerbocker bat and ball are sometimes wreathed with the laurels of friendly victory; yet, sir, in all the collegiate institutions, not in New York alone, but throughout the country, as I am sure the gentleman on my right, President Gilman, will attest, there is no grudging of any honorable precedence to this venerable mother, the Alma Mater of colleges as well as the nourishing parent of sound learning in America. [Applause.]

And here, gentlemen, if anywhere in the country, and to-day if on any day in the year, is proven the faith of one of our most distinguished sons, spoken forty years ago on one commencement day, "Neither years nor books have availed to extirpate the prejudice then rooted in me that the scholar is the favorite of heaven and earth, the excellency of his country, the prince of men." His own life has amply vindicated his words. Like a strain of commanding music, it has won the hearts of his countrymen gladly to acknowledge the value, the dignity, the immortal power of the scholar, in Ralph Waldo Emerson. [Loud applause.] Led by the great examples, by the inspiring associations, by the elevated consecration of this university, shall not every commencement day send us forth such reinvigorated resolution to live worthily of this mother, that every man we meet, even the New York sachem, shall wish they wére sons of Harvard? [Loud applause.]

GREETING THE AUTOCRAT

[Speech of George William Curtis at a banquet given by members of the medical profession of New York to Oliver Wendell Holmes, April 12, 1883. Dr. Fordyce Barker presided. This speech was delivered by Mr. Curtis in response to the toast, "Literature."]

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—Medicine has spoken the praises of our guest; and the Church and the Law. And as the Church disposes satisfactorily of a man's mind, and Medicine summarily of his body, and Law most effectually of his estate, what remains for Literature to add to a doctor's subject so thoroughly disposed of, but that in Literature he has chosen to build his most enduring monument? All of the faculties have claimed him and have spoken his praises. Each in turn has cried: "Hail! thane of Glamis! Hail! thane of Cawdor!" and now comes Literature with: "All hail! thou that shalt be King hereafter!" And what time, tell me, gentlemen, in New York, can be so fitting as this for Literature in this city to greet this brother from New England? Longfellow sang in one of his earliest poems:

> "Sweet April, many hearts are wedded
> Unto thee, as hearts are wed."

But to this particular April the heart of this whole country is wedded by a proud and tender memory, for it is the centenary month of the birth of that kindly genius of whom we may truly say that the long and dreary and frozen winter of our colonial literature was made glorious summer by this son of York. The City of New York, gentlemen, has many sins to answer for. You need not tremble. I am not about to enumerate them, for I will not detain this company until midsummer: but surely it may condone many offences that the City of New York was the birthplace of Washington Irving, and of the first distinctive American literature. Our literature in the last century like our government was provincial and colonial. It did not declare its independence until the daring humor of a young son of New York plucked the venerable traditions of New Amsterdam by the beard and turned the history of his native city into an immortal jest. I do not deny that the force of Yankee scholarship will yet show that Irving was a Yankee. My friend, Bishop Clark [Thomas M. Clark, D.D., Bishop of R. I.], has already shown us the clerical descent of our distinguished guest and has ranked him among the theologians. New England is quite capable of this process of ratiocination. Irving's father was a Scotchman; the Scotch were Covenanters; the Covenanters were Presbyterians; the Presbyterians were Puritans, and the Puritans in their various immigrations to this country became Yankees. It is thus demonstrated that the son of the Scotchman was a Yankee, somehow astray upon the Island of Manhattan. And this theory will be shortly supported by this other truth that the Pilgrims whom Rip van Winkle saw were evidently sons of Holland, and they had brought with them so much "Hollands" under their jackets that somehow they stumbled ashore on the Catskill Mountain instead of on Plymouth Rock.

Nevertheless we must admit that the Muses early frightened by the Plutos and Mercury who marked New Amsterdam for their own, have in the main preferred those other banks on the Charles and that in fact upon those happy shores they have planted their Holmes. Yet we dwellers upon the banks of the Hudson have this consolation: that here the genius of our literature arose, and has invested our city and our rivers and its shores with imperishable charms. As long as the story of the Revolution is told, "The Spy" will ride his rounds in the neutral ground unchallenged and secure. As long as the Hudson pours through the stately gates of the Highlands to the sea:—

> "The middle watch of the summer's night,
> When the earth is dark, and the heavens are bright,"

will be given to the "Culprit Fay". So long as the thunder rolls in the western sky, the traveller upon our enchanted stream in the shadow of the Catskill will hear the mighty Mountain King whom Rip van Winkle saw. And if any of you, gentlemen, happily neighbors of this city shall endeavor to thread your way home to-night through Westchester, in the fitful gusts of the midnight breeze, you will hear the headlong flight of Ichabod Crane; and in the gleamings of the struggling moon, you will see the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow. Then, how naturally the genius that has given us all these figures that has peopled for us our own realm, welcomes this kindred genius from beyond the Connecticut. Diederich Knickerbocker with both hands outstretched folds to his heart the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, and confesses that if the old Yankee could not take his fort of New Amsterdam, the younger Yankee has captured the heart of New York. [Applause.]

And Leatherstocking, leaning upon his rifle, muses that the wilderness and Pocahontas were a less happy home even for him than Boston and Dorothea Pugh. The Dutchman's fireside glows and burns with hope and expectation at the coming of the guardian angel. Marco Bozzaris flings aside his guarded tent at midnight to hear from Bunker Hill the tremendous summons: "Choose you this day whom you will serve." The Stout Gentleman nods to the Deacon, in the "One Hoss Shay"; "the flood of years" as it nears the main pauses in its majestic flight to hear with joy the celestial music of the "Chambered Nautilus" and Dr. Drake, of New York, sounding his immortal lyric:—

"Forever float that standard sheet,
  Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
  And Freedom's banner floating o'er us."

finds his music mingled with that of Dr. Holmes in his lyric which shoots out like a rattling broadside from his own "Ironsides":—

"Nail to the mast our holy flag,
  Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
  The lightning, and the gale."

Ah! gentlemen, you who are doctors,—well have these two doctors arrayed themselves in the glory of our flag, each urging the other with the glittering stripes of emulation and a grateful country crowning both with the inextinguishable stars of national renown. [Applause.]

The bishop told us and I think every orator thus far has told us that the earliest constellation in our literary firmament might have arisen a little south of New England; and yet there was no delay after the full splendor of Ursa Major filled the Northern heavens. To the great literary group of New York—Irving, Cooper, Bryant (if the city of his residence may claim his fame), Halleck, Drake, Verplanck and Paulding—has succeeded a circle in Boston, of a genius so various in accomplishments and achievement, that like the Round Table of King Arthur—it was an image of the mighty world. Poets, romancers, historians, philosophers, essayists—masters in every art, and in every science were blended there into goodliest literary fellowship whereof our Western world has record. Happier possibly than some of you, gentlemen, it has been my fortune to sit sometimes at their feasts—feasts for which glowing John Dryden would have hurried from Will's, and Addison and Sterne, Johnson and Burke would have hastened from literary society, and Sidney Smith and Jeffrey would have stolen from the "Edinburgh Review" and earlier, farther and first of all, Shakespeare and Bacon would have come fraternally from the "Mermaid" to see that, in the literature of our Western world, "night's candles are burned out, and jocund day stands tip-toe on the misty mountain-top."

Gentlemen, one of the knights at that table sits this evening at ours. He has shown us again and again the sweet kindred of tears and laughter. His frolicking fancy, his tender sympathy, his sparkling thought, his flashing wit, had shone upon and illuminated his own time as they charm and brighten ours. Had I magic finer than that of yours I could reveal to you at this moment, doubtless, those who are sitting by this doubly-laurelled guest. Your art, Mr. Chairman, your art, gentlemen, and that for which I speak may well confess his renown. But mark his own impartiality: while he professes medicine, he practises literature; while he cools the fever that wastes the body, he kindles the fires that ennoble the soul; and soothing mortal pains with cunning anodyne, he has distilled immortal joy from the divine nepenthe of song. By that finer magic, could I at this witching hour but touch your eyes for a moment, shortly we should see by his side the great Sydney taking one hand, and the other should rest, not in that of Rabelais,—no; but in those of Sir Thomas Browne and of Dr. Oliver Goldsmith; and that younger Brown of Edinburgh, to whom my friend referred, would gladly own him as a brother, while his airy fancy and penetrating pathos would breathe softly in the ears of our poet, "My master, my master." Well, sir, I respect his modesty; I shall not mention his name. Mention it? Why not? He has written it indelibly on the literature of his country and upon the hearts of his countrymen." [Applause.]

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING RACE

[Speech of George William Curtis at the 119th annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, November 15, 1887. Charles Stewart Smith, the President of the Chamber, proposed the following toast: "The English-speaking Race. The founders of commonwealths; pioneers of progress; stubborn defenders of liberty; may they ever work together for the world's welfare." Joseph Chamberlain, to whom Mr. Curtis refers, was the guest of the evening.]

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE:—I rise with some trepidation to respond to this toast, because we have been assured upon high authority, although after what we have heard this evening we cannot believe it, that the English-speaking race speaks altogether too much. Our eloquent Minister in England recently congratulated the Mechanics' Institute at Nottingham that it had abolished its debating club, and said that he gladly anticipated the establishment in all great institutions of education of a professorship of Silence. I confess that the proposal never seemed to me so timely and wise as at this moment. If I had only taken a high degree in silence, Mr. Chairman, how cordially you would congratulate me and this cheerful company! [Laughter.]

When Mr. Phelps proceeded to say that Americans are not allowed to talk all the time, and that our orators are turned loose upon the public only once in four years, I was lost in admiration of the boundless sweep of his imagination. But when he said that the result of this quadrennial outburst was to make the country grateful that it did not come oftener, I saw that his case required heroic treatment, and must be turned over to Dr. Depew. [Laughter.]

I am sure, at least, that when our distinguished friends from England return to their native land they will hasten to besiege His Excellency to tell them where the Americans are kept who speak only once in four years. And if they will but remain through the winter, they will discover that if our orators are turned loose upon the public only once in four years, they are turned loose in private all the rest of the time; and if the experience and observation of our guests are as fortunate as mine, they will learn that there are certain orators of both branches of the English-speaking race—not one hundred miles from me at this moment—whom the public would gladly hear, if they were turned loose upon it every four hours. [Cheers.]

Wendell Phillips used to say that as soon as a Yankee baby could sit up in his cradle, he called the nursery to order and proceeded to address the house. If this Parliamentary instinct is irrepressible, if all the year round we are listening to orations, speeches, lectures, sermons, and the incessant, if not always soothing, oratory of the press, to which His Honor the Mayor is understood to be a closely-attentive listener, we have at least the consolation of knowing that the talking countries are the free countries, and that the English-speaking races are the invincible legions of liberty. [Applause.]

The sentiment which you have read, Mr. Chairman, describes in a few comprehensive words the historic characteristics of the English-speaking race. That it is the founder of commonwealths, let the miracle of empire which we have wrought upon the Western Continent attest:—its advance from the seaboard with the rifle and the axe, the plough and the shuttle, the teapot and the Bible, the rocking-chair and the spelling-book, the bath-tub and a free constitution, sweeping across the Alleghanies, overspreading the prairies and pushing on until the dash of the Atlantic in their ears dies in the murmur of the Pacific; and as the wonderful Goddess of the old mythology touched earth, flowers and fruits answered her footfall, so in the long trail of this advancing race, it has left clusters of happy States, teeming with a population, man by man, more intelligent and prosperous than ever before the sun shone upon, and each remoter camp of that triumphal march is but a further outpost of English-speaking civilization. [Applause.]

That it is the pioneer of progress, is written all over the globe to the utmost islands of the sea, and upon every page of the history of civil and religious and commercial freedom. [Cheers.] Every factory that hums with marvellous machinery, every railway and steamer, every telegraph and telephone, the changed systems of agriculture, the endless and universal throb and heat of magical invention, are, in their larger part, but the expression of the genius of the race that with Watts drew from the airiest vapor the mightiest of motive powers; with Franklin leashed the lightning, and with Morse outfabled fairy lore. The race that extorted from kings the charter of its political rights has won, from the princes and powers of the air, the earth and the water, the secret of supreme dominion, the illimitable franchise of beneficent material progress. [Applause.]

That it is the stubborn defender of liberty, let our own annals answer, for America sprang from the defence of English liberty in English colonies, by men of English blood, who still proudly speak the English language, cherish English traditions, and share of right, and as their own, the ancient glory of England. [Applause.]

No English-speaking people could, if it would, escape its distinctive name, and, since Greece and Judea, no name has the same worth and honor among men. We Americans may flout England a hundred times. We may oppose her opinions with reason, we may think her views unsound, her policy unwise; but from what country would the most American of Americans prefer to have derived the characteristic impulse of American development and civilization rather than England? What language would we rather speak than the tongue of Shakespeare and Hampden, of the Pilgrims and King James's version? What yachts, as a tribute to ourselves upon their own element, would we rather outsail than English yachts? [Laughter.] In what national life, modes of thought, standards and estimates of character and achievement do we find our own so perfectly reflected as in the English House of Commons, in English counting-rooms and workshops, and in English homes? [Applause.]

No doubt the original stock has been essentially modified in the younger branch. The American, as he looks across the sea, to what Hawthorne happily called " Our old home," and contemplates himself, is disposed to murmur: "Out of the eater shall come forth meat, and out of the strength shall come forth sweetness." He left England a Puritan iconoclast; he has developed in Church and State into a constitutional reformer. He came hither a knotted club; he has been transformed into a Damascus blade. He seized and tamed a continent with a hand of iron; he civilizes and controls it with a touch of velvet. No music is so sweet to his ear as the sound of the common-school bell; no principle so dear to his heart as the equal rights of all men; no vision so entrancing to his hope as those rights universally secured. [Applause.]

This is the Yankee; this is the younger branch; but a branch of no base or brittle fibre, but of the tough old English oak, which has weathered triumphantly the tempest of a thousand years. It is a noble contention whether the younger or the elder branch has further advanced the frontiers of liberty, but it is unquestionable that liberty, as we understand it on both sides of the sea, is an English tradition; we inherit it, we possess it, we transmit it, under forms peculiar to the English race. It is, as Mr. Chamberlain has said, liberty under law. It is liberty, not license; civilization, not barbarism; it is liberty clad in the celestial robe of law, because law is the only authoritative expression of the will of the people, representative government, trial by jury, habeas corpus, freedom of speech and of the press—why, Mr. Chairman, they are the family heirlooms, the family diamonds, and they go wherever in the wide world go the family name and language and tradition. [Applause.]

Sir, with all my heart, and, I am sure, with the hearty assent of this great and representative company, I respond to the final aspiration of your toast: "May this great family in all its branches ever work together for the world's welfare." Certainly its division and alienation would be the world's misfortune. That England and America have had sharp and angry quarrels, is undeniable. Party spirit in this country, recalling old animosity, has always stigmatized with the English name whatever it opposed. Every difference, every misunderstanding with England has been ignobly turned to party account; but the two great branches of this common race have come of age, and wherever they may encounter a serious difficulty which must be accommodated they have but to thrust demagogues aside, to recall the sublime words of Abraham Lincoln, " With malice toward none, with charity for all," and in that spirit, and in the spirit and the emotion represented in this country by the gentlemen upon my right and my left, I make bold to say to Mr. Chamberlain in your name, there can be no misunderstanding which may not be honorably and happily adjusted. [Cheers.] For to our race, gentlemen of both countries, is committed not only the defence but the illustration of constitutional liberty.

The question is not what we did a century ago, or in the beginning of this century, with the lights that shone around us, but what is our duty to-day, in the light which is given to us of popular government under the republican form in this country, and the parliamentary form in England.

If a sensitive public conscience, if general intelligence, should not fail to secure us from unnatural conflict, then liberty will not be justified of her children, and the glory of the English-speaking race will decline. I do not believe it. I believe that it is constantly increasing, and that the colossal power which slumbers in the arms of a kindred people will henceforth be invoked, not to drive them further asunder, but to weld them more indissolubly together in the defence of liberty under law. [Prolonged applause.]

COMMERCE AND LITERATURE

[Speech of George William Curtis at the 122d annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, November 18, 1890. Charles Stewart Smith, the President, in introducing Mr. Curtis, said: " Gentlemen, we have been so often placed under such obligations to our friend, Mr. Curtis, for his elegant and scholarly addresses from this platform that no introduction is needed from me. I have always felt that an occasion of this kind is not full rounded and complete without the voice of George William Curtis. To Mr. Curtis, who will now address you, has been assigned the subject, ' Commerce and Literature.' "]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE:—I belong to the class of Americans which was graphically described by an eminent statesman as blanked " littery fellers." I suppose that class is the human litter and refuse that remains over after Pennsylvania statesmen are finished. [Laughter.]

But I am very happy to be the guest, this evening, of that other great class to which you belong, the equally blanked "commercial fellers." From the days of the oldest traditions we have been associated. Your tutelary genius, I believe, is Mercury; and Apollo is ours. If you are satisfied, we are. [Laughter.] To be sure, your god outwitted ours and stole his oxen, but he left his horses of the sun, and I have observed that it is with those that Apollo generally prefers to travel. His children avenged their parent by giving your deity a bad name. But you in turn have been avenged by time and tradition. For if Mercury is the god of the thief, it is universally agreed that Apollo is the god of the lyre. [Laughter.]

Undoubtedly also we constantly invade each other's domain [laughter]; for if the poet's statements in writing are works of imagination, the merchant's statements in driving a bargain are often alleged to be of the same kind. On the other hand, the "littery fellers" venture into your realm; for if the god of trade was the messenger of the gods, and the merchants, his children, have always been the messengers of civilization, not less are the children of Apollo, from Homer to Shakespeare, and from Milton and Burns to Bryant and Longfellow, the winged and swift-footed bearers of a celestial and civilizing message to men.

Commerce and literature have been always mutually helpful. Indeed, when tradition says that Apollo gave Mercury the caduceus—you remember the caduceus, gentlemen—it was the winged rod twined with serpents—it was merely the mythological way of saying that Literature, the permanent record of civilization and of human achievement, gave to Commerce its fundamental principles of prudence, promptness and persistence, and taught the merchants to bring the ends of the earth together and bind them fast in peace by a common prosperity. In both its forms of history and philosophy, Literature demonstrates that reciprocity is the law of ever-widening civilization, and the justification of the poet's vision of "the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

If commerce has done great deeds, literature has made them famous. It is to literature that we owe our knowledge of the first commercial voyage. At least, I suppose it was a commercial voyage, because it was an expedition for wool. I mean the voyage of the Argonauts for the Golden Fleece; and, considering the definite purpose, the unquailing courage and the triumphant success of that expedition, it is curious that aimless maunderings, and absence of mind, should be called wool-gathering. The question of wool has played a large part in the recent political debate. [Laughter.] If wool has not been pulled over anybody's eyes, it has certainly been stuffed into everybody's ears by the eloquent campaign orators. They have earnestly besought the country to do its duty by wool [laughter]; but they could not agree what the duty should be. None of them, so far as I know, have even mentioned the highest duty upon wool ever paid. It was paid upon that importation of a single golden fleece, of which I have spoken, and it consisted of taming wild bulls that snorted fire, killing enchanted dragons, escaping Scylla and Charybdis, and overcoming every kind of magical horror and hostility. It was the highest tariff ever paid upon wool. Yet such were the energy and resources of the wool-gatherers, that even that terrific duty was not prohibitory.

A distinguished Senator of the United States was lately reported to have said that, under certain circumstances, he would gladly see commerce annihilated. The Senator is a man of literary tastes, and some recent events may have recalled to him that ancient legend, and suggested to him that, however appalling the duty, American commerce will refuse to be annihilated. [Applause.] And why? Because if there be no magical way to pay the duty, as in the case of the old Greeks, there is in his fellow-Americans a common-sense way of reasonably revising and adjusting duties, which, in the language of mythology, is merely taming the fire-breathing bulls and slaying the devastating dragons.

A happy illustration of the association between commerce and literature is found in the City of New York. In the commercial capital of the continent our distinctive American literature began, and the first American book, which was accepted and approved by the world, was the work of a young American merchant. To be sure, he failed as a merchant. But what an encouragement in the counting-room to know that if you cannot be a fortunate merchant you may be a famous author! That if you cannot be a Cruger, or a Walton or a Franklin of the older day, or a Minturn or a Marshall of a later day, you may be a Washington Irving!

Our sombre colonial writing was all sermon. It was not until 1809 that Mr. Buckminster, the orator of the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard, said that the genius of our letters began to show signs of greater vigor; and in the same year a young man, who, as a boy, to escape the rigors of domestic religious discipline, used to drop out of the window of his father's house in William Street in the evening, and steal off to the play around the corner in John Street, published a book called "Knickerbocker's History of New York;" and in the gay genius of Irving, American literature escaped the sermon and came laughing into life. The winter of our long literary discontent was made glorious summer by this son of York. But it was not until ten years later, when he was an unsuccessful merchant, and Sydney Smith asked his famous question: "Who reads an American book?" that Irving had just answered it by the first numbers of the "Sketch Book," and John Bull was the first to own that Jonathan had described traditional and charming aspects of his own life and character with more delicate grace than any Englishman of the time.

What a sweet and blameless genius it was! It aroused no passion, no prejudice, no hostility. Irving was popularly beloved, like Sir Walter Scott, and I recall the amusing enthusiasm with which a party of Germans in Berlin, upon discovering that I was an American, exclaimed: "Ah, we know full well your great general, Washington Irving!" [Laughter.] He touched our historic river with the glamour of the imagination. He invested it with the subtle and enduring charm of literary association. He peopled it with figures that make it dear to the whole world, like Scott's Tweed or Burns's Bonny Doon. The belated wanderer, in the twilight roads of Tarrytown, as he hears approaching the pattering gallop behind him, knows that it is not his neighbor, it is the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow. It is not thunder that we hear in the Katskill on a still summer afternoon, it is the airy game of Hendrik Hudson's crew that Rip Van Winkle heard.

The commerce of New York may penetrate every sea, and carry around the world the promise of the American flag and the grandeur of the American name, and return triumphant with the trophies of every clime ; but over their leagues of wharves and towering warehouses and far-stretching streets can it throw a charm, as fresh to the next century as to this, such as the genius of literature cast upon the quaint little Dutch town more than two centuries ago, and upon the river which is our pride ? Yet it is commerce which has made the city splendid and prosperous, which pours the largest revenue into the national treasury, and has identified the name of New York with the most daring enterprise and comprehensive sagacity.

Four hundred years ago, the City of Florence was ruled by a family of merchants, the greatest merchants in the world. The founder of the family was given the name which we give to Washington alone, the Father of his Country. His grandson, the greatest of the family, knew the secret of the greatness that endures whether in cities, states, or nations. He was the friend of authors and of artists. He adopted Michael Angelo as his son ; he built palaces and gardens, erected statues, endowed universities and libraries, and under his magnificent sway Florence reached its golden prime of opulence and power. In him Mercury and Apollo clasped hands, and commerce and literature claim equally the fame of Lorenzo di Medici.

As I remember him, I think of other merchant princes. As I recall Florence, I see New York; and mindful of the truth that no other body of merchants in the world contains a larger proportion of men of cultivation, of refined taste and generous and princely liberality than those who compose this Chamber, I ask why, in our noble pleasure-grounds of Central Park, amid the memorials of men of kindred genius in every century and time, in the commercial capital in which he was born, and with which, as its most illustrious son, his name will be always associated—why, in perpetual commemoration of the amity of commerce and literature, should not a statue of Washington Irving be erected by the merchants of New York ? [Cheers.]

LOWELL'S AMERICANISM

[Speech of George William Curtis at the Ashfield dinner, at Ashfield, Massachusetts, August 27, 1891, in defence of James Russell Lowell's Americanism.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—In Browning's poem "The Ring and the Book," an old Italian story is told by twelve persons, each in his own way; but such is the dramatic genius of the poet that each version resembles the others only as different men look alike, or as this landscape now blossoming and green and a little later buried in snow is still the same country. These different versions of the same tale in "The Ring and the Book" are among the most extraordinary intellectual feats or *tours de force* in literature, and Mr. Norton's twelve annual introductions of me at the Ashfield dinners are similarly remarkable feats in oratory. Twelve times has he asked me to sing the doxology at this dinner, not, I think, so much thankful that it was over, as grateful that it had been so good, and twelve times the picture he has drawn of me has differed from the others, like the versions of the poet's story. But in all these versions there is necessarily essentially the same tale; and so in all the preludes to my little speeches, although I am amazed at their freshness and variety, there has been the same affectionate generosity of a friendship which is now a very long one, and which makes each of these preludes the pleasantest speech that I hear in the year.

I say that this is the twelfth of them, but as Mr. Norton was away one year, this is the thirteenth of our academic dinners. The old Romans had a series of records which they called Fasti Annales, registers of important events. Are there any more important events in the history of Ashfield than these annual dinners?—attracting to these tables a friendly company from all the country round, while on the horizon of this further table, like brilliant constellations, have risen, year after year, as to-day, clusters of distinguished speakers from abroad, but all the guests at all the tables are American citizens met to confer upon subjects of a common interest and common importance, in aid of that characteristic American institution from which so much of the impulse of the noblest American life has sprung, the New England academy.

The names of the stars in these oratorical constellations that have risen and set here will readily occur to you. They are the golden beads that we tell upon our rosary of remembrance. Among them there is Howells, our charming story-teller, whose stories reveal to us not only the subtle observation of the humorist, and the fine insight of the social philosopher, but the inspiring vision of the true realist to whom man is more than his costume or circumstance. His work does not amuse merely, but cheers and enlightens. It quickens human sympathy and stimulates generous action. It is like the flower which is fragrant and gay not only to please the idle loiterer of an hour but to entice and detain the busy bee so as to secure its own perpetuity, and by constantly renewed blossoming and odor and beauty to make delight perennial. Such a story-teller is a minister of human happiness, and as the modest master stood here speaking to us I thought of Goldsmith's village pastor:—

> "He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds and led the way."

And there is Warner, whose "Summer in a Garden" is in endless bloom; and who says in it to his fellow-farmer in planting time, in the famous words of Grant, "Let us have peas." He has added to the beatitudes another beatitude, "Blessed be agriculture, if one does not have too much of it." He did not talk agriculture to us, probably because he supposed we knew all about his kind of agriculture; nor horticulture, as indeed there was no need, because he is constantly making our minds gardens and sowing them with pleasant thoughts and fancies like violets and mignonette, summer savory and sweet marjoram. But, as we are all naturally disposed to do here, he spoke of our national character and national pride probably because he hoped that our feeling was like his, which does not suppose that Mount Owen is higher than Mont Blanc merely because Mount Owen is in Franklin county and Mont Blanc in Switzerland. Long ago, before I knew that there was a town of Ashfield, I drove one summer day on the top of the stage from Greenfield over the Hoosac mountain to Greylock, and when afterward I saw the Vale of Enna in Sicily, where Proserpina was playing among the flowers when Pluto carried her off, I did not think the Vale of Enna lovelier than the valley of Deerfield. But I did not, therefore, think that the meeting-houses in that valley were nobler buildings than St. Peter's, nor that Colonel Leavitt's barn was finer than the Vatican, although the Pope was a mere Italian and the Colonel one of the best of Yankees. I have not observed that we are generally more than seven feet high in this country, although we are Americans and the other fellows only Europeans. [Applause.]

Then there was Mr. Cable, who came to our dinner and in a strain of fervent and persuasive speech poured for us a "beaker full of the warm South," which still tingles in our memories and quickens the blood in our veins; and Mr. Choate, who expounded to us the final cause and significance of the Ashfield dinner in a jest of such blended humor and wit that its laughing tradition will last as long as the dinner itself; and rising annually from the horizon of this table with the brightness of Mercury and the constancy of Sirius to its season, is the bright particular star of Chesterfield [John White Chadwick], which for an hour benignantly shines over our valley and illuminates our "Ashfield, loveliest village of the plain." I cannot repeat the long list of those who by their wise and winning words have made our dinners memorable, and whose eloquence has been at least some recompense to the kind hands of Ashfield, which annually spread and serve the feast,—those hands, indeed, which, the world over, sweeten the feast of life for all men.

But there is one orator among this famous company of many years whose name in the days that are passing is mentioned with respectful and tender admiration wherever our language is heard and whose presence and speech will be always cherished as among the high honors of our festival. That Mr. Lowell has spoken at this table gives to this plain room a dignity and charm which no grandeur of form, no grace of decoration could enhance. I like to remember that, returning from his long official residence abroad, and coming almost immediately to this characteristic New England town, the poet and statesman who, in his life and by his pen so truly interpreted the heart of New England to the heart of the world, said how glad he was, after looking in the eyes of so many old English audiences, to see again face to face a New England one. In a half-playful tone, but with great earnestness,—for the banter was only the sparkle upon a deep, strong-flowing river,—he alluded to the supposition that long residence in Europe might alienate an American from love of his country, as an unworthy distrust of the power of America to excite affection. Love of country, he said, is deeper than a sentiment, deeper even than an instinct. It is that absolute self-renunciation and complete identification with another which Ruth expressed, "Where thou goest I will go; where thou livest I will live; where thou diest there will I die also."

No one who heard Mr. Lowell that day in this room but was taught by him once more, for he was always teaching it, the highest lesson of patriotism. I have seen it said recently that with all his gifts he was, nevertheless, on the wrong side of every great question in this country. But I venture to think that whoever differed with Mr. Lowell upon any point of literature or morals or politics, should have been very sure before he decided that it was Mr. Lowell whose view was wrong. Was the young poet wrong whose early verses tipped with fire the darts of Wendell Phillips's relentless eloquence? Was Hosea Biglow on the wrong side fifty years ago? Was it the "Commemoration Ode," the noblest pæan of the greatest cause, that struck a false American key? Was it the address on Democracy that betrayed America, an address which spoke to England in a strain of English speech that England had never heard, declaring the vital and fundamental American doctrine, a democracy, deeper, richer, truer, than England or America had ever grasped, an American speech which was the flight of our undazzled eagle nearest the sun? If he was wrong, who of us was right? For what is it to be an American? It is a most pertinent question for this dinner, and the answer is easy; for to be an American is to be, in spirit, in purpose, in fidelity, what Mr. Lowell was. If he was not distinctively an American, the worse for us, the worse for America. If scorn of pretence of every kind, of sham patriotism, of vulgar bragging, of impudent vanity, of bullying statesmanship, of craven servility to the majority, and of the exaltation of ignorance and blackguardism,—if active and aggressive scorn of all these is not American, the sooner we make it so, the better. [Applause.]

The clear perception that popular government, like all other governments, is an expedient and not a panacea; that its abuses and evils must be plainly exposed and resolutely resisted; that the price of liberty is not eternal cringing to a party, but eternal fidelity to our own minds and consciences; that our fathers made America independent, and that their sons must keep it so, each man for himself declaring his mental, moral and political independence, not only on the Fourth of July, but every day in the year; that the hope of free institutions lies in character, in educated intelligence, in self-reliance, in quality, not in quantity,—this is the sublime faith, the unchilled hope, the untiring endeavor of a patriotism like Lowell's. By a resistless humor of kindly satire which searches out follies and laughs them away, by an incisive thought which probes and disperses familiar and accepted sophistries, by a vigorous statement of fundamental principles of political conduct illuminated with unprecedented profusion and splendor of illustration, applying the experiences of all other times and countries to the exigencies of our own, by lofty flights of song that quicken the heart, ennoble the life, and lift the soul toward heaven,—the poet, the scholar, the statesman who sat at our table still shows us the America which we feel in our hearts and see in our hopes, the America in which he believed and of which he was so true a harbinger. [Applause.]

Such memories our Ashfield dinner begins to gather. Places that are associated with famous men are enchanted for all other men by the glamour of their genius. It is a truth which was never more happily expressed than by our distinguished guest, Mr. Phelps, when as our Minister in England he spoke at Glasgow of the spell laid upon Scotland by the genius of Scott and Burns, which every year draws a throng of pilgrims, not only to see where they lived, but to see also the scenes of events that never happened and the homes of people who never lived except in the world of their creative imagination. The famous guests at our dinner have given to this town-hall a precious tradition and to these green hills of western Massachusetts another charm. The spiritual forces are the most enduring forces, and when Alvan Sanderson modestly planted here this little academy, he unconsciously opened the gate by which feet that will be beautiful upon these mountains for ever have passed through our village. [Applause.]

CHARLES ANDERSON DANA

DIPLOMACY AND THE PRESS

[Speech of Charles Anderson Dana at a banquet given by the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, April 16, 1892, to Whitelaw Reid, on the occasion of his appointment as United States Minister to France. In introducing the speaker, Charles Stewart Smith, President of the Chamber of Commerce, said: "It is eminently fitting and proper that this powerful exponent of public opinion should be represented upon this occasion by the learned and eloquent Nestor of New York journalism."]

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—I cannot imagine that there is any occasion for any representative of the press to arise here after Mr. Reid has taken his seat. Who can speak for the press so well as he? Who has had experience so wide, so varied, so creditable, so successful as he? There was in the earlier history of this Republic a school of thinkers who held that diplomacy was comparatively unnecessary, that we should have no foreign ministers, except upon special occasions, when they might be sent out to settle some pressing controversy, and then come home, leaving the country without any representative except its consuls in foreign lands. That school was never very extensive. So far as I am aware, its principal members were two men of different parties and most distinguished genius. One of them was Thomas H. Benton, a great and broad-minded statesman, of the earlier days of our political life; and the other was another man of genius, Horace Greeley. [Laughter and applause.]

They both taught this doctrine, and taught it with such ability and such success that they made at least one convert, and at an early age I entered their school myself. [Laughter.] I also know of one other newspaper man who belonged to the school, but it never was a successful party; it never got any standing in the world; the American people never adopted the idea,—and why?

Well, in the first place, there is a kind of politeness and good society among nations, which requires that every power, every nation of any consequence, should have its regular representatives near to the governments of other nations. That is a kind of international honor, which the world has never been willing to resign. We all agree—I have joined the other side, I have gone over to the majority [applause]—we all agree that diplomatic representatives and ministers maintained permanently abroad are indispensable for the good conduct of international affairs. Another consideration also bears upon this question. There are certain offices, certain political and public functions, which are indispensable to the conduct of society. There must be governors, there must be legislators, there must be judges, there must be tax-collectors—all those functions are absolutely necessary, and they are maintained as a matter of necessity; but the catalogue of public offices is not complete with those indispensable functionaries. It has to go further. We must have officers who, under certain circumstances and to a certain extent, are ornamental; there must be places of importance for public men of distinction. They cannot all be elected judges or lieutenant-governors or members of Congress or Senators; there must be other places to which, when a new President comes into power, he can send the distinguished men of his party, and he ought not to send any other to foreign lands, as the representatives of the government and of the power and dignity of the United States.

For a great part of the time these foreign representatives of ours may have very little to do; but it is indispensable, I think, to have them there, and when the occasion arises, when there is a need, when there is some important question to be settled, then we must have them there; and unless they are there, with some antecedents and some experience and some knowledge of the medium in which they have to labor, and of the men with whom they have to deal, their efforts would be comparatively ineffectual and useless. So we have for all these reasons come over to the doctrine that there must be a diplomatic establishment maintained by the United States.

Now, we do not maintain it as other countries do. The old governments make diplomacy a profession; men are educated to it; they make their careers in it; they follow that business all their lives through. Here we do not do it that way, for the reason that this is a government of change; that it is a government in which men pass from one sphere of life to another, and in which they are promoted according to their deserts; so that we, instead of educating our diplomats to be diplomats, put them early in life into newspaper offices, and when they graduate it is to something brilliant and admirable. [Laughter and applause.]

The honors which you are paying to our distinguished fellow-citizen, Mr. Reid, this evening, are not only well deserved, but, as has been remarked they are paid in substance by all parties in this country. [Applause.] When you can get not merely a Republican like my friend, Mr. Smith, and a celebrated Mugwump like my friend Coudert [laughter], and modest and unpretentious Democrats like Senator Brice and myself [laughter], to come here and join in the honor; and when General Schurz, the worst Mugwump of them all comes [laughter], and when they all combine in paying this well-deserved tribute to a distinguished and successful public servant, we may be sure that the honor is perfectly deserved, and that greater services hereafter may be expected from the gentleman who has rendered them. [Applause.]

The fact is that there is not an important public service that a successful newspaper man is not perfectly well able to render, on the shortest notice. [Laughter and applause.] The foundation of success such as Mr. Reid has achieved, is considerably made up of good fortune; it is not merely talent; it is not merely devotion to duty undertaken; it is not merely concentration of every faculty; but, after all, good-luck comes into it very considerably. This good-luck I like to see further illustrated in the case of our distinguished guest of this evening. [Applause.]

The past at least is secure. [Applause.] That is a common saying, but the past is always a pointer to the future, and these distinctions, outside of those strictly belonging to the newspaper press, must be placed upon Mr. Reid hereafter, as the laurel is placed upon the head of a great and successful soldier.

We shall feel, we who belong to the newspaper press, whether in the capacity of retired members, like General Schurz, or active members like my friend, Mr. Halstead, or occasional contributors, like my friend, Mr. Coudert [laughter],—we shall all feel that a part of the honor and a part of the renown belongs to the profession of which Mr. Reid is so distinguished a member. [Applause.]

NEW ENGLAND IN JOURNALISM

[Speech of Charles A. Dana at the fourteenth annual festival of the New England Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, December 22, 1894. The President, Charles Emory Smith, said in introducing Mr. Dana: "We are honored to-night with the presence of one who is universally recognized by his professional brethren and by the general public, as the foremost journalist of the United States; that is to say, to-day, of all the world; at once the most experienced and the most accomplished, the wisest, and the brightest, the Hercules with the heaviest club, and the Harlequin, if I may say so, with the lightest lathe-sword; the intrepid American patriot who, in a single vivid phrase, immortalized and killed an un-American measure when he called it 'the policy of infamy,' the discoverer, perhaps I should say of Dink Botts and Abe Sluskey. With all these attributes, I may fairly describe him as the Nestor and the jester, the bon-savant and the bon-vivant of American journalism—himself sharing and preserving the fame of the greatest group of journalists the world has ever seen, given to this country by New England. No one is so capable of speaking of New England journalism as the Hon. Charles A. Dana, of the New York 'Sun,' whom I now present."]

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN—NEW ENGLANDERS, BRETHREN—ALL OF ONE BLOOD AND ALL OF ONE SPIRIT:—I care not to what parties in politics, to what schools in thought, to what churches in religion we respectively belong, there is one heart in all of us, and it is the heart of New England. [Applause.]

I am here, I believe, though the Chairman avoided reading the toast, to speak on "New England in Journalism;" and I am exceedingly glad of this opportunity to render justice to my brethren of that profession whom I see here around me. It is a remarkable circumstance that my eye falls at this moment, without wandering any distance from where I stand, upon four eminent Yankee journalists whom we all know and whom we are all wont to honor. On my left hand I see the Reverend Dr. Conwell; on my right hand there is the Reverend Dr. Wayland—a noble son, let me say, of a nobler father;—here, too, is the honored Dr. Trumbull; and here, chief of all, is my honored and beloved friend—the friend of many years—Charles Emory Smith. Where can we look for better illustrations of the New England character? Where can we look for brighter genius, ready for every emergency and shedding light upon every event and upon every occasion? Where is there wit and humor like Dr. Wayland's? Where is there the elevated and lovely religious sentiment that can surpass Dr. Trumbull's? Where is the appeal to the popular heart in behalf of the divine truths of Christianity that goes beyond Dr. Conwell's? And where, let me ask, in that high intelligence of the philosophy of journalism, of the philosophy which forms public thought and directs public policy from the beginning, which takes hold of it in the seed and carries it forward to development and blooming perfection—where is there any one who is entitled to higher honor and a more beautiful laurel than my friend, Charles Emory Smith?

Gentlemen, here we have "New England in Journalism," and we do not need to look any farther for its illustration. I say to you, young man (turning to President Smith), standing, crowned with honors, almost at the very threshold of your career, I say to you, only persevere. Remember above all that you are an American; remember that the principles of the American Republic are the principles you have to defend. I am an old man and shall not live to see you complete and round out that glorious course of the defence of free thought, of right politics and of America that you will live to see; but I look forward to it with confidence, and I salute it beforehand with the pride which a father may feel in the prospects of his son. [Applause.]

RICHARD HENRY DANA

RUSSIA AND THE UNITED STATES

[Speech of Richard H. Dana, Jr., at the banquet given by the City of Boston, June 7, 1864, to Rear-Admiral Lessoffsky and the officers of the Russian Fleet, then visiting American waters. Mr. Dana responded to the toast: "The Admiralty and Maritime Courts of Russia and the United States:—may they never adjudicate in questions of prize upon American or Russian vessels."]

MR. MAYOR:—Adjudication upon prizes, though it may have a judicial sound, means war; and war between Russia and the United States of America I take to be as improbable as anything in human affairs. If nearly a century of harmony and good offices indicates anything, or furnishes any security for future peace, we have the fullest assurances here.

When we were in the struggle for our independence, to throw off the rule of distant government in which we had no voice or hand, which claimed an unlimited jurisdiction over us, and all we had, we sent to Russia a citizen of Massachusetts [Chief Justice Dana, of Massachusetts] to whom you, sir, and Mr. Everett, have kindly alluded in connection with my name; and, although she gave us no fleet or army, we got from her a moral support, which did much—those familiar with that history know how much—towards securing, at last, the recognition of our independence. This, sir, was a good beginning, and circumstances made sure for years a fair following of the beginning. In that dark period of wars the world around, when neutrals were in danger of being crushed between the giant belligerents at sea, Russia and the United States had a common interest, and were kept in sympathy and co-operation on the great questions of belligerent and neutral rights. It was not only the fear of the mistress of the sea that oppressed neutral commerce.

There was almost as much danger from coercion, in ports on the Continent by the feebler maritime power of France. Thus, neutrals were threatened if they did not co-operate with the weaker, or submit to the law of the stronger. In that partial eclipse of peace and commerce that covered so long the habitable globe, Russia and the United States together strove for the light of peace and the beneficence of commercial intercourse.

But, sir, Russia has not only maintained peace with us, but has kindly and wisely done her best to keep us at peace with the world. When the War of 1812 was upon us, she offered, as Mr. Everett has reminded us, her mediation. She did not ask the contending parties to abide her decision as an arbiter, or to allow of her intervention. She asked them only to receive her advice as a mediator. We accepted the offer at once, and empowered our ministers to act upon it. Great Britain refused it, and the war was fought out to its end. I hope she had good reasons for the refusal; but Sir James Mackintosh did not think so, and censured the refusal in terms of strong condemnation. Again, the treaty of 1782 had left open a question of compensation for property—including slaves, I regret to say—on territory which England was to restore to us. To whom did we go for arbitration? Why, to Russia, most naturally; and the arbitration of Russia, made, and repeated on new questions arising out of the first decision, was satisfactory. But there was one question between us, of such magnitude and difficulty that neither of the treaties—that of Paris, in 1782, nor that of Ghent, in 1814—seemed able to close it,—that was the northern boundary. Nearly the whole line, from the Island of Grand Menan, off Eastport, to the Lake of the Woods, was in dispute. Such was our confidence in Russia, that we were ready to put all our rights and interests on that vast issue in her hands. England objected to the arbitration of Russia, and we fell back upon the unlucky King of the Netherlands, whose "Dutch highlands," lying in the beds of rivers, left the question open, with all its elements of irritation, until it was closed by the great act of three men, capable of large ideas and high action,—Peel, Webster and Ashburton, in 1842.

This is not all, sir. Our day of distress, weakness and peril came upon us. We met with sad disappointment in the tone of speech from friendly nations. They told us, by the speeches of statesmen and the voice of the press, that we had grown too strong, and that we must expect them to wish for our division. Some, more civilly, assured us it was for our good to be divided. "Rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine! These are your friends, the hangmen, Master Barnardine!" I hope we may forget, no doubt we should try to forget, the ill-concealed delight with which our misfortunes were witnessed, as well as the open derision and obloquy, that was poured upon us in those days: the utmost efforts made to secure against us the opinion of the world on every available ground. And when the commander of a sloop of war, uninstructed, does an act, the legality of which the law officers of the British Crown and the British press first admitted and then questioned, without waiting to learn whether our Government sustained or repudiated it, the British Government, which, in any other state of this country, would have unquestionably made it matter of diplomatic inquiry, availed themselves of the occasion to make a military and naval demonstration against our blockade and entire war,—for that I take to have been the plain English of the war movement in the Trent affair.

From this trying picture, how pleasing it is to turn to the aspect which Russia presented to us. Mr. Everett has read to us the friendly and graceful message of Russia to America sent to us in our darkest hour,—telling us that the preservation of our Union was essential to the universal political equilibrium, and that Russia stood pledged to the most friendly interest. Well did Mr. Seward, in reply, acknowledge that the friendship of Russia "had its beginning with the national existence of the United States."

I must return, Mr. Mayor, to the subject to which you more immediately directed my attention, the prize courts and navy of Russia. Of its courts, I cannot speak from personal knowledge; but of its navy, it has been my fortune to know something. I have met Russian ships of war in all quarters of the globe. At the Sandwich Islands, they told me with delight of the escape of the frigate "Diana" from a British fleet which came to Honolulu, in 1854, a few days after the "Diana" hurried away;—that same frigate whose singular fate, a few months afterwards, attracted the attention of the scientific world, lifted up from her anchors in Simoda Bay, in Japan, and swamped by one monstrous swell of the sea, in a quiet day, which rolled from Japan to California with the regularity of the march of a planet, raising and plunging everything in its course, until its last effects were registered by the astonished watchers of the tide-gauges at San Diego and San Francisco. And when I was mentioning this, just now, to the Russian officer whom I have the pleasure of finding at my side, he replied,—"O yes! our admiral commanded the 'Diana' then."

I met them in China, in Japan, and I found a squadron at San Francisco; and when I went to the navy yard at Mare Island, in California, there I found a room full of Russian naval officers who had been examining our works. Wherever science, or general knowledge, or national interests called them, there Russian ships of war were found. And our friends will not think me indelicate or assuming if I pay my tribute to the high order of education I always found among them. All spoke French,—and the world knows that Russian French is the best out of Paris,—and most spoke English also; and it is well known that among Russian naval officers are found competent representatives of their country in diplomacy and science as well as war.

Let me ask your leave, sir, to propose, not as a formal toast,—that is not my office,—but as a sentiment to be taken into our hearts: The friendship of Russia and America, beginning with our national existence, in our darkest hour showing no abatement, may it last as long as there shall be Russia in the old world and United States in the new. [Applause.]

CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW

Photogravure after a photograph from life

CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW

WOMAN

[Speech of Chauncey M. Depew at the seventieth anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1875. The President of the Society, Isaac H. Bailey, presided. In introducing the speaker, he said: "Gentlemen, our next toast is 'Woman.'

'From women's eyes this doctrine I derive,
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire,
They are the books, the arts, the Academes,
That show, contain and nourish all the world.'
[*Love's Labor's Lost*, Act IV., Sc. 3.]

"Gentlemen, this toast will be responded to by one who deserves to be known as an expert on all questions that concern the fair sisters—Mr. Chauncey M. Depew."]

MR. PRESIDENT:—I know of no act of my life which justifies your assertion that I am an expert on this question. I can very well understand why it is that the toast to "Woman" should follow the toast to "the Press." [Laughter.] I am called upon to respond to the best, the most suggestive, and the most important sentiment which has been delivered this evening, at this midnight hour, when the varied and ceaseless flow of eloquence has exhausted subjects and audience, when the chairs are mainly vacant, the bottles empty, and the oldest veteran and most valiant Roman of us all scarce dares meet the doom he knows awaits him at home. [Laughter.] Bishop Berkeley, when he wrote his beautiful verses upon our Western World, and penned the line "Time's noblest offspring is the last," described not so nearly our prophetic future as the last and best creation of the Almighty—woman—whom we both love and worship. [Applause.] We have here the President of the United States and the General of our

Armies: around these tables is gathered a galaxy of intellect, genius and achievement seldom presented on any occasion, but none of them would merit the applause we so enthusiastically bestow, or have won their high honors, had they not been guided or inspired by the woman they revered or loved.

I have noticed one peculiarity about the toasts this evening very remarkable in the New England Society : every one of them is a quotation from Shakespeare. If Elder Brewster and Carver and Cotton Mather, the early divines of Massachusetts, and the whole colony of Plymouth could have been collected together in general assembly, and have seen with prophetic vision the flower of their descendants celebrating the virtues of this ancestry in sentiments every one of which was couched in the language of a playwright, what would they have said ? [Laughter.] The imagination cannot compass the emotions and the utterances of the occasion. But I can understand why this has been done. It is because the most versatile and distinguished actor upon our municipal stage is the President of the New England Society. [Laughter and applause.] We live in an age when from the highest offices of our city the incumbent seeks the stage to achieve his greatest honors. [Laughter.] I see now our worthy President, Mr. Bailey, industriously thumbing his Shakespeare to select these toasts. He admires the airy grace and flitting beauty of Titania ; he weeps over the misfortunes of Desdemona and Ophelia. Each individual hair stands on end as he contemplates the character of Lady Macbeth ; but as he spends his nights with Juliet, he softly murmurs, " Parting is such sweet sorrow." [Loud laughter.]

You know it is a physiological fact that the boys take after their mothers, and reproduce the characteristics and intellectual qualities of the maternal, and not the paternal, side. Standing here in the presence of the most worthy representatives of Plymouth, and knowing as I do your moral and mental worth, the places you fill, and the commercial, financial, humane and catholic impetus you give to our metropolitan life, how can I do otherwise than on bended knee reverence the New England mothers who gave you birth ! [Applause.] Your President, in his speech to-night, spoke of himself as a descendant of John Alden. In my judgment, Priscilla uttered the sentiment which gave the Yankee the key-note of success, and condensed the primal elements of his character, when she said to John Alden, " Prythee, why don't you speak for yourself, John ? " [Laughter.] That motto has been the spear in the rear and the star in the van of the New-Englander's progress. It has made him the most audacious, self-reliant, and irrepressible member of the human family ; and for illustration we need look no farther than the present descendant of Priscilla and John Alden. [Laughter and applause.]

The only way I can reciprocate your call at this late hour is to keep you here as long I can. I think I see now the descendant of a " Mayflower " immortal who has been listening here to the glories of his ancestry, and learning that he is " the heir of all the ages," as puffed and swollen with pride of race and history, he stands solitary and alone upon his doorstep, reflects on his broken promise of an early return, and remembers that within " there is a divinity which shapes his end." [Applause and laughter.]

In all ages woman has been the source of all that is pure, unselfish, and heroic in the spirit and life of man. It was for love that Antony lost a world. It was for love that Jacob worked seven long years, and for seven more ; and I have often wondered what must have been his emotions when on the morning of the eighth year he awoke and found the homely, scrawny, bony Leah instead of the lovely and beautiful presence of his beloved Rachel. [Laughter.] A distinguished French philosopher answered the narrative of every event with the question, " Who was she ? " Helen conquered Troy, plunged all the nations of antiquity into war, and gave that earliest, as it is still the grandest, epic which has come down through all time. Poetry and fiction are based upon woman's love, and the movements of history are mainly due to the sentiments or ambitions she has inspired. Semiramis, Zenobia, Queen Elizabeth, claim a cold and distant admiration ; they do not touch the heart. But when Florence Nightingale, or Grace Darling, or Ida Lewis, unselfish and unheralded, peril all to succor and to save, the profoundest and holiest emotions of our nature render them tribute and homage. [Applause.] Mr. President, there is no aspiration which any man here to-night entertains, no achievement he seeks to accomplish, no great and honorable ambition he desires to gratify, which is not directly related to either or both a mother or a wife. [Applause.] From the hearth-stone around which linger the recollections of our mother, from the fireside where our wife awaits us, come all the purity, all the hope, and all the courage with which we fight the battle of life. [Applause.] The man who is not thus inspired, who labors not so much to secure the applause of the world as the solid and more precious approval of his home, accomplishes little of good for others or of honor for himself. I close with the hope that each of us may always have near us.

> " A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command,
> And yet a spirit still, and bright
> With something of an angel light."

[Applause.]

WELCOME TO MAYOR COOPER

[Speech of Chauncey M. Depew at a dinner given by the Lotos Club, January 11, 1879, to Edward Cooper, Mayor of New York, on his election. The President, Whitelaw Reid, occupied the chair, and toward the end of the speaking, addressed Mr. Depew as follows : "You may possibly think that we have got through with the various branches of the elaborate and almost perfect system of municipal government under which we live. If you do, you make a mistake. We live under the rule, I may say, the divided rule of a Mayor and a Controller, and we live also under the alien rule of a Legislature. But we live, too, under another branch—a branch equal to any, perhaps greater than all. It is a branch which is always represented ; it is a branch which appears in the Lotos Club by attorney. I need not tell you that I refer to the New York Central Railroad [laughter], or that I shall call upon Chauncey M. Depew to respond."]

MR. PRESIDENT :—When you were describing the gentleman upon whom you were to call, I thought, until the last clause of your last sentence, that you were referring to the Judiciary of the State. There are many points of resemblance between the New York Central Railroad and the State Judiciary, in that in the administration of the affairs of the Commonwealth they both delight to do equal justice to all. [Laughter and applause.]

I have been a member of the Lotos Club for many years, but this is the most extraordinary and anomalous gathering which I have ever attended. [Laughter.] Judge Davis and myself have during the evening been looking at a work of art, which for more than ten years has adorned the walls of the Lotos Club, and that is this lion with a toothache that hangs on an adjoining wall. [Great laughter.] The question in our minds is—where is the lamb? And the only location that we can decide upon for it is that the lamb must be inside. [Renewed laughter.]

Well, gentlemen, that is a very suitable picture. I find here on one side of this table the Grand Sachem of Tammany, and immediately opposite a gentleman who wanted to be Grand Sachem. [Laughter.] I find here the gentleman who ran for Mayor and was elected and the gentleman who contested for that honor with him [Hon. Augustus Schell] and was defeated. I find here Tammany and anti-Tammany, Administration Republicans, and anti-Administration Republicans, and every representative of public spirit and public opinion except Liberal Republicans. [Laughter.] I think there are gathered around this festive board more integrity [laughter], more devotion to the public service, more capacity for the public good, more distinguished men in and out of office [laughter], and more abominable politics than were ever gathered anywhere else. [Great laughter.] Mr. Reid represents bullion, Mr. Croly [D. G. Croly] silver, and together they seek to restore a standard by which each can receive in his own metal all he possibly can lay his hands upon. [Great laughter.]

It is a peculiarity of the Lotos Club that it welcomes the incoming and bids farewell to the outgoing Mayor. There have been chief magistrates of this city who have endeavored to ignore this courtesy, but their administrations in every instance have proved lamentable failures. [Laughter.] When a mayor is elected, he reads the messages of his predecessors for the purpose of forming his own, until he is threatened with water on the brain. [Laughter.] He reads the reports of the Controller for the purpose of ascertaining the financial condition of the city, until his friends call on Dr. Macdonald to watch over him to keep him out of the asylum, to which he is rapidly making his way.

[Laughter.] Then it is found necessary to brace him up with some intellectual stimulants and the hopeful atmosphere, which is only to be reached within the periphery of the Lotos Club. [Laughter.]

I had occasion once to criticise Mayor Cooper's predecessor on the ground that his bread-basket resembled the municipal treasury; the more he put into it, the less good it seemed to do. [Laughter.] I believe in this era of reform we have reached reform in that respect. [Renewed laughter.] It is expected by every good citizen in this metropolis that its Mayor shall have the fluency of Henry Clay, the solidity of Daniel Webster, the firmness of Andrew Jackson and the digestion of an ostrich [great laughter], to which fulfilment of all the duties that belong to the office the Lotos Club welcomes Mr. Cooper. [Laughter.] I have often noticed this peculiarity about mayors, and I have known a good many of them—not so many, however, as Mayor Ely, whose mature recollection runs back to about forty mayors. I have observed that they think a great deal more of themselves during the first month of their office than they do in the last. [Laughter.] The only exception that I ever met to this rule was in the case of the late lamented Mayor Havemeyer. In the closing days of his administration I was in his office one day. He led me to the window and pointed to the moving crowds on Broadway. Said he: "Depew, look there. There go business men, capitalists, men of influence and property. There they are hurrying on to provide for themselves, their families and future, and paying no attention to political affairs. Not one of them looks over to this office, because they know that the old Dutchman is here, protecting their lives and their property against the thieves of Tammany Hall and the gamblers of the Republican party." [Laughter and applause.]

Now, I am probably more competent to speak in this mixed assembly than any person here. I served the Republicans for many years, and ran for Lieutenant-Governor on the Liberal Democratic ticket. [Laughter.] While running for Lieutenant-Governor, I remember that once I was speaking at Potsdam. There were six Democrats in the town. I was told that there was one man in the town who had read

"The Day-Book" all through the war, and believed in it still, and that if I could secure him I could get the solid vote. During my speech that man was present. When I got through, he came to me and said: "If what our paper has been saying of you for the last ten years is true, you are probably the d——st rascal agoing [laughter]; but if you will exercise your peculiar talents as well for the Democratic party as you have for your Republicans, I will vote for you with my whole heart." [Great laughter.] That is about the only town in the State in which I got the solid vote. [Renewed laughter.] Now the Lotos Club welcomes Mayor Cooper upon his entrance upon his important duties with that enthusiasm and encouragement that only a body comprising the intellect and influence of this Club can possibly bestow. [Laughter.] We welcome him and bid him good cheer, in common with all our fellow-citizens. [Applause.] It is a common thing to criticise, but it has almost uniformly been the habit of all parties in the City of New York to put forward as candidate for its Chief Magistrate for the suffrages of citizens, men, men on either side who if elected would be eminently worthy of the dignity and honor to which they aspire. The late contest was between men of high intelligence and old citizenship. Both candidates were gentlemen of worth, of character, virtue and independence. The citizens of New York have accorded the honor to the gentleman who is our guest to-night. It is a worthy honor, worthily bestowed, and I have no doubt that the office will be worthily administered. [Long-continued applause.]

THE EMPIRE STATE

[Speech of Chauncey M. Depew at the seventy-fourth anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1879. President Daniel A. Appleton was in the chair, and introduced the speaker as follows: "Gentlemen, we cannot forget our loyalty to the State in which we live, and our next regular toast is 'The State of New York: Our voice is imperial.'—Henry V. This toast will be responded to by one whom we are always pleased to hear—Mr. Chauncey M. Depew."]

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—It has been my lot from a time whence I cannot remember to respond each year to this toast. When I received the invitation from the committee, its originality and ingenuity astonished and overwhelmed me. [Laughter.] But there is one thing the committee took into consideration when they invited me to this platform. This is a Presidential year, and it becomes men not to trust themselves talking on dangerous topics. The State of New York is eminently safe. [Laughter.] Ever since the present able and distinguished Governor has held his place I have been called upon by the New England Society to respond for him. It is probably due to that element in the New Englander that he delights in provoking controversy. The Governor is a Democrat, and I am a Republican. Whatever he believes in I detest; whatever he admires I hate. [Laughter.] The manner in which this toast is received leads me to believe that in the New England Society his administration is unanimously approved. [Laughter.] Governor Robinson, if I understand correctly his views, would rather that any other man should have been elected as Chief Magistrate than Mr. John Kelly. Mr. Kelly, if I interpret aright his public utterances, would prefer any other man for Governor of New York than Lucius Robinson [laughter], and therefore, in one of the most heated controversies we have ever had, we elected a Governor by unanimous consent or assent in Alonzo B. Cornell. [Cheers and laughter.] Horace Greeley once said to me, as we were returning from a State convention where he had been a candidate, but the delegates had failed to nominate the fittest man for the place: "I don't see why any man wants to be Governor of the State of New York [laughter], for there is no one living who can name the last ten Governors on a moment's notice." [Laughter.] But though there have been Governors and Governors, there is, when the gubernatorial office is mentioned, one figure that strides down the centuries before all the rest; that is the old Dutch Governor of New York, with his wooden leg—Peter Stuyvesant. [Applause.] There have been heroines, too, who have aroused the poetry and eloquence of all times, but none who have about them the substantial aroma of the Dutch heroine, Anneke Jans. [Laughter.]

It is within the memory of men now living when the whole of American literature was dismissed with the sneer of the "Edinburgh Review," "Who reads an American book?" But out of the American wilderness a broad avenue to the highway which has been trod by the genius of all times in its march to fame was opened by Washington Irving, and in his footsteps have followed the men who are read of all the world, and who will receive the highest tributes in all times—Longfellow, and Whittier, and Hawthorne and Prescott. [Applause.]

New York is not only imperial in all those material results which constitute and form the greatest commonwealth in this constellation of commonwealths, but in our political system she has become the arbiter of our national destiny. As goes New York so goes the Union, and her voice indicates that the next President will be a man with New England blood in his veins or a representative of New England ideas. [Applause.]

And for the gentleman who will not be elected I have a Yankee story. In the Berkshire hills there was a funeral, and as they gathered in the little parlor there came the typical New England female, who mingles curiosity with her sympathy, and as she glanced around the darkened room she said to the bereaved widow, "When did you get that new eight-day clock?" "We ain't got no new eight-day clock," was the reply. "You ain't? What's that in the corner there?" "Why no, that's not an eight-day clock, that's the deceased; we stood him on end, to make room for the mourners." [Great laughter.]

Up to within fifty years ago all roads in New England led to Boston; but within the last fifty years every byway and highway in New England leads to New York. [Laughter.] New York has become the capital of New England, and within her limits are more Yankees than in any three New England States combined. The boy who is to-day ploughing the stony hillside in New England, who is boarding around and teaching school, and who is to be the future merchant-prince or great lawyer, or wise statesman, looks not now to Boston, but to New York, as the El Dorado of his hopes. [Applause.] And how generously, sons of New England, have we treated you? We have put you in the best offices; we have made you our merchant-princes. Where is the city or village in our State where you do not own the best houses, run the largest manufactories, and control the principal industries? We have several times made one of your number Governor of the State, and we have placed you in positions where you honor us while we honor you. [Applause.] New York's choice in the National Cabinet is the distinguished Secretary of State, whose pure Yankee blood renders him none the less a most fit and most eminent representative of the Empire State. [Cheers.]

But while we have done our best to satisfy the Yankee, there is one thing we have never been able to do. We can meet his ambition and fill his purse, but we never can satisfy his stomach. [Laughter.] When the President stated to-night that Plymouth Rock celebrated this anniversary on the 21st, while we here did so on the 22d, he did not state the true reason. It is not as he said, a dispute about dates. The pork and beans of Plymouth are insufficient for the cravings of the Yankee appetite, and they chose the 21st, in order that, by the night train, they may get to New York on the 22d, to have once a year a square meal. [Laughter.] From 1620 down to the opening of New York to their settlement, a constantly increasing void was growing inside the Yankee diaphragm, and even now the native and imported Yankee finds the best-appointed restaurant in the world insufficient for his wants; and he has migrated to this house, that he may annually have the sensation of sufficiency in the largest hotel in the United States. [Laughter.]

My friend, Mr. Curtis, has eloquently stated, in the beginning of his address, the Dutchman's idea of the old Puritan. He has stated, at the close of his address, the modern opinion of the old Puritan. He was an uncomfortable man to live with, but two hundred years off a grand historic figure. If any one of you, gentlemen, was compelled to leave this festive board, and go back two hundred years and live with your ancestor of that day, eat his fare, drink his drink, and listen to his talk, what a time would be there, my countrymen! [Laughter.] Before the Puritan was fitted to accomplish the work he did, with all the great opportunities that were in him, it was necessary that he should spend two years in Leyden and learn from the Dutch the important lesson of religious toleration, and the other fundamental lesson, that a common-school education lies at the foundation of all civil and religious liberty. [Applause.] If the Dutchman had conquered Boston, it would have been a misfortune to this land, and to the world. It would have been like Diedrich Knickerbocker wrestling with an electric battery.

But when the Yankee conquered New York, his union with the Dutch formed those sterling elements which have made the Republic what it is. [Applause.] Yankee ideas prevailed in this land in the grandest contest in the Senate of the United States which has ever taken place, or ever will; in the victory of Nationalism over Sectionalism by the ponderous eloquence of that great defender of the Constitution, Daniel Webster. [Applause.] And when, failing in the forum, Sectionalism took the field, Yankee ideas conquered again in that historic meeting when Lee gave up his sword to Grant. [Applause.] And when, in the disturbance of credit and industry which followed, the twin heresies Expansion and Repudiation stalked abroad, Yankee ideas conquered again in the policy of our distinguished guest, the Secretary of the Treasury. [Applause.] So great a triumph has never been won by any financial officer of the government before, as in the funding of our national debt at four per cent., and the restoration of the national credit, which has given an impulse to our prosperity and industry that can neither be stayed nor stopped. [Applause.]

When Henry Hudson sailed up the great harbor of New York, and saw with prophetic vision its magnificent opportunities, he could only emphasize his thought, with true Dutch significance, in one sentence—"See here!" When the Yankee came and settled in New York, he emphasized his coming with another sentence—"Sit here!"—and he sat down upon the Dutchman with such force that he squeezed him out of his cabbage-patch, and upon it he built his warehouse and his residence. [Applause.] He found this city laid out in a beautiful labyrinth of cowpatches, with the inhabitants and the houses all standing with their gable-ends to the street, and he turned them all to the avenue, and made New York a parallelogram of palaces; and he has multiplied to such an extent that now he fills every nook of our great State, and we recognize here to-night that, with no tariff, and free trade between New England and New York, the native specimen is an improvement upon the imported article. [Laughter.] Gentlemen, I beg leave to say, as a native New Yorker of many generations, that by the influence, the hospitality, the liberal spirit, and the cosmopolitan influences of this great State, from the unlovable Puritan of two hundred years ago you have become the most agreeable and companionable of men. [Cheers.]

New York to-day, the Empire State of all the great States of the Commonwealth, brings in through her grand avenue to the sea eighty per cent. of all the imports, and sends forth a majority of all the exports, of the Republic. She collects and pays four-fifths of the taxes which carry on the government of the country. In the close competition to secure the great Western commerce which is to-day feeding the world and seeking an outlet along three thousand miles of coast, she holds by her commercial prestige and enterprise more than all the ports from New Orleans to Portland combined. Let us, whether native or adopted New Yorkers, be true to the past, to the present, to the future, of this commercial and financial metropolis. Let us enlarge our terminal facilities and bring the rail and the steamship close together. Let us do away with the burdens that make New York the dearest, and make her the cheapest, port on the continent; and let us impress our commercial ideas upon the national legislature, so that the navigation laws, which have driven the merchant marine of the Republic from the seas, shall be repealed, and the breezes of every clime shall unfurl, and the waves of every sea reflect, the flag of the Republic. [Loud cheers.]

OUR ENGLISH VISITORS

[Speech of Chauncey M. Depew at a banquet given by the Lotos Club, New York, January 10, 1885, in honor of George Augustus Sala, who was stopping in New York, on his way to a lecturing tour through Australia. Whitelaw Reid, President of the Society, occupied the chair. He introduced Mr. Depew as the vanquished, but not yet extinguished Senator.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—Nothing pleases and compliments me more than to be called upon on this occasion [laughter], to speak by my fellow extinct Senator. [Laughter.] When in Dublin, last summer, an Irish orator was dilating upon an opponent who he said possessed all the characteristics of an extinct volcano, one of the audience yelled out: "Poor cratur." [Laughter.]

As this occasion seems to be turned somewhat from a social to a political discussion [laughter], it pleases me to find that the representative newspaper of America, which has been for months my personal organ [laughter], is here to-night in the person of Mr. Pulitzer. [Laughter.] The public may not understand this thing, but Pulitzer and I do [laughter], and I am always pleased that while Mr. Reid represents the Blaine element, which would have succeeded but for certain unforeseen accidents [applause]; and Mr. Pulitzer, both in his Congressional record and as the representative of a party newspaper represents the party which did not succeed—that the secretary supplemented the full round of the political horizon by reading the letters of those most distinguished Mugwumps, George William Curtis and Henry Ward Beecher. [Laughter and applause.] And after having seen and heard our guest of to-night in his reply to the president, no one can doubt where his sympathies are.

I have noticed that after some of the jocose remarks of the eminent wits who have preceded me, they have introduced some of the most witty parts of their observations by saying: "Now, to be serious." [Laughter.] I have thought, as I have sat here at this table to-night, what a congregation it would be if all the eminent men who have been received by the Lotos Club were gathered in one room. It would be an intellectual kaleidoscope that at every turn would illustrate and present the best form of genius. [Applause.]

We have received here these men who in letters, in arms, and in statesmanship have illustrated all that is greatest and grandest of our time in this and other countries; at the same time by sundry accidents which happen in clubs like this, as well as in politics, we have received gentlemen who have culminated at this reception and never been heard of afterward. [Laughter.] And the receptions which have marked our history would illustrate the manner in which in one sense the country which our guest represents sought to capture this great and growing empire. When that gentleman whom Macaulay alludes to as sitting upon the broken arch of London Bridge, has become tired of these reflections and come over here for grander and larger ones, swinging upon the broken string of the Brooklyn Bridge, to muse upon what has been and might be, his thoughts will recur to the efforts continuously made and partly successful of the mother country to capture and control her wayward child on this side of the Atlantic. She began at the beginning by attempting to wallop us, and made that discovery which many a parent has made before, when the child has gone forth into the world and become independent and self-reliant, that he returns, not a boy, but a full-grown man. Since that time for a hundred years, by diplomacy and by other art, England has endeavored to make this great empire the tail of the British kite. [Laughter.] Now, we have been able to resist her armies and her navies, but she has captured us in a sense, that she does all our carrying-trade, and tolls us for the whole of the profit. She has captured us in a sense that our best society speaks with a dialect of the noble language which is called English [laughter]; but while we could resist her armies and her navies, while we could withstand the metrical and musical assaults of her Sullivans and her Gilberts [laughter], there is a point where we feel that there is a necessity of not surrendering—that is when the British lecturer appears. [Laughter.]

A modern Briton, when he feels that he has a mission to reveal to the world, goes out, not to the country which needs it most, his own [laughter], but comes over here and in the spirit of the purest philanthropy lets us have it at two hundred dollars a night. [Applause and laughter.] And that is the reason why Mr. Sala, notwithstanding his modest declaimer that he is a traveller sojourning through the land, goes to San Fransisco by way of Portland and Boston. [Laughter.] Now, then, the present commercial difficulties in this country—lack of prosperity, the closing of the mills and all that which we are accustomed to ascribe to the fact that a Democratic Administration has come into power, are due to this horde of English lecturers. [Laughter.] But like the Chinaman who comes here, to accumulate and not to stay, he carries away with him all our surplus and leaves nothing but ideas. [Laughter.]

I well remember, as you do, Mr. President, when this system of insidious English attack upon our institutions was begun. Thackeray, that grand-hearted and genial critic, began it; Dickens, with his magnificent dramatic talent, continued it, and then what have we suffered since! Look at Sergeant Ballantyne, who brought to us jokes so old that they fall within the provisions of the penal act [laughter], and carried away stories which have since convulsed the British Empire. [Laughter and applause.] Look at Herbert Spencer, the dyspeptic, lean, hungry, sleepless, emaciated, prostrated with nervous prostration [laughter]; he appeared before us looking for all the world like Pickwick gone to seed, and lectured us upon overwork. [Laughter.] Look at Matthew Arnold, that apostle of light and sunshine, who came here and had an experience which might excite the compassion of all. He found himself in that region from which Mr. Pulitzer hails, in the midst of what is termed a lecture corpse: The lecture manager made this introductory speech: "Ladies and gentlemen, next week we shall have here those beautiful singers, the Johnson sisters; two weeks from to-night Professor Force-Wind will give us magnificent views of Europe upon the magic lantern; and to-night I have the pleasure of introducing to you that distinguished philosopher who has passed most of his life in India, Matthew Arnold, who is the author of that great poem "The Light of Asia." [Laughter and applause.]

Well now then, gentlemen, whatever may be said of the previous representatives of the British Empire, we, representing the whole American people, welcome here to-night our guest, George Augustus Sala. [Applause.] We welcome him, because he is, of all Englishmen, the most like an American. He writes editorials which fire people like the sound of a trumpet; he writes books which a man may take home to his friends and read to his family with perfect satisfaction, and without the fear of a blush. He is the best after-dinner speaker among the English people, and equal to most of our American after-dinner speakers. [Laughter.] I see that in that interview in which he says that he has come here to make money—I was glad to see he refuted the statement that among his lectures was one upon "Culture, Costumes, and Cookery." I want him to understand, as he traverses this continent by way of Boston and Portland to San Francisco, that the lecture-going and intelligent people of this country will not stand alliteration. [Laughter and applause.] A great social, religious and moral and political revolution has been wrought in this Republic by Rome, Rheumatism and Rebellion. [Loud laughter.]

While we were opposed for twenty years to Mr. Sala, and did not see him because he said the South would ultimately succeed in conquering this country, we welcome him here to-night, because we entertained then a prophet unawares. [Laughter.] Now, then, I feel always a degree of hesitancy and timidity in criticising to any extent, the representatives of the Third Estate, and I understand from this same interview that our guest to-night has written seven thousand leading articles, while he claims that he is the possessor beyond all other men of the largest catholicity of opinion and of the greatest charity for the opinions of other men. I have always found that in his views and in his view of other people's views, he is very much like the sentiment entertained by good old Dean Richmond in the early history of the New York Central Railroad—by the way, the best railroad in this country [laughter], a man must sometimes have the courage of his convictions. [Laughter.] Dean Richmond called before him at one time the superintendent of the Car Department and said to him: "Sir, I want you to understand that this organization allows absolute liberty to the head of every department to do as he pleases in his own department, responsible only for the results, and you can paint your cars any blank color you like, provided you paint them red." [Laughter.]

But, gentlemen, in a broader and a larger sense we welcome Mr. Sala here to-night; it is not so much because he is an eminent journalist, as he is; not so much because he is an eminent lecturer, as he is; but because America is recognizing the fact which she needs to recognize quite as much as any country in the world, that he is a citizen of the world. [Applause.] Steam and electricity have broken down barriers which in former times made provincialism, patriotism; and every man no matter whether he be a business man, whether he be a journalist, whether he be a lecturer, whether he be a statesman, is forced to recognize that steam and electricity bring all the world in harmony together.

What concerns civilization, what concerns the progress, what concerns the policy, what concerns the statesmanship, what concerns the legislation of any country, concerns equally the interests of all other countries on the face of globe. [Applause.] Upon the banks of the Merrimac, upon the banks of the Ohio, and the Mississippi, upon the banks of the great northern lakes, a million hands may be idle, dependent upon the fact whether the Suez Canal is open, dependent upon the fact whether the Isthmus is pierced, dependent upon the fact whether the Congo is made a mart for the commerce of the world. And in a rush which is not commercial but literary we welcome Sala here to-night, because, though a London journalist, he is serving the world, concentrating there his ideas, putting them in such shape that in England, in America, in Australia, in all quarters of the civilized world they are recognized as ideas of value and interest to all men. [Loud and continued applause.]

IRELAND

[Speech of Chauncey M. Depew at a complimentary dinner given to Justin McCarthy by the Irish Parliamentary Fund Association at New York, October 2, 1886. Judge Edward Browne presided. The response to the toast, "Ireland," was assigned to Mr. Depew. The following lines by John Boyle O'Reilly were selected for the motto:—

> "God scatters her sons like seed on the lea,
> And they root where they fall, be it mountain or furrow;
> They come to remain and remember; and she
> In their growth will rejoice in a blissful to-morrow."]

MR. CHAIRMAN:—The first of my ancestors reached this country about 250 years ago. Many of them came afterward. [Great laughter.] The result is I am selected to stand in the presence of every nationality as one of American blood. [Renewed laughter.] One of my ancestors left Ireland over 125 years ago, and I left it three weeks ago.

[Laughter and applause.] He never returned, but I expect to take my seat in the strangers' gallery of the Irish Parliament. [A voice: "There will be no strangers' gallery in the Irish Parliament."] Unless I should be elected a member from County Cork. [Great laughter and applause.]

It affords me unusual pleasure to begin the festive exercises of the winter by joining in a welcome to our distinguished guest to-night. In his versatility, his marvellous capacity to move in many directions, and all acceptable to himself and his friends, he seems to me to be more than any man on the other side peculiarly an American. [Laughter.] He has impressed himself upon the American people as a literary man by possessing that facility which alone secures from them a reading. In his romances he seems to be reciting history, and his histories are romances. [Great laughter.] But we welcome him to-night, not because he has touched the chord which is responded to by every cultivated American—and every American is cultivated [laughter and applause]—but because he represents a principle with which every American agrees with him. [Applause.] In England, during the recent canvass and elections, a Tory member of Parliament said to me: "Does anybody in America take any interest in the question which Mr. Gladstone has precipitated upon us except the Irish?" I said to him: "There are no cross-roads in the United States where the question is not watched with the same eagerness with which we watch a Presidential canvass and election. There is no cross-roads hamlet, village or city in America where the Irish question is not talked about day by day, and the only difference between an ordinary Presidential election with us and this election is, that our voices and our votes are all on one side." [Long-continued applause.] "Well," he said, "that is because you are not informed." I said to him: "It is because we are educated on that question, and England proper is not." The principle of Home Rule starts from the town meeting, starts from the village caucus, starts from the ward gathering, reaches the County Supervisors, stops at the State Legislature, and delegates imperial power only to Congress. [Great applause.] The whole genius and spirit of American liberty is Home Rule in the locality where it best understands what it needs, and it is only on general matters that the general government controls. [Applause.]

With all our English-speaking race, whatever may be its origin or its commingling with other races, there is at the bottom a savage spirit, a brutal spirit, by which we seek to gain what is necessary to our power or our pelf by might, and to hold it no matter what may be the right. Under the impetus of that spirit, the English-speaking race have trodden upon rights and liberties and secured privileges until they virtually circle and control the globe. We ourselves, in our own country, are no strangers to the spirit in the manner in which for a century we trampled upon the rights of the slave, and in the manner in which we to-day trample upon the rights of the Indian. [Applause.] But, thank God! in the evolution of the moral principle of human nature, in the enlightenment which belongs to the race of which we are so proud, in the exercise and in the power of the Church within and without, there has grown up in our race a conscience to which an appeal can be successfully made. [Applause.] It is the appeal to that conscience which came within seventy-five thousand votes of carrying the election for Home Rule in Ireland. The middle-class Englishman, whatever may be the prejudices against him in Ireland and in this country, is a hard-hearted, but conscientious, moral, and family-loving man. [Applause.] All he needs is to be educated to a realization of what is right and what is wrong, and he will rise to the emergency. [Applause.] He had followed Gladstone for a quarter of a century, and when Gladstone said this is the right road, believing it not to be the right, he followed Gladstone. [Applause.] When Gladstone and those who are behind him have educated him, within two years from to-night he will turn around and say to the Tory government, to Union-Liberal government, to Liberal government, to Radical government: "Justice to Ireland, or you cannot stay in power." [Great applause.]

Now, I thought I would talk to these people. The Yankee doesn't amount to much unless he asks questions—and I am a Yankee—that is, an Irish Yankee. I said to a Tory of some note: "Why do you oppose Mr. Gladstone's bill?" "Why," said he, "because it would confiscate, by the Irish Parliament, every bit of property there is in Ireland, and the Protestant minority would be crushed out and driven from the face of the earth." I said to the Union-Liberal: "Why do you oppose Home Rule?" He said: "Because it would lead to the disruption of the British Empire—the same question you had to contend with in America." I said to the English manufacturer: "Why don't you help Ireland by taking over your capital and developing her capacities?" He said: "Because the beggars won't work." I said to the English squire, who is alive today, but who is simply the mummied representative of his ancestors of the fourteenth century: "Why are you opposed to Gladstone and Home Rule for Ireland?" "Why," said he, "because the Irish are children and must have a firm hand to govern them."

Well, gentlemen, all those questions are answered successfully either in America or Ireland to-day. The fact that among the noblest, the most brilliant, the most magnificent contributions to the forces of human liberty, not only in Ireland but in the world, which have been given in the last century, have come from the Protestant minority in Ireland, answers the question of Irish bigotry. Through that ancestor who left Ireland a hundred and twenty-five years ago, I come from that same Presbyterian stock which is represented to-day by Parnell, and which dared to take its chances with Home Rule among its fellow-citizens. What have the Irishmen in this country done? Whenever they are freed from the distressing and oppressing influences which have borne them down for centuries in their country, they do work. They have built our great public works; they have constructed our vast system of railways; they have done more than that; they have risen to places of power and eminence in every walk of industry and in every avenue which is open to brains and to pluck. The only complaint we have against them is, that they show too much genius for government and get all the offices. I have some ambitions myself, and I am for Home Rule in Ireland, because I want these fellows to go back to give me a chance.

I read in one of the leading papers this morning—I shall not state which for fear of exciting an irruption here on this platform, but it was the leading paper—that the

Prime Minister of Austria [Count Taaffe], who was a member of the Irish Peerage, under some name which I now forget, had been engaged through his agent in evicting some hundreds of his tenants. It seemed to me to preach the most pregnant lesson of Irish difficulty and Irish relief. The Prime Minister of Austria, as all the world knows, is a man of pre-eminent ability, of extraordinary power in the management of international questions, of profound and magnificent patriotism—to Austria. But engrossed as he is in the great question of how the peace of Europe is to be preserved with the position of Russia on one hand and Germany on the other, how is he to perform his part as an Irish citizen toward the people who are dependent upon him for support or encouragement, for that sympathy which should flow between him who holds the land, and him who tills it for a price? The world has come to recognize that property has its obligations as well as labor. The world has come to recognize that he who has, if he would enjoy, must reciprocate with those who have not, and with those who are dependent upon him. But as all wealth springs from the earth, and as all national prosperity comes from the soil, if there is in any country —as thank God there is not in ours—a system by which the tenant's title goes down from generation to generation, unless the lord is there in his castle, so that between the castle and the cottage there is an indissoluble tie, in sickness and in health, in poverty and prosperity, each sympathizing with the other's woes, each sharing the other's joys— he has no place in that land, and the law should say to him, not: "We will strip you of your possessions without price;" but "with a price that is fair, we will give them to the tillers of the soil."

I was the other day—three weeks ago—in an Irish city; and as I was passing along the street, I saw on the lintel of a door the emblems of mourning. There came out two solemn-looking persons whom I judged from their conversation to be the doctor and his assistant. They walked along seeming to feel very bad over the misfortune that had befallen the family or the falling off of their revenues, but when they reached the opposite corner of the street, they turned, and one said to the other: "Mr. O'Flyn, we did the best we could." "Yes," says he, " Mr. O'Brien, and it was a melancholy pleasure." Now I have attended a great many funerals in my life ; I expect to attend a great many more ; and there are many obsequies to which I go which afford me a melancholy pleasure. I feel melancholy in outward aspect out of respect to my surroundings, and have great pleasure in the event ; and the funeral of the passion and the prejudice of England, which for ages have cursed Ireland, I shall attend with a melancholy pleasure.

The difficulty about Ireland and the United States is, that while the Americans have talked—as we all have to talk upon the stump and platform, some of us for votes, and some of us because we feel it, about the rights and wrongs of Ireland—the difficulty with us has always been that we did not know what Irishmen wanted. We have reached an age when sentiment is gone. We are no longer a sentimental people. We have come to a period when passion can no longer be torn to tatters, unless there is a foundation for the cloth. When we believe a people to be suffering from tyranny and injustice, then we can be full of sentiment in our sympathies, and intensely practical in our assistance. In the divided councils of the past we could not learn what the Irish wanted for Ireland, but the full lesson has been taught us by the same great leader who has consolidated the opinions and the purposes of his countrymen—Charles Stewart Parnell.

I doubt if the justice and strength of Mr. Parnell's position would have been so thoroughly understood, and so unanimously approved, by the American people, except for the conversion and resistless advocacy of an English statesman who has for years held the first place in our admiration and respect. Americans recognize genius everywhere, and neither race nor nationality is a barrier to their appreciation and applause. Beyond all other men in the Old World, one Englishman of supreme ability, of marvellous eloquence, and varied acquirements, has fired their imaginations and enthusiasm—William E. Gladstone.

During the fifty years he has been in public life, there have been other English statesmen as accomplished and eminent in many departments of activity and thought; many whose home and foreign policies have received equal, if not greater, approval from their contemporaries; two hundred years from now none of them will be remembered but Gladstone. His fame will rest upon the great achievement of having saved the Empire he loved from a policy based upon ignorance and prejudice which would have destroyed it, and the greater triumph of having liberated a noble people, for centuries oppressed, who will forever keep his name alive with their gratitude.

THE NEW NETHERLANDERS

[Speech of Chauncey M. Depew at the sixth annual festival of the New England Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, December 22, 1886. The President, Rev. Dr. Heman L. Wayland, was in the chair. In introducing Mr. Depew the chairman said: "There are states not set down on the map. We used to hear of the State of Camden and Amboy. [Laughter.] I remember that when Commodore Stockton resigned his seat in the United States Senate, it was remarked as an example of close adherence to official etiquette that his letter of resignation was addressed to the Governor of the State of New Jersey, and not to the President of the Camden & Amboy Railroad. [Laughter.] There is a State to the north of us which is largely known by its initials, H. R. & N. Y. C. R. R. [Laughter.] The presiding officer of that municipality is a gentleman to whose honor it should be said that he recognizes the duties as well as the rights of the position, and that high among those duties he places a wise regard for the welfare of the great army of his employed. He is not, it is true, a native of New England; but then, if you come to that, neither were the Pilgrim Fathers. [Laughter.] He belongs to a race which had much in common with New England, the same industry and thrift, the same mastery of the seas, the same love for civil and religious liberty. Nor let us forget that the refuge which the Pilgrims could not find in their native land, they found in Holland. The sentiment, 'The New Netherlanders, the Pilgrim Fathers of Manhattan,' will be responded to by Hon. Chauncey M. Depew."]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I do not see why you should send to New York for after-dinner speakers when you have a chairman fully equipped to make a speech upon every toast that is presented. [Laughter.] He takes the meat, as it were, dessicates it, and leaves the shell for the unfortunate guest who is to follow. Next year we will take him over to New York. The President of the New England Society of New York said to me: "Depew, you know a good thing when you see it. If you find anything of that sort in

Philadelphia let us know." I have found it. [Laughter and applause.]

I met on the train, coming over here to-night, a Pennsylvania Dutchman of several generations, who asked me what business called me to Philadelphia. I replied: "I am going to attend the annual banquet of the New England Society of Pennsylvania; which I understand to be the most important event that takes place in that State." He remarked: "I did not know there was such a society, nor did I know there were enough Yankees in Philadelphia to form a decent crowd around a dinner table; because the Yankees can't make money in Philadelphia, and a Yankee never stays where he can't make money." [Laughter.]

It is a most extraordinary thing that one should come from New York to Philadelphia for the purpose of attending a New England dinner. It is a most extraordinary thing that a New England dinner should be held in Philadelphia. Your Chairman to-night spoke of the hard condition of the Puritans who landed on Plymouth Rock. Let me say that if the Puritans had come up the Delaware, landed here and begun life with terrapin and canvas-back duck, there never would have been any Puritan story to be retailed from year to year at Forefathers' dinners. [Laughter.] If William Penn had ever contemplated that around his festive board would sit those Puritans with whom he was familiar in England, he would have exclaimed: "Let all the savages on the Continent come, but not them." It is one of the pleasing peculiarities of the Puritan mind, as evidenced in the admirable address of Mr. Curtis here to-night (and when you have heard Mr. Curtis, you have heard the best that a New Englander, who has been educated in New York, can do), that when they erect a monument in Philadelphia or New York to the Pilgrim or Puritan, they say: "See how these people respect the man whom they profess to revile." But they paid for them and built the monuments themselves! [Laughter.] The only New Englanders of Philadelphia whom I have met are the officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad. When I dine with them, enjoy their hospitality, revel in that glorious sociability which is their characteristic and charm, I think that they are Dutchmen. When I meet them in business, and am impressed with their desire to possess the earth, I think that they came over in the "Mayflower." [Continued laughter.]

There is no part of the world to-night, whether it be in the Arctic Zone, or under the equatorial sun, or in monarchies, or in despotisms, or among the Fiji Islanders, where the New Englanders are not gathered for the purpose of celebrating and feasting upon Forefathers' Day. But there is this peculiarity about the New Englander, that, if he cannot find anybody to quarrel with, he gets up a controversy with himself, inside of himself. [Laughter.] We who expect to eat this dinner annually—and to take the consequences!—went along peacefully for years with the understanding that the 22d of December was the day, when it suddenly broke out that the New Englander, within himself, had got up a dispute that the 21st was the day. I watched it with interest, because I always knew that when a Yankee got up a controversy with anybody else, it was for his profit; and I wondered how he could make anything by having a quarrel with himself. Then I found that he ate both the dinners with serene satisfaction! [Laughter.] But why should a Dutchman, a man of Holland descent, bring "coals to Newcastle" by coming here among the Pennsylvania Dutch for the purpose of attending a New England dinner? It is simply another tribute extorted by the conqueror from the conquered people, in compelling him not only to part with his possessions, his farms, his sisters, his daughters, but to attend the feast, to see devoured the things raised upon his own farm, and then to assist the conqueror to digest them by telling him stories. [Laughter.]

My first familiarity with the Boston mind and its peculiarities was when I was a small boy, in that little Dutch hamlet on the Hudson where I was born, when we were electrified by the State Superintendent of Massachusetts coming to deliver us an address. He said: "My children, there was a little flaxen-haired boy in a school that I addressed last year; and when I came over this year, he was gone. Where do you suppose he had gone?" One of our little Dutch innocents replied, "To heaven." "Oh, no, my boy," the Superintendent said, "he is a clerk in a store in Boston." [Laughter.]

John Winslow said that the Connecticut River was the dividing line between the Continent of New England and the Continent of America; and he foresaw the time, in his imagination, when there should grow up, upon the eastern side of the Connecticut River, a population of hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, who would enjoy their homes, their liberties, civil and religious, and build up a State. He never looked forward to that time, in the evolution of the species, when the New England farm would pass from the hands of the Puritan into the possession of the Irishman, who would cultivate it and earn a living where the Yankee could not live, and who would threaten the supremacy of New England faith and the supremacy of New England politics. If he had looked forward, he would have rejoiced in the fact that, in the expansion of the New England idea and in the exodus of the New England Pilgrim, the Yankee marched forth over the continent to possess it and to build it up in the interests of civil and religious liberty; so that, instead of a few hundred thousands on the sterile hills of New England, sixty millions of people should rise up and call him blessed in the plenitude of a power, a greatness and a future unequalled among the nations of the earth.

If from any of the planets in our sphere there should come a being endowed with larger perceptions and observations than our own, and not familiar with our civilization or creeds, and he should drop in at a New England dinner anywhere to-night, he might ask, "Who are these people?" and he would be told, "They are the people who claim to have created this great Republic, and to have put into it all that is in it that is worth preserving." If he should ask, "What is their creed and faith, and what do they worship?" he would be told to wait and listen to their speeches. When finally he had gone out, he would say, "They worship their forefathers and themselves." [Laughter.] And yet there is not a descendant of the Pilgrims in this room to-night who could stay in a ten-acre lot for three hours with his ancestors, to save his soul. [Laughter.] There is not one of those gaunt, ascetic and bigoted men who sang through his nose and talked cant, as described here so effectively on the other side of the picture presented by Mr. Curtis, who would not have every one of his descendants here to-night put into the lock-up as roystering blades, dangerous to the morals of the community. But, nevertheless, I can join in that measure of sweet song, of magnificent adulation and superb eulogium which has been given to us from the tongue and pen of one who has no equal among our speakers and writers of America.

The Puritan was a grand character. He was a grand character, because of what he was and did, and because of what circumstances made him. Fighting with the State for his liberty, he learned to doubt, and then to deny, the divine right of kings. Fighting with the Church for his conscience, its possession and expression, he learned to doubt, and then to deny, the divine right of hierarchies; but this created within him that spirit which made him recognize that the only foundation of the Church, if it will live, that the only foundation of the State, if it will be free, is man and the manhood of the individual. The family idea of all ages created the patriarch and his rule, the chieftain of the tribe and his rule, the despot and his rule, the military chieftain and his rule, the feudal lord and his rule; every step illumining the individual, crushing liberty, producing despotism, making the riders and the ridden; but when the Puritan discovered, as he annunciated in the cabin of the "Mayflower," that there should be just and equal laws, and before those laws all men should stand equal; when he carried out in his administration that there should be the township as the basis of the State, and the State as the unit out of which should be created the Republic, then he discovered the sublime and eternal principle which solves all difficulties of Home Rule and modern liberty.

Now, this magnificent man never would have amounted to much, never would have founded a State, never would have builded a government, if Providence had not sent him to Holland, among my ancestors. The Pilgrim who went to Holland, and there learned toleration, there learned to respect the rights, the opinions and liberties of others; there learned the principle of the common school and universal education; when he got to Plymouth Rock, never burned witches, never hanged Quakers, never drove out Baptists; he always fought against all this. It was the Puritan, 20,000 strong, who came years afterwards, who did those things; and, except for the leaven of the Pilgrim who had been to Holland, the Puritan would not be celebrated here to-night. Four hundred of them went to Holland, every man with a creed of his own and anxious to burn at the stake the other three hundred and ninety-nine because they did not agree with him. But being there enlightened, they discovered the magnificence of the universe. All over Holland they saw compulsory school education sustained by the State. They found a country in which there was universal toleration of religion, in which the persecuted Jew could find an asylum, in which even the Inquisitor could be safe from the vengeance of his enemies; and there, after they had been prepared to found a State, and to build it, when they got down to Delfshaven to depart, the Dutchmen, in their hospitality, gave them a farewell dinner as a send-off. It was the first good dinner they had ever had, the first square meal the Puritan ever had. [Laughter.] It followed that when they went on board the ship they were happy and they were—full. I do not know whether the word "full" had the same signifiance in those times that it has now, or not. [Laughter.] And then Pastor Robinson preached the sermon in the afternoon, in which he told them that the whole truth was not given to Luther, though he thought so, nor to Calvin, though his disciples said so; but that in the future there would be a development of the truth which they must nurse and evolute. See how they have nursed and evoluted it. Why, they have nursed and evoluted that truth into so many creeds and doctrines on the sterile hills of New England that they deny the existence of a heaven—many of them; and many more would deprive us of the comforts of a hell for—some people. [Laughter.]

Now, who were those people who founded New Netherlands and who entertained so hospitably those Puritans and gave them such a grand send-off? I remember that a vicious and irate adherent of the Stuarts says, in his history, looking with vengeance upon the accession of William of Orange to the throne of England, that the Puritan and the Hollander were shaken out of the same bag. And so they were. That same vigorous Northern stock came down to settle upon the marshes of Holland and in the fens of England. The stock that remained in England produced Pym and Hampden, and Sidney and Russell, with a cross of

Swedish pirate or Northern conqueror; but the original stock which went to Holland fought off forever, during its whole existence, the power of the Roman Empire; fought off the hordes of barbarians who came down upon the ruins of the Roman Empire, fought off all the forces and powers of mediæval chivalry and won their grand victory when they took from the sea herself a land, that upon it they might govern themselves upon the principles of their own manhood and of civil and religious liberty. Those people were not a selfish people; but they liked to be by themselves and to govern themselves. Theirs was precisely the sentiment of the Hebrew speculator in Wall Street recently, who, when he had scooped everybody about him, gathered his co-conspirators around the festive board and said to them, "Now, shentlemen, we feel shust as if we were among ourselves." [Laughter.]

Holland, at a time when there was no light for man anywhere in the world, preserved the principles of civil liberty. Holland, at a time when learning was crushed out or buried in the monasteries, had her asylums, her libraries and her universities. Holland, at a time when the bigotry of the church crushed out all expression of conscience and individual belief, had her toleration and religious liberty. For a century, Holland was the safe-deposit company of the rights of man. For a century, Holland was the electric light which illumined the world and saved mankind.

But, gentlemen, how did your forefathers repay my ancestors for all this kindness? Why, you came over to New York to teach school, and you got into the confiding Dutch families; you married their daughters; and then, as the able son-in-law, you administered upon the estate and you gave us—what was left. [Laughter.] Yet I am willing to admit that the Dutchmen never could have colonized this country or created this Republic. I am willing to admit that my ancestors were too pleasure-loving, comfort-loving and home-loving. They needed just that strain which you have, which is never tired, never restful, never at peace; just that strain which, receiving sufficient capital to start with from my ancestors, went out and crossed the borders and built up all these grand Western and Northwestern States and carried civilization across the continent to the

Pacific coast. You go into a territory, you organize the men of all nationalities and of all languages who are there into a territorial government; then you organize them into a State; then you take the Governorships and the Judgeships; then you found the capital at the place where you own all the town-lots; then you bring the territory into the Union, and the glory and perfection of the Federal principle is vindicated. But, without you and just these incentives, we never would have had an American Republic as great and glorious as it is.

But, with all your selfishness, with all your desire for profit, for pelf, for gain, there is this underlying principle in the Yankee: in every community which he founds, in every State which he builds, he carries with him the church, he carries with him the schoolhouse. He may want money, and he will get it if he can; he may want property, and he will get it if he can; but, first and foremost, he must have liberty of conscience, liberty of thought, liberty of speech, all of liberty that belongs to a man, consonant with the liberty of others; and he must have that same liberty for every man beside himself. [Applause.]

YALE UNIVERSITY

[Speech of Chauncey M. Depew at a dinner of the Yale Alumni, New York, January 20, 1888. Dr. Depew presided and, in opening the speaking, announced the apologies of some who were unable to be present, among whom were William M. Evarts, Wayne MacVeagh and Abram Hewitt. When the laughter following Dr. Depew's humorous presentation of these apologies had subsided, he said: "Notwithstanding these disappointments, Yale is here. [Applause.] For the loss of no man affects Yale. [Applause.] It only affects the man himself." Then he turned to his speech, which follows.]

GENTLEMEN:—An eminent alumnus said to me some years ago that there was not enough in the theme or enthusiasm to sustain the annual dinner for any American college. The conditions which he contemplated at the time this remark was made, justified the assertion. The annual collegiate dinner at varying intervals was celebrated and abandoned, and nowhere except in New York was it observed at all.

Now there is no territory in the United States that does not look forward with increasing interest to these gatherings, and they have become so frequent and at points so distant that the health and digestion of the college presidents have been found absolutely unequal to their demands. [Laughter.] We need not look far for the reasons of this extraordinary and significant revolution. The college of Abelard, which the conservatism of the Middle Ages had confined within the scholastic limits of the classics and creeds, continued to be, until the close of our Civil War, very largely the college of the Republic. Not the least of the emancipations of that terrific struggle was the liberalism of the university. The spirit of unrest was communicated from the alumni to the faculty, from the faculty to the students. The mighty forces which were combined in the prodigious development of the nation urged irresistibly upon the colleges the necessity of an education which should be abreast of the times. [Applause.] The old training which gave to the student mental discipline and little else, must be exchanged for the new learning which would give him mental discipline and everything else.

With scarcely any adequate recognition of the change, the great colleges of the country advanced in the years following the war with a step that kept pace with the highest progress of the age. When our New York alumni began to question the policy of the college and claim that it was not producing the peculiar results which the times demanded, the college had already reached a point beyond the demands of the critics. [Applause.] The youth, the experience, the talent for administration, the popularity of its new president, enabled him to seize at once upon all the elements of university life which existed in the college, and with the material which only required the moulding hand of a great architect, to build upon the old foundation a Nineteenth Century university. [Applause.] From the teacher only, the president became the executive of teachers; from the active head of a department, he became the responsible manager of all departments and the sole administrator of the young republic. The college was no longer bureaucratic and disintegrated in its work, but it had an efficient executive and an admirable working cabinet. [Applause.]

There is this difference between these two greatest and most beneficent governments on earth,—that of the United States and that of the University of Yale—one does not know how to handle a surplus in the treasury, and the other is showing a marvellous ability with a deficiency. [Laughter and applause.] Not that Yale is in debt or running down, but her resources and income are unequal to her superb preparation for expansion and her great opportunities.

The resurrecting process and the rapid evolutions which followed the creation of the university, developed limitless opportunities for useful work. I have no hesitation in saying from personal examination of the subject that, if the liberal wealth, which is so freely bestowed when rightly informed, could be given to the extent of three or four millions of dollars to Yale University, there would be in New Haven, within five or six years, an institution of learning so full rounded and complete in every department of education, of thought and of practical work, that it would have no equal in any country of the world. [Prolonged applause.] Its influence would be felt through the magnificent equipment of its graduates to the lasting honor and glory of the country.

The graduate of thirty years ago could not enter the freshman class of to-day. [Laughter.] His education has come to him largely through the hard knocks and trying experience of the making of a career, and yet he feels more strongly than anyone else the advantages of an all-embracing university. He knows that the student of the present and of the future should be left, not to his own ideas of what he needs, not to the narrowing forces of a specialty through the abuse of the optional system, but he should be so broadly cultured and at the same time so practically informed, that when he comes out and enters the law which will narrow him; upon the pulpit of his sect, which may make him to some extent a bigot; upon the journalistic career, which will develop the partisan; upon the medical or scientific course which will absorb his attention and enthusiasm from other pursuits, the healthful and never-ceasing influence of the broad and general realization of his universal education will prevent him from ever becoming completely narrow or bigoted or partisan or blind. [Applause.]

We go back to our college home at the annual Commencement after a lapse of years and we rejoice and are proud of the things that make it unlike the Yale of old. Our gratitude and our admiration are outspoken for the Sheffield foundation, the Peabody, the Sloane, the Dwight Hall contributions, the buildings which immortalize the donors and aggrandize the college, and we say to the corporation and the faculty: "Some things are sacred and must not be touched; increase your improvements but, no matter how weighty the considerations for the change, spare the college fence. [Laughter and applause.] It is connected with associations that are tender and reminiscences that are rich beyond the power of eloquence or poetry to portray. [Applause.] The seat upon the college fence was our first title of manhood. From it we viewed for the first time that beatific vision of the New Haven student, the New Haven girl; but whenever we returned, no matter how long have been the intervening years, she looks as fresh and beautiful as if she had drunk at the fountain of perennial youth. [Laughter and applause.] Sitting upon the fence, no matter how our early musical training may have been neglected, we have there acquired a musical education. [Laughter.] The intense and absorbing strain produced by the excitements of the opera compels the continuous conversation during the acts to escape the dangers incident to nervous prostration, but when the sound is in progress upon the college fence, no conversation is possible—or desirable. What Thermopylae was to Greece, Runnymeade to England, Yorktown to the American Republic, the fence is to the student and alumnus of Yale, and it must not be touched.' [Laughter and applause.]

At the Columbia dinner an eloquent and witty representative of Harvard took occasion in recounting the recent glories of Yale to speak slightingly of her Sunday evening appearance at Dockstader's theatre. His remarks illustrated upon what widely different lines Harvard and Yale have progressed from their Puritan foundation.

When the Monday morning after we met, the metropolitan press took exception to the remarks of Stagg that he always prayed before he pitched, it showed a lamentable ignorance of the true meaning of the Puritan spirit. It was of the same origin as Cromwell's famous order: "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," which carried his Ironsides to victory and liberty. [Applause.] It meant that we are not fatalists, but believe in the old doctrine that "God helps those who help themselves, and those who help themselves God only helps." But Harvard had a closer territorial relationship and repulsion from the extremes of Puritan history; instead of beginning her athletic contests in the spirit and with the invocation of Naseby and Marston Moor, she ends them by imitating the example of that famous army which was the antithesis of Puritanism, and of whom the historian says that "they swore terribly in Flanders." [Laughter and applause.] The athletic record of the year reads like a triumphal announcement of the heralds at the Olympian games. With bat and ball and oar on land and water the blue has been uniformly triumphant and Yale reigns supreme. Columbia cheers and strives to imitate, Princeton applauds and despairs, and Harvard goes back to Cambridge and kicks; but her misfortune is, that she does not kick hard enought at the right time. The athletic triumphs of Yale are celebrated by the increasing number of the Freshman class, for the students at the preparatory schools know what constitutes the higher branches of a liberal education. But the enthusiasm of the victory stretches beyond the field and the college walls. It stirs up the old doctor riding around on his country calls; it gives a sensation not felt in years to the old lawyer among his dusty briefs; it quickens the pulse of the judge upon the bench, the grave statesman of the Senate, the journalist in his sanctum, and the minister in his study, and brings to the surface that deep bond of sympathy which binds in one united whole the students and faculty, corporation and the alumni of the University of Yale. Gentlemen, here's to Yale and her President, Timothy Dwight. [Great applause.]

UNSOLVED PROBLEMS

[Speech of Chauncey M. Depew at the eighty-fourth anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 23, 1889. Cornelius N. Bliss, President of the Society, was in the chair. The title of the toast was "Unsolved Problems." The sentiments associated with this toast were as follows :

"There are many events in the womb of time that will be delivered."—*Othello*, Act. I, Sc. 3.

> " Since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
> Let's reason with the worst that may befall."
> *Julius Cæsar*, Act. V, Sc. 1.]

President Bliss said that it was not necessary to introduce the man who would respond to this toast—" A man who made but one mistake in his life, which was being born in Peekskill, instead of in New England. No New England feast, however, is complete without him. We respect, admire and love him—Chauncey M. Depew."]

Mr. President and Gentlemen : — The evolution of the Puritan in problem solving is one of the most interesting of studies. He acquired the faculty slowly, but his developed genius in this work has made modern history. Before and after the English conquest of New Amsterdam, the Yankee schoolmasters had given Dutch youths object lessons in the value of this talent by setting them sums which they could not do. [Laughter.] By making the sums easy for the girls they won away the Dutchmen's sweethearts and the broad acres of their sires. [More laughter.] But the Puritans began their development by licking the teacher. [Cheers.] Cromwell and Hampden were the leaders of revolt against authority, and Naseby, Marston Moor, and Dunbar, victories over the Church and the university. When the Puritans in their turn were whipped, they did not accept either the doctrine or the ceremonial, but they ran away. They played hookey on a gigantic scale, and never came again within the power of the teachers of their age. But during their sojourn of thirteen years in Holland, they learned that truth is an active germ, which may be protected, but cannot grow by protests and resistance. To regenerate the world, to create the conditions dimly shadowed by their prayerful aspirations, it must be planted in every soil, and nurtured and cultured in the midst of the most discouraging and forbidding surroundings.

The Dutch had solved their problems. They had saved and kept alive for all the earth the expiring spark of liberty. They had won and were enjoying civil and religious freedom. Their little land was the sole asylum on the globe for persecuted conscience and the victims of tyranny. They had the university and the common school. But it was their nature to be content. Their race was not of the propagandist kind. They were never stirred with an uneasy and unquenchable desire to do something for other peoples. They had profound faith in the virtue of minding their own business. They encircled the earth with their commerce and their colonies, but only for trade. The world stood upon the great divide between retrogression and progress. It required the spirit of the martyrs, the courage of the crusaders, the self-denial of religious enthusiasts, minds liberalized by culture and consciences broadened by tolerance, to lead this majestic advance of the peoples to the lofty planes of individual liberty and the highest civilization, and God gave the commissions to the Puritan pilgrims from Holland. [Cheers.]

They were practical statesmen, these pilgrims. They wasted no time theorizing upon methods, but went straight at the mark. They solved the Indian problem with shotguns, and it was not General Sherman but Miles Standish who originated the axiom that the only good Indians are the dead ones. They were bound by neither customs nor traditions, nor committals to this or that policy. The only question with them was, Does it work? The success of their Indian experiment led them to try similar methods with witches, Quakers, and Baptists. Their failure taught them the difference between mind and matter. A dead savage was another wolf under ground, but one of themselves, persecuted or killed for conscience' sake, sowed the seed of discontent and disbelief. The effort to wall in a creed and wall out liberty was at once abandoned, and to-day New England has more religions and not less religion, but less bigotry, than any other community in the world. [Cheers.] Mr. Gladstone, in his broad and brilliant, but not always accurate, generalizations, said that a most interesting thing about the pilgrims was, that having left England two hundred and fifty years ago, and braved the hardships and perils of the sea and the wilderness, to enjoy the privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences, they had so impressed upon their children their own intense piety that their descendants, after a lapse of more than two centuries, were returning to the mother country by the thousands with the single purpose of revisiting the grand old cathedrals in which their ancestors worshipped. I did not disillusionize the Grand Old Man by telling him that, though having a larger acquaintance than any person in America, I had never met that pilgrim, nor by remarking that the fathers, if they could have had their way, would have torn down the cathedrals as the sanctuaries of Antichrist; and that while their descendants know more about architecture, they have little more reverence than their ancestors for religion symbolized in stone.

In an age when dynamite was unknown, the pilgrim invented in the cabin of the "Mayflower" the most powerful of explosives. The declaration of the equality of all men before the law has rocked thrones and consolidated classes. It separated the colonies from Great Britain, and created the United States. [Cheers.] It pulverized the chains of the slaves, and gave manhood suffrage. [Cheers.] It devolved upon the individual the functions of government, and made the people the sole source of power. It substituted the cap of liberty for the royal crown in France, and by a bloodless revolution has added to the constellation of American republics the star of Brazil. [Cheers.] But with the ever-varying conditions incident to free government, the Puritan's talent as a political mathematician will never rust. Problems of the utmost importance press upon him for solution. When, in the effort to regulate the liquor traffic, he has advanced beyond the temper of the times and the sentiment of the people in the attempt to enact or enforce prohibition, and either been disastrously defeated or the flagrant evasions of the statutes have brought the law into contempt, he does not despair, but tries to find the error in his calculation. [Applause.]

If gubernatorial objections block the way of high license, he will bombard the executive judgment and conscience by a proposition to tax. The destruction of homes, the ruin of the young, the increase of pauperism and crime, the added burdens upon the taxpayers by the evils of intemperance, appeal with resistless force to his training and traditions. As the power of the saloon increases the difficulties of the task, he becomes more and more certain that some time or other and in some way or other he will do that sum. [Applause.]

The Dutchman soon tires before such obstacles, and takes his ease. The heir of three generations of Dutchmen at Peekskill, to whom his father had left the whole estate, said, after the contest over the will had been going on for a year, "This fight gives me so much trouble that I am almost sorry that dad died." [Laughter.] But the further the Puritan got in that contest the more he would enjoy it. He would not care so much for the principles underlying the construction of wills as to settle the question, even if it took his whole property, whether a man can do what he likes with his own. In the meantime, he is not disturbed by any unavailing regrets over the sad event which gave him his opportunity.

Corporations and individuals, with the American talent for affairs, have settled satisfactorily the basis upon which employment yields the greater happiness to the employed and the larger returns to the business. The intelligence and admirable service of the 750,000 men on the pay-rolls of the railway companies of the country have been demonstrated. [Cheers.] The system by which they are appointed and promoted is no secret. It is in accord with human nature and common-sense. It is only the Government of the most practical people in the world whose operations with 100,000 employés are paralyzed by this problem. The continuance of the amazing spectacle of the periodical demoralization of the business of the Government by the concentration of the time of the administration upon the distribution of patronage, and of the eyes of the people on the wheel which holds the blanks and the prizes in the lottery of offices, shows that the Pilgrim has hitherto been so busy with many great questions as to neglect the solution of some of the most important of them. [Applause.]

Thirty years ago Robert Toombs, of Georgia, one of the ablest and most brilliant defenders of slavery, said, in his place in the United States Senate, that he would yet call the roll of his bondmen at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument. To-day his slaves are citizens and voters. [Cheers.] Within a few days a younger Georgian, possessed of equal genius, but imbued with sentiments so liberal that the great Senator would have held him an enemy to the State, was the guest of Boston. With powers of presentation and fervor of declamation worthy the best days and noblest efforts of eloquence, he stood beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill and uttered opinions justifying the suppression of the negro vote which were hostile to the views of every man in his audience. And yet they gave to his argument an eager and candid hearing, and to his oratory unstinted and generous applause. It was the triumph of Puritan principles and Puritan pluck. [Cheers.] They knew, as we know, that no system of suffrage can survive the intimidation of the voter or falsification of the count. [Cheers.] The public conscience, seared by the approval of fraud upon the ballot by the virtue and intelligence of the community, will soon be indifferent to the extension of these methods by the present officeholders to continue in power, and arbitrary reversals of the will of the majority will end in anarchy and despotism. This is a burning question, not only in Georgia, but in New York. It is that government for the people shall be by the people. [Cheers.] No matter how grave the questions which absorb the Puritans' attention or engross their time, the permanence of their solution rests upon a pure ballot. [Applause.]

The telegraph brings us this evening the announcement of the death of Henry W. Grady. We forget all differences of opinion, and remember only his chivalry, patriotism, and genius. He was the leader of the new South, and died in the great work of impressing its marvellous growth and national inspirations upon the willing ears of the North. Upon this platform and before this audience three years ago he commanded the attention of the country and won universal fame. [Applause.] His death in the meridian of his powers and the hopefulness of his mission, at the critical period of the removal for ever of all misunderstandings and differences between all sections of the Republic, is a national calamity. New York mingles her tears with those of his kindred, and offers to his memory the tribute of her profoundest admiration for his talents and achievements. [Applause.]

Cheap and rapid transportation has quickly solved the problem of our agricultural and industrial development, and promoted an internal commerce which in volume and value has no parallel. The sixteenth-century fever for gold and the fabled El Dorado, which explored unknown seas and discovered new continents, is again burning in the veins of the nations, not for treasure, but to find outlets for over-crowded populations. Great Britain and Germany, Italy and France, Portugal and Belgium, are pushing with mad haste and nineteenth-century equipment into the heart of Africa and upon the islands of the ocean. The American Republic, amply territoried and content, superbly prepared and alert, has in these conditions boundless opportunities. [Cheers.] The great Exhibition of 1892 will teach the world our resources, and the cruisers and ships of our navy and marine will carry our flag and bear our commerce to feed and furnish machinery and fabrics for those modern colonists, city founders, and State builders during their period of march, settlement, and development. [Loud and prolonged cheering.]

THE BEGGARS OF THE SEA

[Speech of Chauncey M. Depew at the fifth annual banquet of the Holland Society of New York, January 10, 1890. Robert B. Roosevelt, Acting President of the Society, was in the chair. The toast to which Mr. Depew responded was "The Beggars of the Sea."]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN :—You have listened to the most eminent clergyman [Henry Van Dyke, D. D.] of the Holland faith we have in New York. You have heard the most famous civil-service reformer [Theodore Roosevelt] in the United States. Religion, which teaches the possible in the next world ; and civil-service reform, which teaches the impossible in this. [Laughter.] Each of them has given us his doctrine and prophecy. We are equally orthodox on their creeds, and wish our faith was as firm in the forecast of the Reformer as it is in the promises of the Reverend Doctor. [Renewed laughter.]

The clergyman who stated that I always took the middle of the train was not enough of a railroad man to understand the location of a private car. [Increased laughter.] As a clergyman he usually occupied the upper berth. [Great laughter.] A private car is always at the end of the train. [Laughter and applause.]

This is the largest collection of Dutchmen ever gathered on Manhattan Island since the army of Peter Stuyvesant met to repel the incursion of the English and the Yankee. It resembles Stuyvesant's army, because it is more able to eat than to fight. [Great laughter.] My friend says, "Thank God for that!" He has taken every one of the courses [continued laughter], and his family physician will get the benefit. [Laughter and applause.]

The peculiarity about the Dutchman which distinguishes him from all the other nations, and especially from the Yankee, is that he minds his own business, and that, so far as he can, he prevents any other fellow from knowing anything about his business. [Laughter.] It is that which has given him in the past the distinguished place of the leader of civilization, the arbiter of the destinies of nations and the preserver of the liberties of mankind. [Great applause.]

For the purpose of minding his own business, and of preventing any other man from interfering with his business, thousands of years ago he settled in the Swamps of the Batavian Islands, thinking that, if there was nothing in his home to tempt the invader, he might be permitted to work out his own destiny.

He did not settle there to lead a life of seclusion and of ease, but to live alone with his kindred, because he knew that, freed from the bigotry, fanaticism, and ignorance of the nations around him, he could cultivate his intellect by founding the university and the common school, secure freedom and enlightenment of conscience by tolerating churches of every creed, and secure a home surrounded with all the comforts of life, and beautified and adorned with true hospitality and all the virtues and the purity of the family. [Great applause.]

A Dutchman is distinguished beyond all other peoples who ever lived by his staying power. Whether he sits at a feast or serves in a municipal council, in a public office, in a syndicate, or in a bank, he stays there. [Laughter.] The whole power of the Roman world was concentrated to drive him from the Swamps, and the Roman world recognized his valor, and said: "If you will give us a body-guard we will grant to you your liberty." [Applause.] And the Batavian body-guard was the symbol of valor and heroism for the Roman legions. [Continued applause.]

The hordes of barbarian warriors who came from the wilds of the forest of Germany, sweeping over all Roman civilization, were hurled back again and again by the fierce bravery of an impassable barrier, the Batavians, whom they could not conquer. [Great applause.]

Thermopylæ rings down the ages; but what is it? It is the story of the courage and patriotism of a noble band, which has been the inspiration of centuries. The Ten Thousand at Marathon, what were they? They were patriots fighting for a day for their nationality, and their example has inspired men to die for their country during succeeding generations. But the Dutch—what were they? Struggling, not for hours, not for a day, but for eighty years against one third of the world, to preserve civil and religious liberty for all mankind. [Loud and long cheering.]

William the Silent, John of Barneveld, and William III stood guardians upon all that had been received from the past which was precious to humanity, and they preserved to posterity all that constitutes the intellectual, civil and religious freedom of the people of Europe and the Republic of the United States. [Continued applause.]

It was a Dutch navigator who got nearer the North Pole, in his efforts to discover the Northwest Passage, than any man for one hundred and fifty years had reached. When the Pope's bull had given away the South American and the North American continents, it was a Dutchman who took the bull by the horns, sailed around Cape Horn, and added the East Indian possessions to the Batavian territory. [Great applause.]

The glory of the Dutch is that they stood firm and undismayed at a period in the history of nations when all the powers of darkness, supplemented by all the powers of the visible Church and of the State commanded by a sovereign who controlled almost the whole of the civilized world, opposed them. That sovereign, thus backed, thus supported, said to the Dutchman: "Surrender your liberty to my autocracy, surrender your religion to my dogma, and you shall be free from persecution. If you resist my autocracy, if you deny my dogma, then will your cities be sacked, your country ravaged, your old men murdered, your young men tortured, and your women dishonored;" and the Dutchman said: "I accept all these dangers, rather than fetter my conscience and lose my liberty." [Loud and continued applause.]

You may search the histories of the peoples from the beginning of recorded time, and there is nothing in the efforts made by man to preserve the precious principles which make life worth the living which equals the eighty years' fight of the Dutch against the whole world for the liberties of which we are the inheritors. [Renewed cheers.]

In that fight the Beggars of the Sea cut the dikes, and, sailing over their rich farms upon the ocean, rescued Leyden. In that fight the Beggars of the Sea defeated the Spanish armada, and saved civilization for modern times. In that fight the Beggars of the Sea created a republic which had in it the federal principle adopted by the United States and a declaration largely copied by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence. [Loud cheering.]

Whenever I state these things, as I do as a "Huguenot Dutchman" at the New England Society [laughter], they make the same impression upon the audience as my family physician says that a prescription to a hard drinker produced upon him when he told him to take milk for breakfast, milk for lunch, and milk for dinner. He met him the next morning, and said: "How are you?" Said he: "I am not feeling very well; the milk corroded on my chest!" [Renewed laughter.]

Whenever you find a State in which, under the conditions of our rapid American development, there is, first, the church, then the common school, then the university, then villages and cities and mills and commerce—the progress, the energy, the growth, the prosperity, that is Yankee. But the university and the common school which educates the children to understand and maintain it all, that is Dutch! [Applause.]

Where you see the genius of trade making the wilderness a garden and the watercourse resound with the hum of busy industry, that is Yankee. Where you see coming from the church of the Catholic, from the synagogue of the Jew, from the meeting-house of the Episcopalian, the Methodist, the Baptist, the Presbyterian, or the Unitarian, the people who, while worshipping according to their own ideas, recognize the right of all men to follow the dictates of their own consciences, that is Dutch. [Applause.]

The Dutchman liberalized the Puritan, taught him the merits of a universal education, showed him what the common school and religious tolerance could do, and after hard work upon him for thirteen years transformed him from a Puritan to a Pilgrim, and then sent him forth to build states and to regulate the business of other men. To-day, in these United States, when there is progress of commerce and promotion of "schemes," when there is building of railroads and founding of trust companies, when there are operations and enterprises upon credit either within or beyond the possibility to respond on pay-day, the Yankee is the creator and motive power. But the bank which never fails, the banking-house which stands the financial storm, the trust company which resists the attack, the institutions which prevent bankruptcy, and keep up credit and promote the restoration of business prosperity, they are controlled and managed by Dutch. [Renewed applause and cheers.]

CITIZENS OF THE WORLD

[Speech of Chauncey M. Depew at the banquet of the St. Patrick's Club, New York City, March 17, 1893. Edward E. McCall presided at the banquet. The "twenty-first Irish speech," alluded to by Mr. Depew, at the opening of his address, was made by him before this Club three years previously.]

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—On my twenty-first birthday as an Irishman I spoke to you. I have been speaking to the loyal Sons of St. Patrick for many years. I believe you all come from Ireland. [Laughter.] I once had an Irish ancestor, and the thing he considered most was his brogue. Said he: "If I should lose that brogue, I would be obliged to retire from public life." A quiet man was that Irish ancestor of mine. He lived in a neighborhood where no one but himself was Irish, yet he dominated [laughter], he held all the elective offices in the county, and when he had patronage to distribute he gave his countrymen as much as possible. He believed in the good old Irish doctrine that "charity begins at home." He could roll his tongue in a way that would make these shamrocks turn green with envy. He had that brogue, that immortal brogue which gives eloquence to speech, piquancy to wit, and is a most indomitable foil for getting out of a dilemma. If that ancestor of mine had only given to me his brogue, I would have been Mayor of this town. [Laughter.]

I had to register last fall. Not so much for the purpose of voting, for the election was an unimportant affair, but to perform my duties as an American citizen. [Laughter.] The registry office was only a few feet from my door, and yet the registry clerk had never heard of me. Such is fame in a great city. There was an Irish reporter around, and he wrote all about it, and put in the mouth of the clerk as rich a brogue as could be found in Tipperary. When I read that brogue in the paper next morning, I said that registry clerk was destined for high distinction in this State. The next day he sent his affidavit to the newspapers that he never had a brogue at all. There is no future for that man in this world. [Laughter.] Then a Saxon Democrat wrote an editorial in which he said I was trying to ridicule the Irish.

The Irishman is a citizen of the world. He is the only citizen of the world. The conditions at home have made him a universal solvent of the unity of the races. No tyranny is able to destroy the spiritual and intellectual life of the Irish man and woman. [Applause.] The Irishwoman is a home ruler. Every married Irishman has learned that from his wife; and every unmarried Irishman has learned it from his mother. The Irishman adapts himself to where he is. In France he is a Frenchman; in Italy an Italian; but not in New York. [Laughter.] In the United States he is an American of Americans. The world is interested in the martial valor of Ireland, and she takes an interest in the woes of Ireland, because the Irishman has taught the world that Ireland deserves better than she has received. It was the success of the American Revolution which moved the soul of Grattan. Then came O'Connell, the child of the American Revolution, and last came that genius for organization, who united the Irish party and divided the British party in twain. The flower and fruitage of one hundred years of Irish statesmanship was in Charles Stewart Parnell. [Applause, cries of "You're right, Mr. Depew," and several dissenting voices.] There are grounds on which we Irishmen may differ. [Laughter and applause.]

Why should Great Britain be so angry because Ireland wants home rule, and is likely to get it? Home rule is the genius of American institutions. The English say that the Irish cannot govern themselves, yet all the world over the Irishman is a success. He lands as an immigrant without a dollar, and in a few years he owns corner lots in Fifth Avenue. It takes many years for a foreigner to become an American citizen, yet in six months an Irishman is a voter. He is an Alderman the second year, and in the fifth year he is in the Legislature. [Laughter.] His children become judges and hold high office, to the satisfaction not only of their own countrymen but also to the constituency who place them in office. After the Commons have passed a bill for Home Rule, and the House of Lords has defeated it, the friends of Home Rule must look to America. The United States has been the treasury of Home Rule. For its ultimate success Home Rule depends upon Mr. Gladstone. Let us say to Mr. Redmond and his associates that we respect them; but, from our point of view, what Mr. Gladstone wants to accomplish is what the Irish people want; and that any man who is false to that is a traitor to his country. [Applause.] Full of the vigor of youth, full of the strength of manhood, full of the wisdom of old age, Gladstone is struggling on for justice to Ireland and for Home Rule. [Long and continued applause.]

THE MUTATIONS OF TIME

[Speech of Chauncey M. Depew at a banquet given in his honor by the Lotos Club, New York City, February 22, 1896. Frank R. Lawrence, President of the Club, presided, and introduced Mr. Depew as follows: "I find I have two or three different and inconsistent speeches floating about in my mind, and I am not clear as to which to make. But I am minded to propose briefly the health of our guest in such terms as shall lead to a brief, modest and altogether decorous reply [laughter], on his part, without levity, and thus terminate the proceedings. You may perhaps think that it is quite unnecessary that the President of the Club should make any speech on this occasion, other than to pronounce the name of our guest and leave the rest to fate and to you. We celebrate to-night, gentlemen, two typical Americans. We commemorate to-day the Father of our Country, by paying our tribute of affection to Chauncey M. Depew. [Applause.] And there is much propriety in linking together these two names, for as one represents the highest type of character at the birth of our country, the other represents its oldest development near the opening of the twentieth century."]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—Language is inadequate to voice my appreciation of your compliment. When President Harrison tendered to me the position of Secretary of State as the successor of Mr. Blaine, a member of his Cabinet said: "You ought to take the office, Mr. Depew, even if to do so you have to surrender the positions of trust which are the accumulations of a lifetime; while, if General Harrison is not re-elected, you may be in only a few months, and have no opportunity to gain a reputation or fame as a foreign minister, because you will have your name on that list of Secretaries of State."

A reception and dinner by the Lotos Club puts the recipient's name on a noble list without involving any sacrifice whatever. [Applause.] For nearly a quarter of a century I have been a member of this Club, and the recollections of the famous men whose coming has made famous nights, if written, would add another and the most interesting volume to the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. The Lotos has no politics, no creed and no dogma. [Applause.] It stands for the catholicity of brains and the universality of good-fellowship. It is a citizen of the world and claims fellowship with men and women of every race and nation who possess these qualities.

Here have come from the department of music Gilbert and Sullivan, Offenbach, Paderewski, and the De Reszkes; from fiction, Canon Kingsley and Conan Doyle, and Wilkie Collins and Mark Twain; from poetry, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Sir Edwin Arnold; from history, James Anthony Froude and others; from journalism, Whitelaw Reid and Charles A. Dana and Murat Halstead; from statesmanship, in its best and purest expression, William M. Evarts; from the stage, Irving, Barrett and Booth; and from the army, General Grant. [Applause.] But why prolong the list? Bohemia embraces all who participate in the cultivation of art and the advancement of the truth, from Shakespeare to his humblest interpreter, and from the writer whose name is writ large on the tablets of fame to the one who anonymously delivers his sermon day by day. [Applause.]

In recalling the past and its delightful memories, we cannot help both lamenting and rejoicing in the evanescence of fame—rejoicing because, except for the disappearance of those who occupied the stage, there would be no room for the rest of us. [Laughter.]

When we entertained Canon Kingsley, "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho" were the models of the schools and colleges, the conversation of the dinner-table and the ornaments of the drawing-room. Now only the student reads the works of Charles Kingsley. Offenbach brought to us opera bouffe and Tostée. Never was there such excitement about the lyric stage. The American people were captured by being shocked. [Laughter.] Everybody went to see Tostée to be shocked, and her suggestive singing was denounced from the pulpits and filled the newspapers with indignant editorials and communications. Guilbert comes here and sings songs on a moral plane as much below Tostée as Tostée was below Patti, and the American press and public paid little heed and cared little about it. Is it because we have grown worse, or better? It is because we have become better and stronger as well as more cultured.

Offenbach found us in a provincial condition where the professor of virtue is a peeper at vice. [Laughter.] Guilbert found us in the cosmopolitan state where we might for a while tolerate filth and vulgarity, if it was the highest art;

but unless it was the highest art, we would stand it out and starve it out; and if it was the highest art, we would speedily demand that art should not be degraded and insulted by depraved uses. When Gilbert and Sullivan were welcomed, their tuneful melodies were the folk-lore of the country. We had "Pinafore" banged at us on the piano before breakfast [laughter]; thundered at us by the bands on the streets, we were tortured by the hand-organ playing it, our friends humming it even in church, and rasping friends whistling it [applause]; it was the song and the nuisance which spared neither age nor sex nor condition in life. [Laughter.] There is not a gentleman present to-night who could whistle or sing a bar of "Pinafore." But there is a general appreciation and understanding of the noblest works of the greatest composers which at that time had scarcely an existence in this country.

At the time of the craze for Kingsley's works I was in England, on the coast where the plot of one of his great novels is laid. A stately hall of Norman ancestry, a *grande dame* presiding grandly at the most hospitable of boards, and a guest remarking upon the beauty of the situation and the invigorating breeze from the sea, the grand dame said: "Yes, all that is true, and makes this place attractive beyond almost any other. It has, however, one drawback. When alone at night we cannot help thinking that only the Atlantic Ocean separates us from the dreadful American savages." [Applause.]

Provincialism and isolation from the world produce magnificent enthusiasm; the effort of higher civilization and universal knowledge is to repress it. Enthusiasm is like the thunder and the lightning, which clears the atmosphere and gives new vigor to life. In lamenting the disappearance of its manifestations, I often wonder if the passion is lost. I saw the Seventh Regiment march down Broadway to protect the Capitol at the beginning of the Civil War and receive a popular ovation which set the heart beating and the blood throbbing so that in the ecstasy of the hour it was difficult to breathe or live. [Applause.] I felt as a boy a wild and contagious feeling there was for Henry Clay. We have all of us been carried along on the waves of emotion which after the end of the Civil strife swept against the unmoved and immovable figure of General Grant. [Applause.]

But where are our enthusiasms of to-day? We are in the Presidential year, the year of all others for idols and idol-worship [laughter], the year when the politician becomes a statesman, and the statesman becomes endowed in the popular imagination with supreme qualities; and yet the American people are calmly analyzing instead of frescoing, they are doubting instead of accepting without question as prophet, sage, leader and saviour and chosen favorite, and they are subjecting them to all the frightful processes of the cathode ray. [Applause.] All these are unquestionably the results of more universal education, of the universal reading of the newspapers, and of electric touch from day to day with all the world.

And yet, without lamenting the good old times, I believe that a people should be stirred at least once in a generation by a Peter the Hermit enthusiasm, which sinks the commercial considerations, that now control all the transactions of life and sacrifice everything for an idea or a name. It is that which makes patriotism and patriots; it is that which creates heroes and statesmen! [Applause.]

They are carried to the heights where they lead, and the multitude follows as much by the uplifting applause and inspiration of the people whose enthusiasm condenses in them as by their own superior genius and acquirements. [Hearty applause.]

When Governor Seymour, one of the finest types of the American gentleman that ever lived, was defeated in his last race to succeed himself in the Gubernatorial office, I met him in Albany and supposed, because I had been six weeks on the stump, speaking after him every night, and attacking his positions and himself politically, that there would be, as the girl said about herself and her lover, "a distance and at the same time a coolness between us." [Laughter.] But he greeted me with the old-time cordiality and then said: "You are a young man, and I am an old one; you have got a talent for public life; have got on very fast, and undoubtedly can make a career. But there is nothing in it. I have seen, during my thirty years of activity in politics, the men go up and down State Street to the Capitol who held the attention of the people and seemed destined to be always famous. One by one they were dropped by their party, disappeared from public view, lost touch with their business or profession, and died in obscurity and poverty. In the War of 1812, there were three men who performed signal service on the frontier, and the State so appreciated their deeds that the Legislature sent a special commission to bring their bodies to Albany, and the remains were met there by all there was of power and authority in the Empire State. The Governor, the judges, the State officers and the Legislature marched in procession and buried them in the grounds of the Capitol; and now no one knows what part of the Capitol grounds they were buried in, what were their names, or what they did." In building the new Capitol, their remains were found.

While there is much philosophy and infinite truth for the average man in the old Governor's advice, yet there are exceptions in exceptional times, when enthusiasm should again inspire effort and fame be a secondary consideration.

It is a curious trait of this period that we are inclined to take nothing seriously. A story goes further than an argument, and a joke captures more than a speech. It matters not whether it be a crisis in national affairs, a critical time in finance, a disturbing contention in the church, or the varying fortunes of party leaders, the public find comfort somewhere by a presentation and universal acceptance of a humorous or ludicrous side of the situation. We apply this process in the humanizing of the deified heroes of the past. To hit a Populist Senator and get a horizontal view of a great statesman, they tell a story of the Senator being shaved by a colored barber at the Arlington and remarking to the barber: "Uncle, you must have had among your customers many of my distinguished predecessors in the Senate—many of the men now dead, who have occupied the great place which I fill?" "Yes, sar," said the barber, "I'se known most all of dem; by de way, Senator, you remind me of Dan'el Webster." The gratified statesman rose in his chair, and placing his fingers upon his forehead said: "Is it my brow?" "No, boss," said the barber, "it is your breath." [Laughter and applause.]

And yet the processes of humor seem to have destroyed wit. Or has publicity done it? We hail with intense delight the autobiographies which give us table gossip of the wits of preceding generations; we treasure their epigrams and their mots; but now when every newspaper, even the sedatest, and every magazine, even the most solemn, has its humorous column or chapter, we hear no more epigrams, immortal witticisms or new and embarrassing presentations of current incidents, either in society or at the dinner-table. What are the Sydney Smiths, the Douglas Jerrolds, the Tom Hoods and the Richard Brinsley Sheridans doing now? There are plenty of them in every American city; they are found upon newspapers and in the professions. I think it is the spirit of commerce again, and the trail of the serpent is over us all. [Laughter.] Jokes have become marketable, witticisms command a high price, and humor is a source of daily livelihood.

The story that is either painfully or slowly constructed from the breath of genius, when told at the most private of dinners to-night, is in all the newspapers to-morrow. In other times the author would have been a welcome guest everywhere, in order that there might be heard from his lips a repetition of his creation; but now he is either a writer and cannot afford to treat his friends to such expensive entertainments and lose the authorship or the dissipation by publication of a story or a joke; or a humorous suggestion in embryo prevents subsequent processes by which it becomes an immortal contribution to the gayety of nations.

I do not know why you should have selected Washington's birthday on which to pay me this honor; there is no resemblance between the Father of his Country and myself, unless in my capacity as a railroad man you connect me with him, from his first venture in what has grown to be a great system of transportation, because Parson Weems, in his delightful and simple story of Washington's life, says that when a small boy he took a hack at the cherry tree. [Laughter.]

This February, for the first time, both Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays have been made legal holidays. Never since the creation of man were two human beings so unlike, so nearly extremes or opposed to each other, as Washington and Lincoln. The one an aristocrat by birth, by breeding and association; the other in every sense and by every surrounding a Democrat. As the richest man in America, a large slaveholder, the possessor of an enormous landed estate and the leader and representative of the property and the culture and the colleges of the Colonial period, Washington stood for the conservation and preservation of law and order. He could be a revolutionist and pledge his life and fortune and honor for the principles which in his judgment safeguarded the rights and liberties of his country. [Applause.] But in the construction of the Republic and in the formation of its institutions, and in the critical period of experiment until they could get in working order, he gave to them and implanted in them conservative elements which are found in no other system of government. And yet, millionaire, slaveholder, and aristocrat in its best sense, that he was, all his life; so at any time he would have died for the immortal principle put by the Puritans in their charter adopted in the cabin of the "Mayflower" and reenacted in the Declaration of Independence, of the equality of all men before the law, and of the equal opportunity for all to rise. [Applause.]

Lincoln, on the other hand, was born in a cabin among that class known as poor whites in slavesholding times, who held and could hold no position, and whose condition was so hopeless as to paralyze ambition and effort. His situation, so far as his surroundings were concerned, had considerable mental but little moral improvement by the removal to Indiana, and subsequently to Illinois. Anywhere in the Old World a man born amid such an environment and teachings, and possessed of unconquerable energy, and ambition and the greatest powers of eloquence and constructive statesmanship, would have been a socialist and the leader of a social revolt. He might have been an Anarchist. His one ambition would have been to break the crust above him and shatter it to pieces. He would see otherwise no opportunity for himself and his fellows in social or political or professional life. But Lincoln attained from the log cabin of the poor white in the wilderness the same position which George Washington reached from his palatial mansion and baronial estate on the Potomac. He made the same fight, unselfishly, patriotically and grandly for the preservation of the Republic, that Washington had made for its creation and foundation.

Widely as they are separated, these two heroes of the two great crises of our national life stand together in representing solvent powers, inspiring processes and the hopeful opportunities of American liberty. The one coming from the top, and the other from the bottom, to the Presidency of the United States, the leadership of the people, the building up of government and the reconstruction of States, they superbly illustrate the fact that under our institutions there is neither place nor time for the Socialist or the Anarchist, but there is a place and always a time, notwithstanding the discouragements of origin or of youth, for grit, pluck, ambition, honesty and brains. [Applause.]

Gentlemen, in the good fellowship of the hour, in the genial encouragement which reckons every man for what he is and not for what he has, in the glorious associations and atmosphere of Bohemia, I wish you all long life and happiness, and the Lotos immortality. [Applause, long continued.]

A SENATORIAL FORECAST

[Speech of Chauncey M. Depew at a banquet given in his honor by the Lotos Club, New York City, March 11, 1899, on the occasion of his election as United States Senator. The President of the Club, Mr. Frank R. Lawrence, presided, and said in introducing Dr. Depew: "To introduce him properly to this assembly one needs a new vocabulary. For twenty-five years he has been a member of the Club, and during most of that time he has stood among the foremost orators of the day, equally at home with all subjects, 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe,' preeminent upon the political platform, in the academic forum, and at the table after dinner, where we have best loved to hear him. We recognize in his election to the Senate of the United States a sign of promise for the future and an event which increases the prestige of that ancient and honorable body. In him we shall have no mute, inglorious Senator; sitting to represent the Empire State in that chamber, where in their day the greatest and best of her sons have sat; we know that his voice will ring loud and clear upon all questions where public welfare or national honor are concerned, and we esteem it fortunate that for the next six years the weight which always attaches to his utterances will be enhanced by the position of authority from which they will be delivered. We wish him all happiness and success in his new career, and may the

Senate, through the accession of such men as Senator Depew, grow more and more representative of the best intellect and the highest purposes of the nation becoming the seat of most intelligent discussion of public questions and the source of the wisest legislation."]

Mr. President and Gentlemen :—Permit me frankly to say I love your greeting and your cheers. Any man would be insensible to ambition and its gratification who was not proud of the fact that his fellow-citizens had selected him for a position of trust and grave responsibility in their interests. But a deeper-seated and tenderer chord is touched when men of all parties and all creeds express as much pleasure in the event as if the honor had come to one of themselves. The situation is best illustrated by a personal incident—for, by your favor, this is a personal night. When the news came to the old homestead at Peekskill on the eve of election-day way back in my youth, that I had been elected Secretary of State, the house was soon surrounded by a shouting multitude with banners, bands and fireworks. My old Democratic father, who was too sturdy a Democrat to vote for his Republican son, and too good a father not to rejoice in his success, embraced the boy and wept for joy. Those tears made a deeper impression and a more memorable night than all the votes dropped in the ballot-box which had made possible the event.

The famous operatic composers had different methods of getting inspiration for their immortal compositions. One could not write the score unless he had a cat upon his shoulders. There are in his symphonies suggestions of an orchestra which everyone of us born in the country recognizes as the familiar strain of a summer's night. Another could stir his genius best at the billiard-table, and in his refrains is heard the rattling fire of the ivory balls. While a third, by walks in the woods and communing with Nature, transferred to the orchestra and chorus the sublime secrets of creation. So the greetings of friends are individual or universal, are within limited lines or impress the world. The wild and contagious enthusiasm of the political club is marred by the condition inevitable in political parties of factional division. The side with which you have acted think you might have been less cordial with their enemies; and the other side think the defect in your character is your previous association. To cross that Arctic circle and bring them together requires the courage and skill of a Kane in his boat and a Nansen on his sled, or an Andree in his balloon. In the social club are the divisions of cliques, formed from associations of birth, fortune or income, and in art circles the isolation is best proved by the familiar story of Whistler, who, upon being complimented as being with Velasquez the greatest portrait painter of all ages, answered: "Why drag in Velasquez?" Politicians without partisanship, artists who do not isolate themselves, preachers without bigotry, workaday people in the fields of journalism and the professions, all meet in common brotherhood with clear minds and unvexed judgments within the walls of liberal Bohemia. Bohemians enjoy the world and the fruits thereof, and take pleasure in the joy which the world can give to everybody.

It is your greeting, so representative, so sincere, so broad, which emphasizes the belief that life is worth the living. New York has had United States Senators famous for their eloquence, for their statesmanship, for their shrewdness as politicians, for their practical ability as legislators, and for the distinguished services which they have rendered not only to the State but to the Nation. None of us remembers a United States Senator who was, by his associations, his activities, his interests and his characteristics, a representative of the cosmopolitan thought and ways and life of this metropolis of the western world. The type is familiar to those who saw in public life in Washington President Chester A. Arthur. The typical New Yorker is rarely if ever born here. He has entered the gates of this great city seeking his fortune with the swarms who are ever crowding through. Many fall by the wayside, or, broken and disappointed, return to the country. A few bring fortunes with which to clean out Wall Street, and go back home shorn of their riches, to spend their lives denouncing the wickedness of the money-sharks. Others, with the grit, shrewdness and indomitable Americanism which they have brought from the granite hills of New England, or the fertile farms of the West, or the plantations of the South, or with native genius for getting on which has carried them from foreign lands to our coasts, fight their way to a foothold and become the survival of the fittest. In the ordinary duties of life, in the home, the church, or industry, they do not differ from their fellow-citizens of other neighborhoods, but as metropolitans and cosmopolitans, as men of the theatre, of the clubs, of the charities, of the great national and international interests which centre in New York, they are New Yorkers.

I shall feel it one of the greatest pleasures of official life in Washington if every one of these men and women who make this metropolis what it is, will feel that in the Senate they have a friend who understands them and whom they know. There is no place where human nature can be studied to better advantage, or public opinion be more quickly ascertained, than in the office of a railroad president. It helps the railway president if he is also a politician and a man of the world. The experience tends to cynicism and cultivates the theory which gives too great prominence to the influence of association and point of view in fixing creeds, faiths, churchmanship and partisanship. The visitor always tries to make the president believe that he came for some other purpose than the real object of his mission. Why men believe they can succeed better in what they seek by this sort of fraud, is a mystery. The most curious exhibit is the man of many millions, who pretends that he wishes to consult you in regard to investments in the securities of your company, and ends by asking for a pass.

I was riding in one of the rooms of the parlor car with Mr. Tilden, while he was Governor. We were interrupted by an up-State politician informing the Governor with great indignation that in the selection of delegates to the State Convention which was to send delegates to the National Convention which nominated Mr. Tilden for President, he and his friends, who had for years controlled the organization of the Democratic party in the county, had been beaten by the pernicious activity and malign influence of the freight agent of the New York Central Railroad in that district. He asked the Governor if he did not think this exercise of corporate power was dangerous to the liberties of the country, and asked that an example should be made of this tool of monopoly by the Governor, demanding of the company the immediate discharge of the freight agent. The Governor replied that he looked with alarm upon any evidence of corporation influence in politics, and if he found such to be the case in this instance, he would take the proper steps, through me, whom he introduced, to check and punish the evil. The politician retired, and then the Governor said to me: "Do you know this employe of your company?" I said: "Only as one of the most intelligent and useful men in the freight service." "Well," said the Governor, "I sent for him some weeks since to come and see me, and in the course of the interview formed a very high opinion of him." The Governor had selected him to perform the very work of which the excited politician complained, and this aggression of corporate power did not alarm the Governor.

Some periods of national life are so commonplace and parochial that they afford little opportunity for useful public service, and make public life singularly unattractive compared with the progress and healthy excitement which can be found in business and in the professions. There are other periods when public life is a pleasure and an inspiration. Many years prior to 1898 were the dull days of American politics. We were arguing century-old questions, measures and policies. The acute currency and financial conditions, and the campaign of 1896, were distinctly educational, and gave an impetus not felt before in a generation to national study and thought. The last year has done more; it has marvellously elevated the plane of national thought, and enlarged the area of national questions. There are two lines of Tennyson which are American beyond the dream of the Poet-Laureate. The first is:—

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

The poet referred to the Europe of letters, but the sentiment superbly describes and differentiates this era of action. We all remember the general training days of the fifties. The contempt and ridicule which greeted the appearance of the training and manœuvres of the citizen soldiers, the indifference to the position and future of the United States, to the liberties of other peoples, and the commerce of the world, which starved our navy. Even the Fourth of July lost its significance and became a revel, and not a sacrament. Upon the Island of Malta the Cross and the Crescent fought fiercely for the control of Europe for a century. It was a battle for faith and immortality. Upon its issue hung the fate of modern civilization. The Cross won, and we had Christianity, liberty, humanity, art and industry. Yesterday the citizen soldiers whom we laughed at in the fifties, with the flag representing the best which the victory of the Cross made possible, marched in serried lines over the causeways at Malta built by the Crusaders, and beneath the battlements heroically and gloriously defended by the Knights of St. John. The martial appearance and soldierly perfection and equipment of our little army received the unstinted applause of the military experts of Europe. But as the cable flashed the incident and pictured the scene, the Old World and the New felt alike the elevating and inspiring thought that the heirs of the largest measure of the blessings which had come to humanity from the triumphs of the Cross, had taken up the burden which God had thrust upon them, and were bearing those blessings to the lands and peoples which Providence had put in their hands.

The other sentiment of Tennyson, often quoted and now derided, is:—

> "We the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time."

The poet had in his mind the thinkers of antiquity, the literature of the Middle Ages, Dante, Milton, Bacon, and Shakespeare. We have in our minds all these and also the fruits of the active working of the principles of freedom which we have inherited. We have in our minds and in our politics the throttling grasp of the skeleton hand and mailed fingers of Cortez and Pizarro struck from the throats of the peoples of this Western hemisphere. We share the deep exultation of Tennyson in all the glorious works of ancient, mediæval, and modern genius; but we leave our libraries and the companionship of the ancient, when the night is spent, to take a step by day under the Stars and Stripes with Dewey, Sampson and Schley, with Shafter, Merritt and our own Roosevelt. The problems of our politics are soluble by American pluck, and the heritage which makes us Americans.

They will be solved in the American way. We will prove that we can both preserve every principle of the Declaration of Independence, of the Constitution of the United States, and of governed Colonies. We will keep intact and free from entanglements the Republic and its States upon the American continent. We will educate our wards by the lessons which have made us free and great, to an understanding of law, justice and liberty. We will share with them the prosperity which is sure to come to them and to us in the expansion of industry and of markets, inspired by order and freedom ; and as they become worthy of self-government, under the protection of the flag which has made them free, they will have already conferred upon them and exercise its duties and its functions. [Great applause.]

LORD DERBY

(EDWARD H. S. STANLEY)

THE DIPLOMATIST

[Speech of Edward H. S. Stanley [Lord Derby] at the ninetieth anniversary banquet of the Royal Literary Fund, London, May 7, 1879. Lord Derby acted as chairman for the occasion and delivered the following speech in proposing "The Health of the Ambassadors and Ministers of Foreign Countries," coupling with the toast the name of General Bulow, the Danish Minister.]

My Lords and Gentlemen:—I have to propose to you the health of the Diplomatic Body—the Ambassadors and Ministers of foreign countries who are resident at this Court. [Cheers.] During more than six years of my life I was in close and constant intercourse with those gentlemen. That intercourse was always cordial; it was often of a very confidential character, and looking back upon it I can say with truth that it was one of the most agreeable incidents of an official existence which in other respects involved, on the whole, considerably more of labor and anxiety than of personal enjoyment. [Cheers and laughter.]

In all my dealings with the representatives of foreign countries I have invariably experienced, not merely that courtesy which is the immemorial tradition of their profession, but I have found also that habit of frankness, or plainness, and fair dealing with which diplomacy has not always been credited, but which I fancy sensible men in all countries and in all employments have long ago found out to be the most successful and the most satisfying manner of transacting business. [Cheers.]

The employment of the diplomatist is peculiar in more respects than one. He pays a heavy penalty for his distinction—the penalty of an almost lifelong exile from his own country; but he has in exchange for that serious loss the advantage of an exceptional and enviable position. Familiar with the ideas of all nations, he is, or ought to be, free from the prejudices of any. Conversant with the secrets of Courts and Cabinets, he is at the same time brought by the exigencies of his profession into contact with men of all occupations and various classes. To the great events of the world which are passing around him he stands in a double relation—that of actor and of spectator. He has at once to study with vigilance and accuracy—which is, indeed, his professional duty—the events which are happening around him, and, far above the heat and excitement of the actual conflict, has to be able to observe what is passing with a coolness and impartiality which can seldom be attained by those who are less fortunately circumstanced.

It is a thing commonly said—one hears it every day—that with the new means of instantaneous communication between country and country which exists in these days the importance of the diplomatic profession is greatly diminished, if not destroyed. That I believe is not only not the truth but the exact reverse of the truth. It is one of those conversational commonplaces which everybody thinks and nobody examines. The telegraph may report facts; very often it reports fiction. [Laughter.] It may to a limited extent convey arguments; but that is the least part of the work which a diplomatist has to do. To judge of the impulses which influence nations, of the tendencies which govern society, to measure the peculiarities of individual character, to tell his government what are the chances that this or that proposition will meet with acceptance or with rejection—these are functions which cannot be discharged through any merely mechanical medium. They require and they involve the personal contact of mind with mind; they require and they call out the highest intellectual faculties of men. [Cheers.]

For that reason and because, with the increase of international intercourse, the relations of the great countries of the world are every day becoming more numerous and more complicated, I believe that the importance and the influence of the diplomatic profession, so far from diminishing, tend rather to increase. [Cheers.]

CHARLES DICKENS

Photogravure after an engraving

CHARLES DICKENS

FRIENDS ACROSS THE SEA

[Speech of Charles Dickens at the banquet given him by the "Young Men of Boston," February 1, 1842, in response to the toast: "Health, Happiness and a Hearty Welcome to Charles Dickens." The company consisted of about two hundred, among whom were George Bancroft, Washington Allston, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. At the close of the novelist's speech, which the newspapers of the day recorded as having been delivered in a "warm, fluent and manly tone," the President of the evening, Josiah Quincy, Jr., rose amid the cheering, and proposed a second toast as follows: "It has been said that painters in portraying pictures of ideal female beauty unconsciously sketched the features of her who was dearest to their hearts. If this were true of the novelist as of the painter, how greatly are the admirers of the lovely creations of our friend's genius indebted to her who holds this relation to him! With his permission, therefore, I propose the health of the lady of our distinguished guest. If she were the model of the pure and elevated women of his works, it might be well said that she was the better half even of Charles Dickens." This toast was received with nine cheers, and was drunk while the company were all standing.]

GENTLEMEN:—If you had given this splendid entertainment to any one else in the whole wide world—if I were to-night to exult in the triumph of my dearest friend—if I stood here upon my defence, to repel any unjust attack—to appeal as a stranger to your generosity and kindness as the freeest people on the earth—I could, putting some restraint upon myself, stand among you as self-possessed and unmoved as I should be alone in my own room in England. But when I have the echoes of your cordial greeting ringing in my ears; when I see your kind faces beaming a welcome so warm and earnest as never man had—I feel, it is my nature, so vanquished and subdued, that I have hardly fortitude enough to thank you. If your President, instead of pouring forth that delightful mixture of humor and pathos which you have just heard with so much delight had been but a caustic, ill-natured man—if he had only been a dull one—if I could only have doubted or distrusted him or you, I should have had my wits at my fingers' ends, and, using them, could have held you at arm's length. But you have given me no such opportunity; you take advantage of me in the tenderest point; you give me no chance of playing at company, or holding you at a distance, but flock about me like a host of brothers, and make this place like home. Indeed, gentlemen, indeed, if it be natural and allowable for each of us, on his own hearth, to express his thoughts in the most homely fashion, and to appear in his plainest garb, I have a fair claim upon you to let me do so to-night, for you have made my house an Aladdin's Palace. You fold so tenderly within your breasts that common household lamp in which my feeble fire is all enshrined, and at which my flickering torch is lighted up, that straight my household gods take wing, and are transported there. And whereas it is written of that fairy structure that it never moved without two shocks—one when it rose, and one when it settled down—I can say of mine that, however sharp a tug it took to pluck it from its native ground, it struck at once an easy, and a deep and lasting root into this soil; and loved it as its own. I can say more of it, and say with truth, that long before it moved, or had a chance of moving, its master—perhaps from some secret sympathy between its timbers, and a certain stately tree that has its being hereabout, and spreads its broad branches far and wide—dreamed by day and night, for years, of setting foot upon this shore, and breathing this pure air. And, trust me, gentlemen, that, if I had wandered here, unknowing and unknown, I would—if I know my own heart—have come with all my sympathies clustering as richly about this land and people—with all my sense of justice as keenly alive to their high claims on every man who loves God's image—with all my energies as fully bent on judging for myself, and speaking out, and telling in my sphere the truth, as I do now, when you rain down your welcomes on my head.

Your President has alluded to those writings which have been my occupation for some years past; and you have received his allusions in manner which assures me—if I needed any such assurance—that we are old friends in the spirit, and have been in close communion for a long time.

It is not easy for a man to speak of his own books. I daresay that few persons have been more interested in mine than I, and if it be a general principle in nature that a lover's love is blind, and that a mother's love is blind, I believe it may be said of an author's attachment to the creatures of his own imagination, that it is a perfect model of constancy and devotion, and is the blindest of all. But the objects and purposes I have had in view are very plain and simple, and may be easily told. I have always had, and always shall have, an earnest and true desire to contribute, as far as in me lies, to the common stock of healthful cheerfulness and enjoyment. I have always had, and always shall have, an invincible repugnance to that mole-eyed philosophy which loves the darkness, and winks and scowls in the light. I believe that Virtue shows quite as well in rags and patches as she does in purple and fine linen. I believe that she and every beautiful object in external nature, claim some sympathy in the breast of the poorest man who breaks his scanty loaf of daily bread. I believe that she goes barefoot as well as shod. I believe that she dwells rather oftener in alleys and by-ways than she does in courts and palaces, and that it is good, and pleasant, and profitable to track her out, and follow her. I believe that to lay one's hand upon some of those rejected ones whom the world has too long forgotten, and too often misused, and to say to the proudest and most thoughtless—"These creatures have the same elements and capacities of goodness as yourselves, they are moulded in the same form, and made of the same clay; and though ten times worse than you, may, in having retained anything of their original nature amidst the trials and distresses of their condition, be really ten times better." I believe that to do this is to pursue a worthy and not useless vocation. Gentlemen, that you think so too, your fervent greeting sufficiently assures me. That this feeling is alive in the Old World as well as in the New, no man should know better than I—I, who have found such wide and ready sympathy in my own dear land. That in expressing it, we are but treading in the steps of those great master-spirits who have gone before, we know by reference to all the bright examples in our literature from Shakespeare downward.

There is one other point connected with the labors (if I may call them so) that you hold in such generous esteem, to which I cannot help adverting. I cannot help expressing the delight, the more than happiness it was to me to find so strong an interest awakened on this side of the water, in favor of that little heroine of mine, to whom your President has made allusion, who died in her youth. I had letters about that child, in England, from the dwellers in log-houses, amongst the morasses, and swamps, and densest forests, and deepest solitudes of the Far West. Many a sturdy hand, hard with the axe and spade, and browned by the summer's sun, has taken up the pen, and written to me a little history of domestic joy or sorrow, always coupled, I am proud to say, with something of interest in that little tale, or some comfort or happiness derived from it; and my correspondent has always addressed me, not as a writer of books for sale, resident some four or five thousand miles away, but as a friend to whom he might freely impart the joys and sorrows of his own fireside. Many a mother—I could reckon them now by dozens, not by units—has done the like, and has told me how she lost such a child at such a time, and where she lay buried, and how good she was, and how, in this or that respect, she resembled Nell. I do assure you that no circumstance of my life has given me one-hundredth part of the gratification I have derived from this source. I was wavering at the time whether or not to wind up my Clock* and come and see this country, and this decided me. I felt as if it were a positive duty, as if I were bound to pack up my clothes, and come and see my friends; and even now I have such an odd sensation in connection with these things, that you have no chance of spoiling me. I feel as though we were agreeing—as indeed we are, if we substitute for fictitious characters the classes from which they are drawn—about third parties, in whom we had a common interest. At every new act of kindness on your part, I say to myself, "That's for Oliver; I should not wonder if that were meant for Smike; I have no doubt that is intended for Nell;" and so I become a much happier, certainly, but a more sober and retiring man than ever I was before.

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* "Master Humphrey's Clock," under which title the two novels—"Barnaby Rudge" and "The Old Curiosity Shop"—originally appeared.

Gentlemen, talking of my friends in America brings me back, naturally and of course, to you. Coming back to you, and being thereby reminded of the pleasure we have in store in hearing the gentlemen who sit about me, I arrive by the easiest, though not by the shortest course in the world, at the end of what I have to say. But before I sit down, there is one topic on which I am desirous to lay particular stress. It has, or should have, a strong interest for us all, since to its literature every country must look for one great means of refining and improving its people, and one great source of national pride and honor. You have in America great writers—great writers—who will live in all time, and are as familiar to our lips as household words. Deriving (as they all do in a greater or less degree, in their several walks) their inspiration from the stupendous country that gave them birth, they diffuse a better knowledge of it, and a higher love for it, all over the civilized world. I take leave to say, in the presence of some of those gentlemen, that I hope the time is not far distant when they, in America, will receive of right some substantial profit and return in England from their labors; and when we, in England, shall receive some substantial profit and return in America for ours. Pray do not misunderstand me. Securing to myself from day to day the means of an honorable subsistence, I would rather have the affectionate regard of my fellow men, than I would have heaps and mines of gold. But the two things do not seem to me incompatible. They cannot be, for nothing good is incompatible with justice. There must be an international arrangement in this respect. England has done her part, and I am confident that the time is not far distant when America will do hers. It becomes the character of a great country; firstly, because it is justice; secondly, because without it you never can have, and keep, a literature of your own.

Gentlemen, I thank you with feelings of gratitude, such as are not often awakened, and can never be expressed. As I understand it to be the pleasant custom here to finish with a toast, I would beg to give you: "America and England, and may they never have any division but the Atlantic between them." [Applause.]

TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON IRVING

[Speech of Charles Dickens at the banquet given in his honor during his first visit to America, New York City, February 18, 1842. Washington Irving presided at the banquet, and nearly eight hundred of the most distinguished citizens of New York were present. The speech here given was delivered in response to the sentiment proposed by the chairman "Charles Dickens, the Literary Guest of the Nation."]

Gentlemen:—I don't know how to thank you—I really don't know how. You would naturally suppose that my former experience would have given me this power, and that the difficulties in my way would have been diminished; but I assure you the fact is exactly the reverse, and I have completely balked the ancient proverb that "a rolling stone gathers no moss;" and in my progress to this city I have collected such a weight of obligations and acknowledgment —I have picked up such an enormous mass of fresh moss at every point, and was so struck by the brilliant scenes of Monday night, that I thought I could never by any possibility grow any bigger. I have made continually new accumulations to such an extent that I am compelled to stand still, and can roll no more!

Gentlemen, we learn from the authorities, that, when fairy stones, or balls, or rolls of thread, stopped at their own accord—as I do not—it presaged some great catastrophe near at hand. The precedent holds good in this case. When I have remembered the short time I have before me to spend in this land of mighty interests, and the poor opportunity I can at best have of acquiring a knowledge of, and forming an acquaintance with it, I have felt it almost a duty to decline the honors you so generously heap upon me, and pass more quietly among you. For Argus himself, though he had but one mouth for his hundred eyes, would have found the reception of a public entertainment once a week too much for his greatest activity; and, as I would lose no scrap of the rich instruction and the delightful knowledge which meet me on every hand (and already I have gleaned a great deal from your hospitals and common jails),—I have resolved to take up my staff, and go my way rejoicing, and for the future to shake hands with America, not at parties but at home; and, therefore, gentlemen, I say to-night, with a full heart, and an honest purpose, and grateful feelings, that I bear, and shall ever bear, a deep sense of your kind, your affectionate and your noble greeting, which it is utterly impossible to convey in words. No European sky without, and no cheerful home or well-warmed room within, shall ever shut out this land from my vision. I shall often hear your words of welcome in my quiet room, and oftenest when most quiet; and shall see your faces in the blazing fire. If I should live to grow old, the scenes of this and other evenings will shine as brightly to my dull eyes fifty years hence as now; and the honors you bestow upon me shall be well remembered and paid back in my undying love, and honest endeavors for the good of my race.

Gentlemen, one other word with reference to this first person singular, and then I shall close. I came here in an open, honest, and confiding spirit, if ever man did, and because I felt a deep sympathy in your land; had I felt otherwise, I should have kept away. As I came here, and am here, without the least admixture of one-hundredth part of one grain of base alloy, without one feeling of unworthy reference to self in any respect, I claim, in regard to the past, for the last time, my right in reason, in truth, and in justice, to approach, as I have done on two former occasions, a question of literary interest. I claim that justice be done; and I prefer this claim as one who has a right to speak and be heard. I have only to add that I shall be as true to you as you have been to me. I recognize, in your enthusiastic approval of the creatures of my fancy, your enlightened care for the happiness of the many, your tender regard for the afflicted, your sympathy for the downcast, your plans for correcting and improving the bad, and for encouraging the good; and to advance these great objects shall be, to the end of my life, my earnest endeavor, to the extent of my humble ability. Having said thus much with reference to myself, I shall have the pleasure of saying a few words with reference to somebody else.

There is in this city a gentleman who, at the reception of one of my books—I well remember it was "The Old Curiosity Shop"—wrote to me in England a letter so generous, so affectionate, and so manly, that if I had written the book under every circumstance of disappointment, of discouragement, and difficulty, instead of the reverse, I should have found in the receipt of that letter my best and most happy reward. I answered him, and he answered me, and so we kept shaking hands autographically, as if no ocean rolled between us. I came here to this city eager to see him, and [laying his hand upon Irving's shoulder] here he sits! I need not tell you how happy and delighted I am to see him here to-night in this capacity.

Washington Irving! Why, gentlemen, I don't go upstairs to bed two nights out of the seven—as a very creditable witness near at hand can testify—I say I do not go to bed two nights out of the seven without taking Washington Irving under my arm; and, when I don't take him I take his own brother, Oliver Goldsmith. Washington Irving! Why, of whom but him was I thinking the other day when I came up by the Hog's Back, the Frying Pan, Hell Gate, and all these places? Why, when, not long ago, I visited Shakespeare's birthplace, and went beneath the roof where he first saw light, whose name but his was pointed out to me upon the wall? Washington Irving—Diedrich Knickerbocker—Geoffrey Crayon—why, where can you go that they have not been there before? Is there an English farm—is there an English stream, an English city, or an English country-seat, where they have not been? Is there no Bracebridge Hall in existence? Has it no ancient shades or quiet streets?

In bygone times, when Irving left that Hall, he left sitting in an old oak chair, in a small parlor of the Boar's Head, a little man with a red nose, and an oilskin hat. When I came away he was sitting there still!—not a man like him, but the same man—with the nose of immortal redness and the hat of an undying glaze! Crayon, while there, was on terms of intimacy with a certain radical fellow, who used to go about, with a hatful of newspapers, woefully out at elbows, and with a coat of great antiquity. Why, gentlemen, I know that man—Tibbles the elder, and he has not changed a hair; and, when I came away, he charged me to give his best respects to Washington Irving!

Leaving the town and the rustic life of England—forgetting this man, if we can—putting out of mind the country churchyard and the broken heart—let us cross the water again, and ask who has associated himself most closely with the Italian peasantry and the bandits of the Pyrenees? When the traveller enters his little chamber beyond the Alps—listening to the dim echoes of the long passages and spacious corridors—damp, and gloomy, and cold—as he hears the tempest beating with fury against his window, and gazes at the curtains, dark, and heavy, and covered with mould—and when all the ghost-stories that ever were told come up before him—amid all his thick-coming fancies, whom does he think of? Washington Irving.

Go farther still: go to the Moorish fountains, sparkling full in the moonlight—go among the water-carriers and the village gossips living still as in days of old—and who has travelled among them before you, and peopled the Alhambra and made eloquent its shadows? Who awakes there a voice from every hill and in every cavern, and bids legends, which for centuries have slept a dreamless sleep, or watched unwinkingly, start up and pass before you in all their life and glory?

But leaving this again, who embarked with Columbus upon his gallant ship, traversed with him the dark and mighty ocean, leaped upon the land and planted there the flag of Spain, but this same man, now sitting by my side? And being here at home again, who is a more fit companion for money-diggers? And what pen but his has made Rip Van Winkle, playing at nine-pins on that thundering afternoon, as much part and parcel of the Catskill Mountains as any tree or crag that they can boast?

But these are topics familiar from my boyhood, and which I am apt to pursue; and lest I should be tempted now to talk too long about them, I will, in conclusion, give you a sentiment, most appropriate, I am sure, in the presence of such writers as Bryant, Halleck, and—but I suppose I must not mention the ladies here—"The Literature of America." She well knows how to do honor to her own literature and to that of other lands, when she chooses Washington Irving for her representative in the country of Cervantes. [Applause.]

MACREADY AND BULWER-LYTTON

[Speech of Charles Dickens at a banquet given to William Charles Macready, London, March 1, 1851. Upwards of six hundred gentlemen assembled to do honor to the great actor on his retirement from the stage. Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton took the chair. The following speech was delivered by Charles Dickens in proposing "The Health of the Chairman."]

GENTLEMEN:—After all you have already heard, and so rapturously received, I assure you that not even the warmth of your kind welcome would embolden me to hope to interest you if I had not full confidence in the subject I have to offer to your notice. But my reliance on the strength of this appeal to you is so strong that I am rather encouraged than daunted by the brightness of the track on which I have to throw my little shadow.

Gentlemen, as it seems to me, there are three great requisites essential to the perfect realization of a scene so unusual and so splendid as that in which we are now assembled. The first, and I must say very difficult requisite, is a man possessing the stronghold in the general remembrance, the indisputable claim on the general regard and esteem, which is possessed by my dear and much-valued friend, our guest. The second requisite is the presence of a body of entertainers,—a great multitude of hosts so cheerful and good-humored (under, I am sorry to say, some personal inconvenience),—so warmhearted and so nobly in earnest, as those whom I have the privilege of addressing. The third, and certainly not the least of these requisites, is a president who, less by his social position, which he may claim by inheritance, or by fortune, which may have been adventitiously won, and may be again accidentally lost, than by his comprehensive genius, shall fitly represent the best part of him to whom honor is due, and the best part of those who unite in the doing of it. Such a president I think we have found in our chairman of to-night, and I need scarcely add that our chairman's health is the toast I have to propose to you.

Many of those who now hear me were present, I daresay, at that memorable scene on Wednesday night last,* when the great vision which had been a delight and a lesson,—very often, I daresay, a support and a comfort to you, which had for many years improved and charmed us, and to which we had looked for an elevated relief from the labors of our lives, faded from our sight for ever. I will not stop to inquire whether our guest may or may not have looked backward, through rather too long a period for us, to some remote and distant time when he might possibly bear some far-off likeness to a certain Spanish archbishop whom Gil Blas once served. Nor will I stop to inquire whether it was a reasonable disposition in the audience of Wednesday to seize upon the words :—

"And I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon——" †

but I will venture to intimate to those whom I am now addressing how in my mind I mainly connect that occasion with the present. When I looked round on the vast assemblage, and observed the huge pit hushed into stillness on the rising of the curtain, and that mighty surging gallery, where men in their shirt-sleeves had been striking out their arms like strong swimmers—when I saw that boisterous human flood become still water in a moment, and remain so from the opening to the end of the play, it suggested to me something besides the trustworthiness of an English crowd, and the delusion under which those labor who are apt to disparage and malign it; it suggested to me that in meeting here to-night we undertook to represent something of the all-pervading feeling of that crowd, through all its intermediate degrees, from the full-dressed lady, with her diamonds sparkling upon her breast in the proscenium box, to the half-undressed gentleman, who bides his time to take some refreshment in the back row of the gallery. And I consider, gentlemen, that no one who could possibly be placed in this chair could so well head that comprehensive representation, and could so well give the crowning grace to our festivities, as one whose comprehensive genius has in his various works embraced them all, and who has, in his dramatic genius, enchanted and enthralled them all at once.

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* February 26, 1851, Mr. Macready's farewell benefit at Drury Lane Theatre, on which occasion he played the part of Macbeth.—Ed.

† Macbeth, Act I., Sc. 7.

Gentlemen, it is not for me here to recall, after what you have heard this night, what I have seen and known in the bygone times of Mr. Macready's management, of the strong friendship of Sir Bulwer Lytton for him, of the association of his pen with his earliest successes, or of Mr. Macready's zealous and untiring services; but it may be permitted me to say what, in any public mention of him, I can never repress, that in the path we both tread I have uniformly found him from the first the most generous of men; quick to encourage, slow to disparage, ever anxious to assert the order of which he is so great an ornament; never condescending to shuffle it off, and leave it outside state rooms, as a Mussulman might leave his slippers outside a mosque.

There is a popular prejudice, a kind of superstition to the effect that authors are not a particularly united body, that they are not invariably and inseparably attached to each other. I am afraid I must concede half a grain or so of truth to that superstition; but this I know, that there can hardly be —that there hardly can have been—among the followers of literature, a man of more high standing farther above these little grudging jealousies, which do sometimes disparage its brightness, than Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton.

And I have the strongest reason just at present to bear my testimony to his great consideration for those evils which are sometimes unfortunately attendant upon it, though not on him. For, in conjunction with some other gentlemen now present, I have just embarked in a design with Sir Bulwer Lytton, to smooth the rugged way of young laborers, both in literature and the fine arts, and to soften, but by no eleemosynary means, the declining years of meritorious age. And if that project prosper as I hope it will, and as I know it ought, it will one day be an honor to England where there is now a reproach; originating in his sympathies, being brought into operation by his activity, and endowed from its very cradle by his generosity. There are many among you who will have each his own favorite reason for drinking our chairman's health, resting his claim probably upon some of his diversified successes. According to the nature of your reading, some of you will connect him with prose, others will connect him with poetry. One will connect him with comedy, and another with the romantic passions of the stage, and his assertion of worthy ambition and earnest struggle against "those twin gaolers of the human heart, low birth and iron fortune."

Again, another's taste will lead him to the contemplation of Rienzi and the streets of Rome; another's to the rebuilt and repeopled streets of Pompeii; another's to the touching history of the fireside where the Caxton family learned how to discipline their natures and tame their wild hopes down. But, however various their feelings and reasons may be, I am sure that with one accord each will help the other, and all will swell the greeting with which I shall now propose to you "The Health of our Chairman, Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton." [Applause.]

THE ACTOR'S ART

[Speech of Charles Dickens at the sixth annual dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, London, April 14, 1851. Charles Dickens occupied the chair, and delivered this speech in proposing the toast of the evening, "Success to the Royal General Theatrical Fund."]

GENTLEMEN:—I have so often had the satisfaction of bearing my testimony, in this place, to the usefulness of the excellent Institution in whose behalf we are assembled, that I should be really sensible of the disadvantage of having now nothing to say in proposing the toast you all anticipate, if I were not well assured that there is really nothing which needs be said. I have to appeal to you on the old grounds, and no ingenuity of mine could render those grounds of greater weight than they have hitherto successfully proved to you.

Although the General Theatrical Fund Association, unlike many other public societies and endowments, is represented by no building, whether of stone, or brick, or glass, like that astonishing evidence of the skill and energy of my friend, Mr. Paxton, which all the world is now called upon to admire, and the great merit of which, as you learn from the best authorities, is, that it ought to have fallen down long before it was built, and yet that it would by no means consent to doing so—although, I say, this Association possesses no architectural home, it is, nevertheless, as plain a fact, rests on as solid a foundation, and carries as erect a front, as any building in the world. And the best and the utmost that its exponent and its advocate can do, standing here, is to point it out to those who gather round it, and to say, " Judge for yourselves."

It may not, however, be improper for me to suggest to that portion of the company whose previous acquaintance with it may have been limited, what it is not. It is not a theatrical association whose benefits are confined to a small and exclusive body of actors. It is a society whose claims are always preferred in the name of the whole histrionic art. It is not a theatrical association adopted to a state of theatrical things entirely past and gone, and no more suited to present theatrical requirements than a string of packhorses would be suited to the conveyance of traffic between London and Birmingham. It is not a rich old gentleman, with the gout in his vitals, brushed and got up once a year to look as vigorous as possible, and brought out for a public airing by the few survivors of a large family of nephews and nieces, who, afterwards, double-lock the street-door upon the poor relations. It is not a theatrical association which insists that no actor can share its bounty who has not walked so many years on those boards where the English tongue is never heard—between the little bars of music in an aviary of singing birds, to which the unwieldy Swan of Avon is never admitted—that bounty which was gathered in the name and for the elevation of an all-embracing art.

No, if there be such things, this thing is not of that kind. This is a theatrical association, expressly adapted to the wants and to the means of the whole theatrical profession all over England. It is a society in which the word exclusiveness is wholly unknown. It is a society which includes every actor, whether he be Benedict or Hamlet, or the Ghost, or the Bandit, or the court-physician, or, in the one person, the whole King's army. He may do the "light business," or the "heavy," or the comic, or the eccentric. He may be the captain who courts the young lady, whose uncle still unaccountably persists in dressing himself in a costume one hundred years older than his time. Or he may be the young lady's brother in the white gloves and inexpressibles, whose duty in the family appears to be to listen to the female members of it whenever they sing, and to shake hands with everybody between all the verses. Or he may be the baron who gives the fête, and who sits uneasily on the sofa under a canopy with the baroness while the fête is going on. Or he may be the peasant at the fête who comes on the stage to swell the drinking chorus, and who, it may be observed, always turns his glass upside down before he begins to drink out of it. Or he may be the clown who takes away the doorstep of the house where the evening party is going on. Or he may be the gentleman who issues out of the house on the false alarm, and is precipitated into the area. Or, to come to the actresses, she may be the fairy who resides forever in a revolving star with an occasional visit to a bower or a palace. Or the actor may be the armed head of the witch's cauldron; or even that extraordinary witch, concerning whom I have observed in country places, that he is much less like the notion formed from the description of Hopkins than the Malcolm or Donalbain of the previous scenes. This society, in short, says: "Be you what you may, be you actor or actress, be your path in your profession never so high, or never so low, never so haughty, or never so humble, we offer you the means of doing good to yourselves, and of doing good to your brethren."

This society is essentially a provident institution, appealing to a class of men to take care of their own interests, and giving a continuous security only in return for a continuous sacrifice and effort. The actor by the means of this society obtains his own right, to no man's wrong; and when, in old age, or in disastrous times, he makes his claim on the institution, he is enabled to say, "I am neither a beggar, nor a suppliant. I am but reaping what I sowed long ago."

And therefore it is that I cannot hold out to you that in assisting this fund you are doing an act of charity in the common acceptation of that phrase. Of all the abuses of that much abused term, none have more raised my indignation than what I have heard in this room in past times, in reference to this institution. I say, if you help this institution you will be helping the wagoner who has resolutely put his own shoulder to the wheel, and who has not stuck idle in the mud. In giving this aid you will be doing an act of justice, and you will be performing an act of gratitude; and this is what I solicit from you; but I will not so far wrong those who are struggling manfully for their own independence as to pretend to entreat from you an act of charity.

I have used the word gratitude; and let any man ask his own heart, and confess if he have not some grateful acknowledgments for the actor's art? Not peculiarly because it is a profession often pursued, and as it were marked, by poverty and misfortune—for other callings, God knows, have their distresses—nor because the actor has sometimes to come from scenes of sickness, of suffering, aye, even of death itself, to play his part before us—for all of us, in our spheres, have as often to do violence to our feelings and to hide our hearts in fighting this great battle of life, and in discharging our duties and responsibilities. But the art of the actor excites reflections, sombre or grotesque, awful or humorous, which we are all familiar with. If any man were to tell me that he denied his acknowledgments to the stage, I would simply put to him one question—whether he remembered his first play?

If you, gentlemen, will but carry back your recollection of that great night, and call to mind the bright and harmless world which then opened to your view, we shall, I think, hear favorably of the effect upon your liberality on this occasion from our Secretary.

This is the sixth year of meetings of this kind—the sixth time we have had this fine child down after dinner. His nurse, a very worthy person of the name of Buckstone, who has an excellent character from several places, will presently report to you that his chest is perfectly sound, and that his general health is in the most thriving condition. Long may it be so; long may it thrive and grow; long may we meet (it is my sincere wish) to exchange our congratulations on its prosperity; and longer than the line of Banquo may be that line of figures which, as its patrotic share in the national debt, a century hence shall be stated by the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. [Applause.]

ENGLISH FRIENDLINESS FOR AMERICA

[Speech of Charles Dickens at a farewell dinner, previous to his return to England, New York City, April 18, 1868. Two hundred gentlemen attended the dinner. Horace Greeley presided. In acknowledgment of the toast of his health, proposed by the chairmam, Mr. Dickens spoke on the subject of international friendliness.]

GENTLEMEN:—I cannot do better than take my cue from your distinguished President, and refer in my first remarks to his remarks in connection with the old, natural, association between you and me. When I received an invitation from a private association of working members of the press of New York to dine with them to-day, I accepted that compliment in grateful remembrance of a calling that was once my own, and in loyal sympathy towards a brotherhood which, in the spirit, I have never quitted. To the wholesome training of severe newspaper work, when I was a very young man, I constantly refer my first successes; and my sons will hereafter testify of their father that he was always steadily proud of that ladder by which he rose. If it were otherwise, I should have but a very poor opinion of their father, which, perhaps, upon the whole, I have not. Hence, gentlemen, under any circumstances, this company would have been exceptionally interesting and gratifying to me. But whereas I supposed that like the fairies' pavilion in the "Arabian Nights," it would be but a mere handful, and I find it turn out, like the same elastic pavilion, capable of comprehending a multitude, so much the more proud am I of the honor of being your guest; for you will readily believe that the more widely representative of the press in America my entertainers are, the more I must feel the good-will and the kindly sentiments towards me of that vast institution.

Gentlemen, so much of my voice has lately been heard in the land, and I have for upwards of four hard winter months so contended against what I have been sometimes quite admiringly assured was "a true American catarrh"—a possession which I have throughout highly appreciated, though I might have preferred to be naturalized by any other outward and visible signs—I say, gentlemen, so much of my voice has lately been heard, that I might have been contented with troubling you no further, from my present standing-point, were it not a duty with which I henceforth charge myself, not only here but on every suitable occasion whatsoever and wheresoever, to express my high and grateful sense of my second reception in America, and to bear my honest testimony to the national generosity and magnanimity. Also, to declare how astounded I have been by the amazing changes that I have seen around me on every side—changes moral, changes physical, changes in the amount of land subdued and peopled, changes in the rise of vast new cities, changes in the growth of older cities almost out of recognition, changes in the graces and amenities of life, changes in the press, without whose advancement no advancement can be made anywhere. Nor am I, believe me, so arrogant as to suppose that in five-and-twenty years there have been no changes in me, and that I had nothing to learn and no extreme impressions to correct when I was here first.

And, gentlemen, this brings me to a point on which I have, ever since I landed here last November, observed a strict silence, though tempted sometimes to break it, but in reference to which I will, with your good leave, take you into my confidence now. Even the press, being human, may be sometimes mistaken or misinformed, and I rather think that I have in one or two rare instances known its information to be not perfectly accurate with reference to myself. Indeed, I have now and again been more surprised by printed news that I have read of myself than by any printed news that I have ever read in my present state of existence. Thus, the vigor and perseverance with which I have for some months past been collecting materials for and hammering away at a new book on America have much astonished me, seeing that all that time it has been perfectly well-known to my publishers on both sides of the Atlantic that I positively declared that no consideration on earth should induce me to write one. But what I have intended, what I have resolved upon (and this is the confidence I seek to place in you) is, on my return to England, in my own person, to bear, for the behoof of my countrymen, such testimony to the gigantic changes in this country as I have hinted at to-night. Also, to record that wherever I have been, in the smallest places equally with the largest, I have been received with unsurpassable politeness, delicacy, sweet temper, hospitality, consideration, and with unsurpassable respect for the privacy daily enforced upon me by the nature of my avocation here, and the state of my health. This testimony, so long as I live, and so long as my descendants have any legal right in my books, I shall cause to be re-published, as an appendix to every copy of those two books of mine in which I have referred to America. And this I will do and cause to be done, not in mere love and thankfulness, but because I regard it as an act of plain justice and honor.

Gentlemen, the transition from my own feelings towards and interest in America to those of the mass of my countrymen seems to be a natural one; but, whether or no, I make it with an express object. I was asked in this very city, about last Christmas time, whether an American was not at some disadvantage in England as a foreigner. The notion of an American being regarded in England as a foreigner at all, of his ever being thought of or spoken of in that character, was so uncommonly incongruous and absurd to me, that my gravity was, for the moment, quite overpowered. As soon as it was restored, I said that for years and years past I hoped I had had as many American friends and had received as many American visitors as almost any Englishman living, and that my unvarying experience, fortified by theirs, was that it was enough in England to be an American to be received with the readiest respect and recognition anywhere. Hereupon, out of half-a-dozen people, suddenly spoke out two, one an American gentleman, with a cultivated taste for art, who, finding himself on a certain Sunday outside the walls of a certain historical English castle, famous for its pictures, was refused admission there, according to the strict rules of the establishment on that day, but who, on merely representing that he was an American gentleman, on his travels, had, not to say the picture gallery, but the whole castle, placed at his immediate disposal. The other was a lady, who, being in London, and having a great desire to see the famous reading-room of the British Museum, was assured by the English family with whom she stayed that it was unfortunately impossible, because the place was closed for a week, and she had only three days there. Upon that lady's going to the Museum, as she assured me, alone to the gate, self-introduced as an American lady, the gate flew open, as it were, magically. I am unwillingly bound to add that she certainly was young and exceedingly pretty. Still, the porter of that institution is of an obese habit, and, according to the best of my observation of him, not very impressible.

Now, gentlemen, I refer to these trifles as a collateral assurance to you that the Englishmen who shall humbly strive, as I hope to do, to be in England as faithful to America as to England herself, has no previous conceptions to contend against. Points of difference there have been, points of difference there are, points of difference there probably always will be between the two great peoples. But broadcast in England is sown the sentiment that those two peoples are essentially one, and that it rests with them jointly to uphold the great Anglo-Saxon race, to which our president has referred, and all its great achievements before the world. And if I know anything of my countrymen—and they give me credit for knowing something—if I know anything of my countrymen, gentlemen, the English heart is stirred by the fluttering of those Stars and Stripes, as it is stirred by no other flag that flies except its own. If I know my countrymen, in any and every relation towards America, they begin, not as Sir Anthony Absolute recommended that lovers should begin, with "a little aversion," but with a great liking and a profound respect; and whatever the little sensitiveness of the moment, or the little official passion, or the little official policy now, or then, or here, or there, may be, take my word for it, that the first enduring, great, popular consideration in England is a generous construction of justice.

Finally, gentlemen, and I say this subject to your correction, I do believe that from the great majority of honest minds on both sides, there cannot be absent the conviction that it would be better for this globe to be riven by an earthquake, fired by a comet, overrun by an iceberg, and abandoned to the Arctic fox and bear, than that it should present the spectacle of these two great nations, each of which has, in its own way and hour, striven so hard and so successfully for freedom, ever again being arrayed the one against the other. Gentlemen, I cannot thank your President enough or you enough for your kind reception of my health, and of my poor remarks, but, believe me, I do thank you with the utmost fervor of which my soul is capable. [Applause.]

JOHN ADAMS DIX

THE FLAG—THE OLD FLAG

[Speech of Major-Gen. John A. Dix at the fifty-eighth annual dinner of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1863. The President, Henry A. Hurlbut, occupied the chair. The fifth toast was: "The Flag—The Old Flag—At last it waves again upon the soil of every State. It flaunts defiance in the face of treason, and soon shall float in triumph and in honor over the unhallowed grave." In introducing Major-General Dix the President said: "The gentleman who will respond to this toast is one whom we all know, love and esteem. When he held the position of Secretary of the Treasury, you all recollect that he issued that memorable order: 'If any man attempts to haul down that flag, shoot him on the spot.'" Three cheers were given for General Dix. All present rose, and made the banquet hall ring with their cheers and plaudits.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—The enthusiastic response which the sentiment just read has received, is but the emanation of a principle in our nature as old as human society. In every age through which mankind has passed, organized communities have had appropriate emblems for the assertion of their authority at home, and their rights abroad. From the eagles, under which the Roman empire was extended over the known portions of the globe, the crescents of the Saracenic race, and the banners and oriflammes of the Middle Ages, down to the national flags and standards of our own times, a peculiar veneration has consecrated these symbols of sovereignty. Victories, social progress, the march of the nations to prosperity and power, have become identified with them. Insult to them from abroad has been resented by war. Treachery to them at home has been visited with the penalties of treason. They have been hallowed by lofty and ennobling associations; but none of them by higher or more endearing recollections than the flag which hangs over us to-day [cheers],—the same flag under which our fathers battled for freedom and independence. [Applause.] It was adopted by the old Congress while the new-born Republic was struggling into life. Our armies first went forth to combat under it when Washington was their commander-in-chief. [Cheering.] In the hour of victory we have given it to the winds, as the expression of our thankfulness and joy. In the days of our calamity we have turned to it for support, as the people of God turned in the darkness of the night to the Pillar of Fire, which was conducting them through the perils of the wilderness. [Loud cheering.] Holy associations like these should have made it sacred. But it has been more than once torn down, and trampled under foot by traitors. When men have made up their minds to treason, the highest of all crimes, there is no baseness so low that they will not descend to it.

Two years and a half ago, a hundred thousand people met together in this city to resent the insult to the Flag at Sumter, and to prepare for putting down by force a conspiracy against the authority of the government and the integrity of the Union. The conspiracy was inaugurated by the treacherous seizure of forts and revenue vessels, the plunder of mints and arsenals, and by a course of fraud and violence on the part of the leaders without a parallel in the annals of civilization. The authority of the government had been struck down in every State south of Maryland. The navigation of the Mississippi had been usurped, and was permitted to be carried on only by sufferance of the rebel authorities at New Orleans. The piratical flag of Jefferson Davis and his associates had been unfurled where the old Flag of the Confederation and the Union, consecrated by a thousand precious memories, had waved for more than three-quarters of a century as the emblem of order, enlightened government, and civil liberty. [Cheers.] Thank God! the old banner has been restored in portions of every State of the Union. [Enthusiastic applause.] The waters of the Mississippi flow on from their sources to the sea without obstruction, bearing on their bosom no token of the treason which but recently held dominion over them. [Loud cheering.] The ancient geographical boundaries are being rapidly regained. In population the power of the rebellion is declining as signally as in territorial extent. The seceded States began the contest with about five hundred thousand men capable of bearing arms. One half must have perished by the sword and disease, or have become disqualified for service in the field. We began with two millions of able-bodied men. Our losses do not exceed theirs; and equal losses, with aggregate numbers so unequal, must soon exhaust them, while our own relative strength is every moment increased. [Applause.]

The time is not far distant when the elements of society in the United States, thus rudely and wickedly disturbed, must be re-adjusted, and the old order of things re-established, possibly with modifications, growing as necessities out of the shock they have sustained. With whom shall the conditions of the re-union be negotiated and arranged? Certainly not with the men who caused the war [" No, no!"], and with it a sacrifice of half a million of lives. National honor, retributive justice, respect for the principle of stability in established systems, a proper regard for the generations which are to come after us, and whose political organizations will derive strength or weakness from the issue of the mighty conflict we are engaged in—all these considerations demand that the architects of disorder who have violated the public peace, and broken the social contract they had sworn to observe, shall have no part in our future government. With them we can never even negotiate for peace. [Great applause.] When they shall have been expelled from the country they have devastated and dishonored, when their military power shall have been broken, and their forces dispersed, and the deluded masses of the South shall have been liberated from the tyranny under which they have been crushed, it will be time to make terms—not with the guilty leaders, but with those whom they have defrauded, plundered, and oppressed. [Loud cheering.]

In a contest reaching far beyond ourselves, involving the destinies of our children, and the fate of the country itself —a contest which is to settle for all future time the momentous problem whether governments founded upon popular representation have the strength necessary to sustain themselves again internal discord and violence—it is amazing that there are any among us who cannot rise above the level of their personal and party interests, and act only in reference to the great peril with which we are grappling, and which still threatens with destruction all that is most sacred in government, in society, and in domestic life. [Enthusiastic applause.]

In such a contest, no man who thinks rightly can doubt wherein his duty consists. It may be stated in a single breath. Stand by the Union. Stand by the Government; it is the representative of the Union. Stand by the Administration in its war measures; it is the exponent of the Government [cheers]; nay, it is, for the time being, the Government itself. [" That's it!"] It may not have suited us all in every respect. We may think that in some things it has done wrong, in others that it might have done better. But the destinies of the country are in its hands [" That's so"], and it is not only the duty, but the interest of those who desire a speedy and successful termination of the war, to sustain it, strengthen it, co-operate with it cordially and thoroughly, until its authority is firmly re-established. [Great applause.]

Let us bear perpetually in mind that, in a Government constituted like ours, with numerous parts aggregated into one consisent whole, disruption is death—not merely to one or a few, but death to each and to all. No sacrifice of treasure or life is too great to avert such a dissolution of our political system. [Louder cheers.] Better that these walls within which we are assembled should crumble into dust; better that this island, with all its treasures of industry and art, with its unexampled social and commercial activity, to which a million of voices every day of its great life bears testimony—better, I say, that it should be given up, with all these trophies of civilization, to its primeval silence and solitude, than that the institutions which have made it what it is should be torn down by traitorous hands. [Tremendous cheering.]

But I have no such gloomy forebodings of evil. If the darkness is not yet all gone, and the light not fully come; if the period of transition is not yet ended; *ubi nox abiit, nec tamen orta dies.* Yet every day brings with it fresh evidence of the hopelessness of the rebel cause, and the speedy exhaustion of its strength in resources and in men. Every day furnishes stronger assurance that the process of fermentation through which we are passing will throw off what is impure, and give in the end new strength to the Union, new prosperity, glory, and grandeur to the Republic. [Cheers.]

And to return to the topic with which I began—when our day of trial shall have gone by, the old flag shall float again unquestioned on the land and on the sea, the emblem not merely of the past, but of the latest and noblest of all victories—the triumph of a great nation over the elements of weakness and danger contained within itself. [Enthusiastic cheers, the whole company rising and giving three cheers for General Dix.]

WILLIAM HENRY DRAPER

OUR MEDICAL ADVISERS

[Speech of Dr. William H. Draper at the 113th anniversary banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. The banquet was given in New York City, May 10, 1881, and James M. Brown, the Vice-President, occupied the chair.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN :—The reverend gentleman * who has recently spoken said that he was a stranger and you had taken him in ; I regret that I am an old citizen of New York, and the Chamber of Commerce has taken me in. [Laughter.] When I received the cordial invitation from the Chamber of Commerce to attend this banquet I was entirely at a loss to know why I had been so honored. Two days ago I received a kind note from the secretary, informing me that I should be expected to make a few remarks on any subject appropriate to the occasion. This explained to me the honor, if not the motive, of the invitation. I find myself in the most embarrassing predicament. There is no place in a banquet like this for a doctor. The duties of a doctor so far as I know in relation to an occasion of this kind are *post-prandial.* [Laughter.] Had you invited me to arrange this banquet for you upon a physiological basis and with a view to your welfare I might have been of service to you. But as I said before, the doctor will find his true place in relation to the sort of banquet a merchant prince provides—to-morrow. [Laughter.]

When I considered the subject on which I should address a few words to you I must say that I was at a loss to understand what relation commerce bears to the profession I have the honor to represent. I thought to myself that commerce had a good deal to do with drugs, but not much with doctors. We all know the interest which commerce has in the trade in opium; how the tax upon cinchona bark brings a large revenue to the Government and fortunes to the manufacturers of quinine and how patent medicines constitute an ever-increasing means of commercial intercourse. But this does not seem to me to have much to do with doctors. It then occurred to me that perhaps you were not aware that in this City of New York we make every year from 600 to 800 doctors, and I thought I would suggest to you that doctors might, perhaps, if you were in search of some new enterprise, constitute a very excellent article of export. [Laughter and applause.] I thought it would be a good thing for the country if you were to export doctors, who constitute one of our surest and most considerable crops. [Laughter.] You are perhaps not aware that in periods of great commercial depression the number of young men who seek their fortunes in the medical profession always increases. This is a fact which I believe is confirmed by statistics. Why it should be so, I am at a loss to explain, unless it be that by this arrangement society is spared the influx of a large number of very poor merchants; or it is possible that it is a providential arrangement by which the surplus population is removed, a point of great importance in times of commercial distrust. [Laughter.]

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* Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Watkins.

I was asked only a few moments ago to furnish the chairman with the theme of my remarks. Inasmuch as I had not prepared an address I was at a loss to know what the theme of my discursive speech should be. I looked down the list of themes and saw one which had been given to my friend, the Rev. Dr. Taylor, and it suggested this: "Our Medical Advisers; they lead to a brighter world, and show the way." [Laughter.] Now I hope my friend, Dr. Taylor, will not regard this as simply a travesty upon the theme to which he is to respond. I do not intend it as such, for I am prepared to affirm that doctors do lead to brighter worlds and show the way. I do not mean the world that is to come, I do not believe there is anything more dark and dismal and narrow in the way of a world than the one in which the miserable dyspeptic lives. Now, when a doctor leads one out of that wretched world into the bright and hopeful realm of health, he carries him, it seems to me, into a sort of heaven on earth. [Applause.] And it is in this sense I think it may be truly said that doctors lead to brighter worlds.

Now, the gentleman who sits at my left hand took occasion in his speech to say that if you had any difficulty in knowing how to spend the money which has accumulated in your coffers he could tell you what to do with it. The gentleman who has just sat down has also told you how you can spend some of your surplus income in educating the negroes. But if I may be allowed, gentlemen, modestly to suggest a way in which you would do yourselves great honor and the world great benefit, it would be in doing something to make a better class of doctors than are made at the present day. [Applause.] I have said that 600 or 800 doctors are made in this city every year, and this is but a fraction of those made all over the country. I have gone so far as to suggest that you could make of them an article of export; but by putting better means of instruction within reach of these young men, by making them stronger in knowledge and improving in every way their means of education, you can keep them at home and they will constitute what they ought to be—one of the most important and useful classes in society. [Applause.] Commerce, we all know, is the vanguard of civilization, and wherever commerce goes, there must go the blessings of science, and of the arts, and among them I regard none greater than the blessing dispensed by the medical profession. [Applause.]

HENRY VAN DYKE

THE TYPICAL DUTCHMAN

[Speech of the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke at the fifth annual banquet of the Holland Society of New York, January 10, 1890. Robert B. Roosevelt, Vice-President of the Society, presided. Dr. van Dyke responded to the toast, "The Typical Dutchman."]

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE HOLLAND SOCIETY:—Who is the typical Dutchman? Rembrandt, the splendid artist; Erasmus, the brilliant scholar; Coster, the inventor of printing; Leuwenhoek, the profound scientist; Grotius, the great lawyer; Barendz, the daring explorer; De Witt, the skilful statesman; Van Tromp, the trump of admirals; William the Silent, heroic defender of liberty against a world of tyranny; William III, the emancipator of England, whose firm, peaceful hand, just two centuries ago, set the Anglo-Saxon race free to fulfil its mighty destiny—what hero, artist, philosopher, discoverer, lawgiver, admiral, general or monarch shall we choose from the long list of Holland's illustrious dead to stand as the typical Dutchman?

Nay, not one of these men, famous as they were, can fill the pedestal of honor to-night. For though their glorious achievements have lent an undying lustre to the name of Holland, the qualities that really created her and made her great, lifted her in triumph from the sullen sea, massed her inhabitants like a living bulwark against oppression, filled her cities with the light of learning and her homes with the arts of peace, covered the ocean with her ships and the islands with her colonies—the qualities that made Holland great were the qualities of the common people. The ideal character of the Dutch race is not an exceptional genius, but a plain, brave, straightforward, kind-hearted, liberty-loving, law-abiding citizen—a man with a healthy conscience, a good digestion, and a cheerful determination to do his duty in the sphere of life to which God has called him. [Applause.] Let me try to etch the portrait of such a man in few and simple lines. Grant me but six strokes for the picture.

The typical Dutchman is an honest man, and that's the noblest work of God. Physically he may be—and if he attends these dinners he probably will be—more or less round. But morally he must be square. And surely in this age of sham, when there is so much plated ware that passes itself off for solid silver, and so much work done at half measure and charged at full price—so many doctors who buy diplomas, and lawyers whose names should be "Necessity," because they know no law [laughter and applause], and preachers who insist on keeping in their creeds doctrines which they do not profess to believe—surely in this age, in which sky-rockets are so plentiful and well-seasoned firewood is so scarce, the man who is most needed is not the genius, the discoverer, the brilliant sayer of new things, but simply the honest man, who speaks the truth, pays his debts, does his work thoroughly, and is satisfied with what he has earned. [Applause.]

The typical Dutchman is a free man. Liberty is his passion ; and has been since the days of Leyden and Alkmaar. It runs in the blood. A descendant of the old Batavian who fought against Rome is bound to be free at any cost : he hates tyranny in every form. [Applause.]

"I honor the man who is ready to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to think ;
And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
Will sink t'other half for the freedom to speak,
Caring naught for what vengeance the mob has in store,
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand, or lower."*

That is the spirit of the typical Dutchman. Never has it been more needed than it is to-day; to guard our land against the oppression of the plutocrat on the one hand, and the demagogue on the other hand ; to prevent a government of the parties by the bosses for the spoils, and to preserve a government of the people, by the people, for the people. [Renewed applause.]

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* James Russell Lowell.

The typical Dutchman is a prudent man. He will be free to choose for himself; but he generally chooses to do nothing rash. He does not admire those movements which are like the Chinaman's description of the toboggan-slide, "Whiz! Walk a mile!" He prefers a one-story ground-rent to a twelve-story mortgage with an elevator. [Laughter.] He has a constitutional aversion to unnecessary risks, In society, in philosophy, in commerce, he sticks to the old way until he knows that the new one is better. On the train of progress he usually sits in the middle car, sometimes in the smoker, but never on the cow-catcher. [Laughter.] And yet he arrives at his destination all the same. [Renewed laughter.]

The typical Dutchman is a devout man. He could not respect himself if he did not reverence God. [Applause.] Religion was at the centre of Holland's most glorious life, and it is impossible to understand the sturdy heroism and cheerful industry of our Dutch forefathers without remembering that whether they ate or drank or labored or prayed or fought or sailed or farmed, they did all to the glory of God. [Applause.] The only difference between New Amsterdam and New England was this: The Puritans founded a religious community with commercial principles; the Dutchman founded a commercial community with religious principles. [Laughter.] Which was the better I do not say; but every one knows which was the happier to live in.

The typical Dutchman is a liberal man. He believes, but he does not persecute. He says, in the immortal words of William III, "Conscience is God's province." So it came to pass that New Amsterdam became an asylum for the oppressed in the New World, as Old Amsterdam had been in the Old World. No witches burned; no Quakers flogged; peace and fair chances for everybody; love God as much as you can, and don't forget to love your neighbor as yourself. How excellent the character in which piety and charity are joined! While I have been speaking you have been thinking of one who showed us the harmony of such a character in his living presence—Judge Hooper C. Van Vorst, the first

President of the Holland Society—an honest lawyer, an upright judge, a prudent counsellor, a sincere Christian, a genial companion. While such a man lives his fellowship is a blessing, and when he dies his memory is sacred. [Applause.]

But one more stroke remains to be added to the picture. The typical Dutchman is a man of few words. Perhaps I ought to say *he was :* for in this talkative age, even in The Holland Society, a degenerate speaker will forget himself so far as not to keep silence when he talks about the typical Dutchman. [Laughter.] But those old companions who came to this country previous to the year 1675, as Dutch citizens, under the Dutch flag, and holding their tongues in the Dutch language,—ah, they understood their business. Their motto was *facta non verba.* They are the men we praise to-night in our :—

SONG OF THE TYPICAL DUTCHMAN.

They sailed from the shores of the Zuider Zee
  Across the stormy ocean,
To build for the world a new country
  According to their notion ;
A land where thought should be free as air,
  And speech be free as water ;
Where man to man should be just and fair,
  And Law be Liberty's daughter.
    They were brave and kind,
    And of simple mind,
And the world has need of such men ;
    So we say with pride,
    (On the father's side),
That they were typical Dutchmen.

They bought their land in an honest way,
  For the red man was their neighbor ;
They farmed it well, and made it pay
  By the increment of labor.
They ate their bread in the sweat o' their brow,
  And smoked their pipes at leisure ;
For they said then, as we say now,
  That the fruit of toil is pleasure.
    When their work was done,
    They had their fun,
And the world has need of such men ;
    So we say with pride,
    (On the father's side),
That they were typical Dutchmen.

They held their faith without offence,
And said their prayers on Sunday ;
But they never could see a bit of sense
In burning a witch on Monday.
They loved their God with a love so true,
And with a head so level,
That they could afford to love men too,
And not be afraid of the devil.
They kept their creed
In word and deed,
And the world has need of such men ;
So we say with pride,
(On the father's side),
That they were typical Dutchmen.

When the English fleet sailed up the bay,
The small Dutch town was taken ;
But the Dutchmen there had come to stay,
Their hold was never shaken.
They could keep right on, and work and wait
For the freedom of the nation ;
And we claim to-day that New York State
Is built on a Dutch foundation.
They were solid and strong,
They have lasted long,
And the world has need of such men ;
So we say with pride,
(On the father's side),
That they were typical Dutchmen.

[Great applause.]

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